

THE

N^o 241.

T R I F L E R :

Walter his Poet, Boulston

A R A M B L E

AMONG THE

W I L D S O F F A N C Y,

T H E

W O R K S O F N A T U R E,

A N D T H E

M A N N E R S O F M E N.

D U B L I N :

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE EDITORS take the liberty of informing the PUBLIC, that the Author of the *TRIFLER* intends continuing his *Ramble among the Wilds of Fancy, the Works of Nature, and the Manners of Men*; and that he will publish his farther Remarks and Observations, at such periods as his health and spirits will admit of,

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THE TRIFLER.

CHAP. I.

AS I was rambling in the fields the other day, perfectly divested of the cares and anxieties that disturb the mind, and render it unfit for rural enjoyments, I cast my eyes upon a delightful eminence, at some distance from the path, that would have led me to a neighbouring village. Struck with the scene, I forgot myself, and suffered *Fancy*, with her sprightly mien, and wanton wiles, to draw me, involuntarily, towards the summit of the hill. I had no sooner entered a thicket upon the brow of it, than I discovered the most inviting bank, from whence I could command an extensive prospect, without being observed myself. As I was rather out of breath, I lay down upon the mossy carpet that was spread upon the hillock, and felt myself extremely happy. *Fancy*, who had been playing a thousand pranks among the bushes, now placed herself

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herself before me in all the pride of beauty. She seemed to be very young, but luxuriantly ripe; and such a wild sweetness appeared in her looks and smiles, as captivated my heart, and filled my soul with rapture.

This various nymph has the power of changing herself into all manner of shapes; and is so capricious in her actions, that she will discover fifty different scenes in a minute. Sometimes she will raise you to the highest pitch of grandeur; where you shall be loaded with honours, titles, wealth, and all the pomp and parade that await the Great. Then she will plunge you into the most shocking distress, and leave you in poverty and despair. Frequently she will lead you into the field of battle, where you shall perform such feats of bravery and prowess, that shall surprise the world, and fill it with your renown. In a moment after, she shall reduce you to the most execrable coward, and frighten you with your own shadow. She, however, mostly delights in pleasing forms, and often deludes the lover, who enjoys her under the appearance of his mistress.

To me she was extremely kind, and courted me with such bewitching caresses, that I thought myself in heaven. She fixed my eyes upon the shining plains above, and discovered scenes beyond the blue expanse. Forgetful of the charming spot I lay upon, and all the beauties that surrounded me, I found myself elevated, by her enchantment, into the mansions of the blessed. There she conducted me through innumerable orders of happy spirits, who were diverting themselves according to their different inclinations; and such an harmonious intercourse prevailed among them, that



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that I could plainly perceive their various manners only served to heighten the felicity of the whole.

I trod upon pure æther, and bounded so lightly through the skies, that in five minutes I reached Olympus. I drank nectar with the gods, was familiar with *Venus*, and conversed with *Minerva*. I found *Juno* giving a severe lecture to *Jupiter*, who, it seems, had been amusing himself in amorous visits to England, and under various forms had debauched half the wives of our macaronies. I saw *Mars* at a distance, breathing war and destruction; but his terrible aspect was tempered by the benign countenance of *Hercules*; who seemed to be expostulating with him upon the impropriety of arms, unless they were used for the benefit of the injured, and scourge of the guilty.

I was diverted from this scene by a merry group, that were laughing in the umbrage of an adjoining grove. On my nearer approach, I found *Mercury* entertaining *Bacchus*, *Silenus*, and *Momus*, with some account of the English nation. Being the guardian of commerce, he had, in the famous year 1771, visited that country, in order to see how trade flourished; but, to his astonishment, he told them, our leaders were so involved in politics, and disputes about our liberty, that they lost sight of the only pillar which could support our superiority over all the nether world. He said there was much cause for complaint against the arbitrary measures of our administration; but that the people, so far from being jealous of their liberty, did not care a farthing about the matter. "The patriots, and those who call themselves the supporters of their freedom, make a great bustle, and look as fierce as lions till they get into prison, and then they are as quiet as

lambs. Persecution appears to me to be their only aim, for they will sneak into a goal with as much alacrity, as a great warrior would run to a battle; and think it as glorious. If any body attempts to prevent their being confined, they desire him to be quiet, and mind his own business;—for, surely, they best know what they are about;—and then they put on their puzzle faces, look very sagacious, and seem to tell the people that much good will arise out of evil. When they have been kept, as snug as possible, until their masters are pleased to release them, they come out, strut and look big, make the people give a great shout, and so the farce is ended. I cannot help, (added he) comparing these heroes in politics, to *Swift's* fanatics in religion; who begged the favour of every body they met, that they would, for the love of God, give them a good tweak by the nose, a severe slap in the chops, or a confounded kick on the a—e.”

At this instant *Bacchus* rose up, filled a goblet of nectar, swore we were not worthy the care of the gods, cast a contemptuous smile upon *Mercury*, drank *Jupiter's* health, and desired *Momus* to give him a song.

Mercury, though seemingly irritated at the abrupt behaviour of *Bacchus*, confessed the truth of his assertion; but declared that *Jupiter*, at the instigation of *Juno*, had ordered *Vulcan* to prepare an extraordinary quantity of thunderbolts; as he intended to frighten the poor women of England out of their wits for making cuckolds of their husbands.

Momus, who had sat all this while with a sarcastic leer upon his face, swore that *Jupiter* was an old dotard, and *Juno* an arrant scold.—“Now,
says

says he, is this father of gods and men, going to make war upon a parcel of helpless woman, that he has debauched himself, and all to appease the wrath of his wife, who has discovered his amours;—and such a wife! zounds! I would not be at the trouble to follow her into that arbour, if she would grant me the last favour, unless it were for the pleasure of exposing her, in a full assembly of the gods and goddesses.”

“*Momus*, cries *Silenus*, (cautiously placing his bottle between his legs) you are a satirical dog, and are always abusing your betters. You will certainly be kick’d out of heaven, should *Jupiter* hear of your scurrilities. But thou art a ridiculous jester, and a buffoon; and I wonder their godheads can be delighted with thy absurdities. As to the British wenches, they are good-natured creatures, and I should like to revel among them exceedingly.”

“You revel among them! exclaimed *Momus*, why you drunken superannuated lecher, what could you do? I swear by *Styx*, if *Bacchus* will convene his followers, and prepare for a jolly rout through Britain, such as he used to make in Greece and Rome, I will accompany him on purpose to see what a figure thou wilt cut. A deformed purisy old fellow, riding upon an ass, with a leathern bottle slung to his girdle, must be a delightful object for a lady to amuse herself with.—And yet, upon second thoughts, you may succeed by purchase; as the British *Fair* will suffer you to comb their locks, play with all their charms, and do any thing thou art capable of, for money!”

“So, says *Silenus*, now must the most beautiful part of the world below us feel the effects of thy

thy spleen.—But go on; I am in a humour to hear thy pernicious tongue dart all its poison.”

“If I were not able, answered *Momus*, to support what I have had advanced, I would never speak another word. The British girls, I acknowledge, before they are married, appear as beautiful as *Venus*, as modest as *Diana*, and as lovely as the *Graces*: but they will barter all their charms for such a fellow as thou art, if you will lay aside your afs, give them a carriage, and support them in all the pride of dress and dissipation. Then they will run headlong into all the fashionable vices of the age. They will game, they will drink, and they will —. Oh! it is astonishing to behold the debaucheries of the sex. If they happen to be wedded to a man who has nothing to give them but his love, and the necessaries of life, they turn out the vilest sluts in the universe. All those bewitching smiles and engaging actions, with which they lured him to their arms, are changed for bitter reproaches, frowns, and curtain lectures. They become the most peevish creatures you can conceive; and hurl the best of men from the summit of his promised felicity, in their embraces, to the bottomless abyss of sorrow and despair.”

“Hold, cries *Bacchus*, you have said enough—they are ripe for rebellion against the lords of the creation, and ready for a bacchanalian rout.—*Mercury*, thou messenger of the gods, lay our petition before our father *Jupiter*, and when you have gained his consent to our proposal of making the tour of England, convene our jovial train; then we will descend in showers of wine upon this isle, and turn it topsyturvy. I have often heard of the beauty of the British *fair*, and I long to taste their lips. I am sick of our quaint goddesses,
and

and would go to the farthest verge of the spheres to riot in the glorious and extatic delights of *women and wine.*"

The rosy god was so enraptured with his earthly joys, that, seizing a goblet with one hand, and extending the other in a commanding attitude, while the vine-leaves danced upon his brow, he ordered the rest to join him in the following chorus.

"Fill every glass, for wine inspires us, and fires us,
With courage, love, and joy.

Women and wine should life employ :

Is there ought else on earth desirous ?

Fill every glass, for wine inspires us, and fires us,
With courage, love, and joy."

I laughed very heartily to see these licentious Gods, fancying themselves upon earth, anticipating the joys of this world, and bellowing, like abandoned *Bloods*, a beautiful British chorus. But notwithstanding I liked the song, I could not help being angry at the occasion of it ; and left them with the cheering hope, that whenever they make their appearance among us, they will meet with a proper reception ; and find their wicked designs upon the dear objects of our love and admiration, utterly defeated by an army of ladies ; who, instead of joining the revel rout, will drive them from the face of the earth, and receive the glorious reward due to their *native Innocence and Love.*

While I stood, in a melancholy posture, musing upon the injury done my fair countrywomen, by these lascivious gods, and lamenting, with
a heavy

a heavy heart, that there should be the least cause for such ungenerous censure; I felt my spirits so depressed with a weight of woe, that *Fancy* left me; and when I looked about in search of her, I had the mortification to perceive her in the arms of that notorious thief *Mercury*; who, it seems, had slipped from his companions, and was preparing to fly away with her. I summoned all my strength to regain her, but to no purpose. I called to her, but she made me no answer. I pursued her with the feeble efforts of desperation, but found, the more I endeavoured to overtake her, the faster she retreated. I implored her, with a speaking eye, to have compassion on me, and convey me in safety to the world below; but she flew like lightning, until she totally disappeared, and left me in utter confusion.

Thus having lost my fickle and ungrateful guide, I tumbled headlong through innumerable spheres to the earth, and found myself, as it were in an instant, upon the place from whence she had carried me, sorely bruised with the fall.

I lay in that disagreeable state of body and mind which a man feels when he awakes from a troublesome dream. I lifted up my eyes to view the heavens, but they cou'd not bear the brilliant rays of the sun, and instantly closed. I endeavoured to raise my head from its mossy pillow, but it was heavy and confused, and seemed as if some invisible hand pressed it to the earth. When I strove to change my position, such a languor run through my limbs, that I was unable to make any effort with success, but sunk into a bewildering groveling lump of stupidity.

Lost

Lost to myself and all the world, I continued tossing in the sea of uncertainty and distress, until I was roused from my lethargy by the melodious and exhilarating voice of *Nature*. At first I knew not why I was charmed; but raising myself, as well as I could, from the bed of sorrow and dismay, I beheld the most lovely virgin that ever was exposed to view in the "*mind's eye*," or ever fairly stood confessed the mirror of beauty, the delight of man, and the particular pride and glory of this country.

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love."

She came forward with becoming modesty; and, timorously taking me by the hand, with a look of unutterable love, she raised me from the earth, while I gazed upon her with a reverential awe, and felt my spirits intirely composed. I was myself again; and was going to express my gratitude to the fair object of my relief, when she pointed to her works, and all the wondrous prospect burst upon me. Hills and dales, and woods and lawns, and streams meandering through the enamelled meadows, at once conspired to swell, to charm and animate my soul.

I stood, a statute of delight! and vainly strove to grasp within my arms the whole expanse, and take in all I saw; but *Nature* perceiving I was depressed with the vast and glorious view, beckoned me to follow her down the hill. I obeyed, and walked with her through the winding hedge-row path, until we came to the deep recesses of the grove. There she soothed me with her plea-

sing melancholy The mournful flock-dove, the mellow blackbird, the piercing thrush, the love-sick white-throat, the chearful piefinch, and all the merry warblers of the wood, seemed to welcome me to their blest retreat; and sung their carols in the gloomy shade.—I listened, but could not speak. The grateful tribute of a tear stole down my cheek; and I lamented that such innocent, such charming creatures, should meet with so dreadful, so unfeeling an enemy as the destroyer Man.

I pursued the gentle footsteps of *Nature* into her pensive grot, which was covered by the branches of her stately trees, and surrounded by her wild and various shrubs. Here all was hushed, save from the dashing of her glittering cascade, and the murmuring meanders of its lucid stream, down the pebbled slope. Having seated myself upon an ancient root, which *Nature* had designed for that purpose, I felt the awful gloom creep through my senses, all the turbulent passions dissolve, and every vain wish and ambitious desire, lull into a sweet and peaceful repose.

I sat in a silent extacy of thought, until I was disturbed by an intruder that closely attends upon all our actions, and will faithfully convey us to the mansions of eternity. It was *Time*, with his hoary locks, telling me that *Night* began to advance. I would have avoided him, but *Nature* seemed to fade at his appearance, and to shroud herself in a veil of evening dews and fogs. I bowed to the graceful, but retiring nymph. I obeyed the summons of my unwelcome monitor; and returned with melancholy *Night*, to the merry meetings of *Men*.

C H A P. II.

I Had no sooner arrived at the place of my residence, a large populous town, famed for its trade and opulence, than I joined a set of excellent fellows, whose evening pleasures flowed from the purest spring in the world;—an industrious and faithful discharge of the business and duties of the day. I seated myself among them without hesitation or ceremony; and as my mind, as well as body, had been very much employed during the afternoon, a glass or two immediately strengthened my nerves, and instantly hurried my spirits into the most luxuriant enjoyment of my friends and their humour.

After a long and an exquisite burst of the social raptures was exhausted, I retired within myself, exulting in the most cordial reflections concerning the happiness and dignity of the human race.

Good God! said I to myself, (suddenly changing my opinion) we must certainly be mere machines, actuated differently by the most trifling causes.—What a kindly mood am I now in!—With what complacency do I look upon myself and all mankind!—This is the effect of exercise, for you, said I, (*taking up a pipe*)—Why, if I had been confined to my room by rain, or had suffered this day to pass over me without any exertion of the corporeal or mental faculties, this excellent company which I am now so fond of, I should have detested.—Their mirth, instead of enlivening me, would have excited

cited my spleen.—I should, most assuredly, have left them with an affected contempt, or sat in silent dissatisfaction under the pressure of their amusements.—

At this instant a thought came across me, which threw me into the strangest agitation imaginable.—I filled my pipe with amazing dispatch—lighted it as soon—and without regarding, or being noticed by, the company, I fell a puffing away like a fury.—This will do very well, said I, (*puffing*) very well indeed—(*puffing*)—As it seems to be a settled axiom, that a man can never be sad who is well employed, I will engage in business myself—I will take a ramble through life, for I have nothing else to do, and write a journal of my actions—I will produce an ideal being,—a TRIFLER, for instance; who shall range, as far as he is able, through the *Wilds of Fancy*, the *Works of Nature*, and the *Manners of Men*.—Suppose we begin with the ramble of to-day?—I am sure, if the succeeding ones should answer no other end, than that of making me as happy as I am to-night, I shall be amply repaid for my trouble.—But suppose now, (*puffing as fast as possible*) if we can make these excursions subservient to the cause of virtue, and agreeable in the perusal, we should venture to publish them.—

I took such a quantity of smoke into my mouth with the word publish, that a suffocation must have inevitably ensued, had I not got the better of it by such a violent fit of coughing, sneezing, and disastrous tribulation, as drew on me the attention of the company.

Hollow! cries one, what the devil is the matter with you?—give him some water or he'll be choaked,

choaked, says another.—Tap him on the back, exclaims a third.—Pray, gentlemen, says I, (*coughing, and squeezing the words out as well as I could*) let me alone—'tis nothing but the tobacco gone the wrong way—I shall do again presently.—

They were satisfied with this account of myself; and resumed their places, with a loud laugh at the accident, leaving me to recover at my leisure.

There is a malicious kind of pleasure frequently exercised, by the most candid and benevolent of mankind, upon the most simple and unfortunate of the human species.—A poor disappointed *Projector* had unluckily joined this company, and was, with infinite pains, describing to them the many schemes he had, during his life, put in execution, which, by some cross accident or other, were always rendered abortive; whilst his audience, I found, were listening to him with great attention, mixt with a certain ironical leer upon their countenances, that plainly indicated, that their patience and complaisance, in complying with the humour of the deluded sufferer, proceeded from no other motive, than to sport with his misfortunes, and laugh at his folly.—

—I am glad, said I to myself, they know nothing of my scheme.—

Whether, from the feelings of my heart, which cannot bear to perceive real distress in a ridiculous situation, or that I was too much interested myself, in the wretched *schemer's* embarrassment, to continue in the company any longer, I will not presume to determine; but I took a French leave, retired to my lodgings, and, as I intend to convert every occurrence in life to some moral purpose or other, I lay me down in bed, with a
firm

firm resolution, to write, the next morning, an essay upon an *unfortunate projector*.

C H A P. III.

IT is a very unfortunate circumstance, for a man to get it into his head, that he is clever, when he gratifies an inordinate desire to discover extraordinary abilities, at the expence of more rational pursuits, to which he is urged by nature or necessity.

Manifold are the inconveniences, which individuals have experienced, in their attempts to rise above the sphere allotted them by fortune or their fate.—How many hopeful youths have been ruined, by quitting the counter for the stage!—How many reputable shopkeepers have turned poets and philosophers, and gained nothing but bankruptcy and disgrace!—and what a number of good *mechanics* have made miserable *projectors*, and spent the prime of their days in *scheming*, to no other purpose, than to draw on a thousand disappointments; to see themselves laughed at and despised; and to terminate a wretched life in poverty and despair, attended with the bitter reproaches of mankind!

There is no creature upon earth commands our pity more than an UNFORTUNATE PROJECTOR; and yet there is not a being in the world, so obnoxious to ridicule and contempt. He carries a peculiar mark of distress upon his countenance, which is too apt to excite laughter; and such a perverse forwardness, to discover his vast designs and defeats, dwells upon his tongue, that

we are led to consider him as a *maniac*, while he is totally absorbed in the divinity of his nature, and the absurdity of all human affairs, when held in competition with his folly.

The unaccountable extravagance of this sort of people, affords a melancholy view of the human mind, actuated by false principles, and urged by zeal without reason.—In spite of the advice of friends, the cries of his wife and children, the sad experience of several years, and poverty staring him in the face, your *projector* will be forming fresh designs, and expect success, with as much avidity and delight, in the last scheme of his life, as he did in the first.

The *mechanic* possessed of this phrenzy of the brain, will be twenty years in endeavouring to fire a gun without powder;—the *astronomer* will never be able to rest in his bed for the perpetual motion;—and it is notorious of the *alchymist*, that he will drive with infinite fury after eternity, in search of the philosopher's stone.

These are your steady and phlegmatic *projectors*; but there are others of a very inconstant temper, who have no sooner thought of one scheme than they set about another; and will have as many designs, at once, upon their hands, as would puzzle half the men in the kingdom to place them in their proper order, or, even, distinguish one from the other. These are a set of very diverting fellows; and may be justly stiled your *galloping projectors*. They ride with infinite rapidity after every phantom; and appear like scouts, upon the verge of nature, who delight themselves in running races upon the waste and barren grounds of ignorance and stupidity.

Such

Such people as these are immediately sick of what they are acquainted with: they want to get out of the trammels of their own knowledge, and launch into something above their capacity. They scorn to reflect upon the slow, and progressive motions, necessary to be observed, in the attainment of any particular end, but skip from one thing to another, as fast as their inclinations lead the way; and, like bad hunters, they fall and get up again, without once considering, that while they pursue the chase with so much inconsistent vigour, they will never be able to see the sport.

—The generality of *projectors* are very harmless creatures; they hurt nobody but themselves, and deserve the compassion of mankind.—But there is a breed from this stock, that are the most troublesome wretches in the world. They skim the froth from the surface of every science, and pretend to be adepts in each. They pester society with their affectation of learning, and sink into a profundity of ignorance, that is shocking to human nature.—These creatures possess a vast alacrity in misapplication;—and always charge their own blunders upon the productions of nature, reason, and sentiment. They are orators in confusion; and are sure to please their hearers, who, like the Lichfield landlord in the *Beaux Strata-gem*, are highly delighted with what they do not understand. They are oracles, that put what construction they please upon every proposition; while their deluded devotees admire the prophetic wonders they relate. They are dreadful *Critics*, and fall with equal cruelty upon *Shakespeare*, *Ben Johnson*, *Tom Thumb*, and the *Merry Jester*; though this last facetious propagator of fun, is infinitely

infinitely superior, in abilities, to his unmerciful executioners. They profess to be prodigious admirers of nature; but unfortunately search for her, in every hole and corner of the globe, where she hates to reside. They look with a jealous eye upon every work of genius; and like rascally jockeys, who survey a gentleman's horse, they pass over in silence the beauty of his form, and the celerity of his actions, but are loud, and express great satisfaction, if they can find a little scab in his posteriors. They affect to be correctors of prose, and menders of rhymes; but they are wretched cobblers, and are sure to spoil every thing they meddle with.

When a parcel of these dabblers in science get together, it is surprizing to see the self-sufficiency that reigns among them. Every thing, be what it will, that comes before them, seems prostrate at their feet. The mighty HOMER trembles; the lofty PINDAR sculks; ARISTOTLE forgets his rules; and all the poets and philosophers seem fascinated with fear and trepidation.—How often have I vainly wished, when heated with the fury of imagination, and languishing in silence, amidst the uproar of self-applause, for the power of raising from the dead, the much injured object of their criticism; to introduce him with all the honours, with which fancy could decorate him, and to strike these eternal babblers into annihilation, with one glance from the radiance of his penetrating eye.

—Such are the misfortunes attending those who will not act in their proper sphere, but persevere in unprofitable schemes, against the conviction of experience, and the contempt of mankind. If the unfortunate projector could be brought to seriously reflect

reflect upon the exalted character of a worthy tradesman, who minds his business, in opposition to the meanness of his own, he might probably be impelled to a change of his conduct, and a proper discharge of his duty : but his malady is a dreadful delirium, that generally arrives to a fatal crisis, robs him of the powers of his mind, and leaves it in such a listless benumbed state of inaction, that he becomes a burthen to himself and his friends.

There is no occupation, from a cobbler to a merchant, wherein a man may not reasonably insure success by industry : and there are none of the virtues afford a more extensive reputation in a commercial state. The *Man of Industry*, who abides by his natural employment, enters into reciprocal obligations with his contemporaries ; and has an opportunity of displaying the godlike qualities of benevolence, honour, justice, and integrity. He lives among the blessings of his family, the caresses of his friends, and meets, wherever he goes, with the heart-felt applause of universal approbation. He beholds the fickle goddess, *Fortune*, hover round his head with a benign aspect, and crowning his labours with the charms of wealth. His evening enjoyments, after the toils of the day, are heightened by the reflection of having done his duty ; and he feels the cheerfulness of relaxation, unknown to the dissipated, and the indolent.—While he pursues, with unabating ardour, the accumulation of riches, he is able to appropriate a sufficient portion of his time, to the improvement of his mind : and as it is a shocking thing that a man should live for himself alone, or to no other purpose than to get his bread and eat it, he ought to give that instruction to others, which

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which he has learned by study and experience.— There is a vast difference between the characters of an unfortunate projector, and a worthy tradesman who employs his leisure hours in the amusement of literature; or in the improvement of any branch of mechanics by new discoveries, which, upon every trial, answer the real purposes for which they were designed, and are crowned with the approbation, and thanks of society.

GENIUS is confined to no particular situation in life; but is oftener found rambling among different orders of men, than in the seminaries of learning.— Wherever the inspiring *God* really makes his appearance, he ought to be encouraged; and the man who neglects to do him justice, is as blameable, in my opinion, as he, who, without one spark of the celestial fire, consumes his time, his fortune, and himself, in fruitless attempts to become great and immortal, by perpetuating his folly and presumption,

C H A P. IV.

FAIR and softly, Sir.—Let me examine a little what it is I have been about, before I bustle on any farther at this rate.

These chapters have been begun, and carried on, without any settled plan:—surely then, I must be an original in irregularity, at least.—The first chapter is a flight of fancy, or rather a waking dream, such as was hardly ever seen before.—The second had in it a little of the *said I*, and *said he*, and *I said to myself*.—So said *Sterne*—that *Sterne* has ruined us all in this way of writing:
we

we must, inevitably, be called imitators: and yet I'll be hanged if I did not *say to myself, &c.* just as these expressions appear in this second chapter referred to, without ever once thinking of *Sterne* or his works.—Why how the devil am I to avoid this manner of writing, if, in my rambles, I am to describe the incidents which may occur; particularly the conversations and opinions of men; as well as my own cogitations upon the whole—*they will say,—he will say,—and I shall say to myself.*—These expressions will be just, and therefore natural.—So then, it is nature I copy, and not you, Mr. *Sterne*.—Be pleased, Sir, to march off about your business.—I declare, positively, I will never see your face, from the beginning of these rambles to the end.—I wish you all the happiness you deserve, in such company as never man acquired, and in whom you can have no rivals.—Retire, blest shade! and may your honest *uncle Toby*, unfortunate *Le Fever*, poor *Maria*, and your faithful *La Fleur*, solace your feeling spirit, in return for that immortality which you have given them.

My God! if here is not another scrape, into which I have fallen.—The third chapter is an essay—and *Addison* wrote essays!—but, in good truth, I never thought of *Addison*, nor know, no more than the moon, whether ever he hit upon such a character as the unfortunate projector.—I desire the *curious* reader will find it out;—for I am too lazy; and was indebted to the poor unhappy gentleman, mentioned in the second chapter, for those thoughts; and very natural it was to be struck with such an object, and that the ensuing reflections should arise in consequence of it.

—Zounds!

—Zounds ! I'll not be troubled with these stumbling blocks any more.—

Get you gone, Mr. *Addison*.—Take your favourite *Sir Roger de Coverley* with you, and shew him *Sterne*.—*Yorick* will make the knight laugh, and shake his fat sides, until he forces a smile of cheerfulness, and benignity, from your serene and graceful countenance.

I fancy Great-Britain is grown too old to produce any thing that is new, or original. Every subject has been buffeted to pieces.—Those were a parcel of sad dogs that flourished, all of a cluster, about the latter end of Queen Anne's days.—There is no such thing as setting out on the literary way, be you ever so cautious in the path you take, getting into all the bye-lanes you can think of, but you are sure, every now and then, to be nosed by some one or other of these *Geniusses*.—I set out, for instance, in the most whimsical manner imaginable ; but before I have time to breathe, or look about me, you see, I am got up to the head and ears in a quarrel with *Addison*.

Something must be done to set these matters right : and I can think of no other plan than to march boldly on, in the same mad career which I have hitherto kept up ; and whenever I accidentally stumble upon one or more of these renowned writers, I am resolved to be civil, and get out of their way as fast as ever I can.

They will let a *Trifler* pass !—

C H A P. V.

LIFE would be a fine thing, if it were not for those cursed rubs and jostles we are always meeting in it.—Nothing will go smoothly on in this world; no scheme, no undertaking; not, even, a ride, a walk, or a jaunt. Some little disappointment will ever be attending the most trifling of our actions: some poisonous particle amidst the purest and most complete of our enjoyments; to corrode, to gnaw, and imbitter them.

I was two hours, yesterday morning, in the dumps, about *Addison* and *Sterne*, before I could so far recollect myself as to be convinced of the truths above recited; and that nothing could be done if we suffered ourselves to be ruffled, like trembling leaves, with every breath of wind.

I was leaning out of my chamber window, a very disconsolate figure, at the time I was struck with this moralizing fit; but when I perceived I had finished my profound contemplations in comparing myself to a trembling leaf, ruffled by every breath of wind, I started up, took two turns hastily across the room; and from being thoroughly convinced that I was the most stupid dolt in the world, I reasoned myself, in five minutes, into a belief that I was the cleverest fellow in the universe.

—How ill calculated, said I to myself, afterwards, is a man, with these differences about him, to judge of his own merit or capacity.—

After a storm comes a calm, says the proverb:
After a merry fit comes a sad fit, say the women:

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after a sad fit comes a merry fit, say I—for I worked myself into such a very good humour, immediately on my starting from the window, that I dressed myself in all haste; fully determined to set out, after dinner, like a knight with a merry countenance, in search of the most pleasurable, whimsical, or ridiculous adventures I could meet with.

Who's afraid? said I.—

It was a most delightful afternoon, and the roads were full of people; so that there was no want of opportunities, for a speculative mind, either sad or joyful, to exercise itself withal.

My attention was wavering betwixt a multiplicity of different objects, until it was, at last, fixed upon a group of women, who were coming out of a field into the road, and who were as *merry as the day is long*.

A grave, dismal, gallows looking fellow, much like a methodist preacher, called to them, with a loud tremulous voice, from the other side of the way—Where have you women been? hey!—We have been gathering peas, said the women.—You been gathering peas!—You ought to gather the seeds of virtue, and plant them upon the face of the earth.—You, every one of you, want a prick in your consciences, to make you feel the delicious effects of the holy spirit.—

Lord! said the women, what a queer fellow this is.—

The preacher endeavoured to proceed, but the women, mistaking the matter, set up a kind of a yell, and left him to his own meditations.

What a pity, said I to myself, that the minds of these happy, innocent country people, should ever be poisoned by such artful, whining, canting knaves;—

knaves ;—who rob their deluded devotees, of that peace and chearfulness, which, otherwise, generally mark the abodes of the industrious and the poor.

While I was considering within myself, how easy it was to pick up the very best morals from the most ludicrous, or trifling occurrences, and exulting in the happy method which I had hit upon, to convey the most chaste, and important precepts, for the benefit of mankind, Lord *Slapdash* came galloping up the road like a fury.

A pedler, with a monstrous pack upon his shoulders, was unhappily in a direct line with his lordship, the quickness of whose motions prevented the poor fellow from getting out of his way.

The peer, finding himself obliged to give the road to a pedler, and stung with indignation at the disgrace, called out *en passant*, in a menacing tone—Why did not you get out of my way, firrah ?—How the devil could I time enough ? exclaimed the pedler.—You are a *Scoundrel*, roared the peer.—You are a *Lord*, cried the pedler.—

I was in great pain for the fellow, lest he should get a severe drubbing for his impertinence ; but the nobleman having outrode his servants, thought proper to fly with incredible speed ; leaving the pedler to enjoy his victory—which he did—very much like a pedler.—

This rencounter between the peer and the pedler, was immediately succeeded, by another as whimsical, between a horse and an ass.—

One of his lordship's servants, who was hastily pursuing his master, upon a gay prancer, was suddenly stopped in his career, by an ass.—

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The afs pricked up its ears and stared at the horse:—The horse snorted, and wheeled round at a distance, as if moved with disdain as well as surprize:—The afs laid down its ears, gave a toss with its head, and turning about suddenly, kicked up its heels; then shaking its tail, browsed among the nettles in the hedge.—

There is a fund of pride, said I, which supports all degrees of animals in their different stations.—The peer may flounce, but the pedler can retort.—The horse may snuff the gale, and dilate his proud front at the appearance of an afs; but the afs can spurn at his insolence, and be content with its homely fare.—

I had now got to the extent of my walk, and found it necessary to mend my pace back again, as the evening drew near; so that I had neither time, nor inclination, to trouble my head about my fellow travellers, but let them pass unobserved.—

There was one trifling circumstance, however, in my return, which gave me great pleasure at the time. It was a very polite *bow*, which I received from the amiable lord * * * *, who, from some very slight knowledge of me, condescended to do me the honour as he passed.—

There is something very striking, as well as engaging, in the affability of this nobleman. He has the art to wear his dignity at the time he puts himself upon a level with the meanest of those about him; and altho' you are as easy as with an old friend, in his company, you never forget that he is a lord.—

I have a great mind to make a vow, for his sake, never to ridicule the foibles of the nobility as long as I live.—

What care they?—

C

C H A P.

C H A P. VI.

I Went into a large mixt company as soon as I got home, where I hugged myself in the inexpressible delights of taciturnity; which I frequently do after my mind has been fatigued by study.

While the ideas float from one thing to another, without making any impression, and one seems thinking, and not thinking at the same time, the hum of conversation, from every side of the room, which is all one perceives of it, is very grateful to the senses, and gives a kind of chorus to the like jumble of inconsistencies which is passing in the brain.

I should imagine study, especially writing, must be a great enemy to conversation: for altho' I give myself as little trouble as any man in England about what I write, or how I express myself, yet when the fit is over, I find but little relish for any thing but trifling about; talking nonsense; and that only by fits and starts.—

Now an argument would be the devil.—Of all things in this world, I detest an argument: And yet no man upon earth is more plagued with them:—For mine being a bachelor's life, spending my evenings in taverns and public rooms, I am always overwhelmed with the hurry and confusion of controversy.—But one thing generally happens to my comfort; that notwithstanding I never enter into the nature of the argument, neither *pro* nor *con*, nor know no more than *Moll Wilkes* what they are talking about; nor do I listen to any part of the story, unless I may just catch a

bit, now and then, to laugh at; yet I go away as wise, and as much improved by their disputes, as the best of them; and can give as clear an account of the merits of the several subjects started, and the conclusions drawn, as a president of the *Robin-Hood Society*.

—Disputants are like fighting cocks; only with this difference: The cocks fight to obtain victory, at the hazard of their lives; while the others battle it hard for superiority of parts, at the ruin of their understandings.—

—It being past twelve o'clock, and as I had sat the whole evening without speaking one word, I thought it high time to take myself off—which I did, very snugly, and precipitately.—

As I was walking home, the streets were so still, that I could not help exclaiming, Good God! it seems as if the world were dead.—Not a creature I protest!—What is gone with all the bustle of the day?—Where are all those delightful nymphs that charmed me with their smiles?—Are they in bed?—Oh! heavens!—

Passing a churchyard, I cried, how many ghosts might a disordered imagination raise here!—That grave-stone, how it seems to stalk!—I wish I were in bed.—But, must I lie here at last!—Well, it does not signify:—when the soul is fled, the body is meer clay, and may mix indifferently with its sister earth!—

I got safe into the kitchen;—the cat was lying by the fire; but observing me, she arose, and purred about my legs.—Poor thing, said I, thou art a very docile, and inoffensive creature.—It is impossible, surely, that there should be any violent particles in the composition of such a domestic, obliging, fondling animal.—Well, well, said

I, enough of this—go thy ways, *puss*—so, taking a candle, I went up stairs; but before I could well get into my room, I found myself very much out in my calculations, respecting the good qualities of cats.—For another cat having got to our lady, they set up such a d——d yell, as was sufficient to frighten a whole parish out of their senses.—I ran down into the kitchen, in order to quell the uproar; but they flew round the room, with their tails as straight and as thick as my arm; spitting their fury like a couple of devils.—At last they vanished up stairs, like a stream of wild fire, and got upon the tiles; totally out of the reach of my correction; where they continued their horrid chorus all night, to the great discomposure of the neighbourhood.

I was so bewildered, with the noise of the cats, before I could get to sleep, that, God help me! I dreamt I was married!—

I thought I possessed the sweetest creature imaginable:—The prettiest, and most lovely lass, *that ever tripp'd the verdant plain!*—Such endearments! such embraces! such ravishings! such raptures! such entanglements! and such! such! such! such!—Oh! how I sung the joys of marriage!—

—But then she would be so careful of me, I must never read, it would spoil my eyes: nor must I write, by any means, it made me so thoughtful.—And then she would chuck me under the chin, and say I must do every thing she bid me, or I could not love her.—No, no, I must not smoke filthy tobacco, for that was an odious custom.—She would rather I would take snuff, she said,—and oh! how charming a brilliant would look upon my finger, and a nice solitaire about my neck.—

neck.—There, my dear—my sweetest spouse—now you are a king.—

Upon my proving rather refractory under all these blandishments and restrictions, I thought she changed her tone: and when I went out she would ask me peremptorily, where I was going—and if I told her, to such a place, or such a place, she would say it was very foolish to do so; and that I was always going out after a parcel of nonsense.—

Methought, in order to avoid these squabbles, I was obliged to give her the slip.—But then, when I came home, there was the devil to pay.—So now, she would say, you are always out when you are wanted—there has been Mr. Such-a-one, and Mr. Such-a-one, and Mr. Such-a-one to seek for you—I wonder you will be so foolish now—Why can't you be content at home?—Where have you been?—hey!—why don't you answer me?—How you stand staring like a Fool!

Upon these repeated affronts, I would cry zounds! what the devil is the matter with the woman?—What is it to you where I have been?—I am my own master, and will do as I please, for all any body.—Then methought she would snivel and bellock, and roar; and wish she had never been married;—and all that.—

When I had any friends with me, I thought I looked like the most arrant dunderhead upon the face of the earth; for she would snarl, and pout, and redden, and be as perverse as a sow; thwarting every thing I said or did; nothing could please; every thing was wrong; and exposing all our silly quarrels to every indifferent spectator.

If I went with her in an evening to visit a neighbour, I was always terrified to death—for

as it frequently happens in these cases, when there is much company, that the women go to cards, and the men to their pipes; I was sure, as soon as my sweet spouse had finished her *pool*, and suddenly take it into her head to go home; to have her come bouncing into the smoking room, with her hat and cloak on, her servant and lanthorn at her heels, and, without any previous notice given me of her intention, saucily demand my instant attendance, for that she was determined to go to *bed* directly.—Now, if I were in the middle of my pipe, it signified nothing to remonstrate: she would only be the more positive—and if I, observing the men wink at one another, pretended to domineer a little, and to swear I would not go yet; she would set the whole house in an uproar;—so that, for meer decency's sake, I was obliged to hurry away with her, leaving our mighty pretty deportment, a sweet object for those that were left behind us, to laugh at and enjoy.

What was very extraordinary in this dream, which lasted only two or three hours (but dreams are always inconsistent) I thought I had a very fine boy; which, though it was no more than a twelvemonth old, must ever be the head of the company; sitting at table at dinner, though there should be ten or a dozen strangers—and when from its sputtering, and puling, and screaming like a bittern, I only begged the favour it might be taken away, for that it must be very troublesome to my friends, she would storm and rage, and be almost ready to scratch my eyes out:—Then snatching up the infant, like a tygress, she would fly away with it, telling me at the same time, if I must *get* children I ought to bear with them.

After

After this terrible scuffle, she would be in the dumps, and not speak a word for two or three days——so that do what I would, I was sure to be worsted—for if I, at last, coaxed her into good temper, there was but a few half-starved kisses, shuffles, and caresses ensued, before we got into the same track again—up to the head and ears in disputes, squabbles, wranglings, and the most perverse endeavours, on her side, to make me as miserable as a hound with a *twitchel* at his tail, pursued, worried, and buffeted, by all the dogs, and lads in the parish.—

In the midst of more confusion, by ten-fold, than the cats brought upon me before I went to sleep, I awaked, and cried out with a loud and shrill voice, Thank my God! this is all a dream!—

C H A P. VII.

HOW soon every thing in this world is over!—does not this indicate that life will soon be at an end?—

Time is so short, except to the lazy and the miserable, that the reflection becomes painful, and disagreeable on that account.

Breakfast, dinner, supper, and bed—breakfast, dinner, supper, and bed—breakfast, dinner, supper, and bed—and so on to the end of the chapter.

(What a sameness!)

These words, like the pulsations of the heart, beat as regular as a clock; except in those variations which are discernible in both.—Now in the lazy they are slow—and sure—breakfast—dinner—supper—and bed.) In the miserable they are at unequal distances; and are doubtful

doubtful—(breakfast——dinner——supper——&c.)—But in the busy and the merry, they are as quick as thought—(breakfast dinner supper—breakfast dinner supper—breakfast dinner supper)—O there is hardly room for bed to creep in at any rate!—except, now and then, by way of amusement, or so.—

—Poo! poo! miss, what do you pop your head in, just at this place, for—putting me out in this manner, while I am pushing my argument to the bottom of such deep and curious reflections, upon time and the deuce knows what?—

I remember an old woman at an inn, a very *notable* *scrat*, who gave me exquisite pleasure, for two or three days, while I was a kind of an idler at her house in a country village.—'Tis to her the world will be indebted for many excellent observations I made upon the vanities of this life, the emptiness of our pursuits, and the impertinence of pride and pomposity in man.—

As this lady was the mistress of the house, and saw into every thing that was done, she did not sit down, ten minutes at a time, during the whole day. She was continually running about—first into the kitchen—then into the brewhouse—then into the parlour—and, except in scolding the maids a bit, I could not conceive whereabout her pleasure lay.—

With her, breakfast, dinner, and supper, were very quick indeed! for she had much ado to provide them fast enough—so that her whole life was nothing but a scene of breakfast, dinner, and supper; breakfast, dinner, and supper; breakfast, dinner, and supper;—until these *manœuvres*, with the pulse, varied—fluttered—stopped—that's all.—

Now

Now I think the life and death of this industrious old woman, who got up, got breakfast, got dinner, got supper, and got to bed—got up, got breakfast, got dinner, got supper, and got to bed—got up, got breakfast, got dinner, got supper, and got to bed—got up—and so on, without the least difference every day in the year, make a very fine *trait* of the vast importance, dignity, and significance of human concerns.

The lazy are got up, they do not get breakfast, but they eat it—they do not get dinner, but they eat it—they do not get supper, but they eat it—they are got to bed, and dose the tedious night away!

The drunkards rise heavily.—They neither get their breakfasts, nor can they eat—their pulses flag—they are nervous—and 'tis long till dinner comes.—They pick a bit, and get drunk—they cannot sup, but get drunk—they plunge to bed, and snore, offensive, the darksome, dismal hours along!—

The merry get up and laugh—they breakfast, and laugh—they dine, and laugh—they sup, and laugh—they go to bed, and sleep!

The miserable get up, and weep—they breakfast, and weep—they dine, and weep—they sup, and weep—they go to bed, but cannot sleep!—

The busy get up, and work—they breakfast, and work—they dine, and work—they sup, and go to bed!—and if they are married, they have work enough, God knows!

Increase and multiply is the first law of nature.—God speed their labours—say I—

Amen!—

C H A P. VIII.

—LET the philosophers, and the moralists, make more of this matter, if they can.—I have done with it.—

C H A P. IX.

CRITICS, I beg of you, for heaven's sake, that you will not be angry with me, for being a little facetious, now and then, as I ramble through the rough and thorny paths which, whatever you may think of it, lead to virtue.

These little, light, airy particles, which are every where scattered on the way, only serve to render the road agreeable and pleasant, which otherwise would be offensive and intolerable.

Witness! oh! witness! the terrible, grave, and learned lectures of the philosophers:—

Why should not the dose be made palatable? I am positive the physic will work the better for it.—And what if we, sometimes, for meer pleasantry, lightly touch the warmest feelings which nature hath implanted in us.—Can the glow, which rises in the cheek of the ardent youth, on the creation of “certain ideas,” injure that virtue to which it leads him?—No—it will make him the more in love with it:—Or shall the virgin's blush of delight and innocence, be deemed a crime!—for shame!

Indeed there needs much of the honey, and the balsam, to sweeten the bitter draught of instruction—and none have done more service to
human

human kind, than those who have known how to mix it properly.

“ Ay, there’s the rub.”—

I think your acute and laborious reasoners upon morality, have much the same effect upon society, as those writers of downright bawdy, who, to the honour of Old England, flourish so exceedingly in the present times.

The first, while they torture reason to death in their researches, and keep the attention eternally on the rack, to pick up what little matter is to be found, here and there, have their meaning overcast with such clouds of lofty phrases, technical terms, pompous diction; and their attention continually lost in such rivers of flowing periods, sweet cadences, &c. that none but the very curious indeed, will be able to bear with the tedious work of investigation, and the painful feelings of a confused head, without one settled axiom of common sense, to support the least glimmerings of improvement.

These are a very small, a very trifling, and a very insignificant part of mankind.

As to the gross balderdash and stupidity that reign in the other performances, such wretched stuff is fit only for the common *stews*, and *stew-hunters*; it cannot be perused by any but the abandoned, and those already debauched—and how great soever may be their number in this island, we must pronounce them cut off, for ever, from the glorious prerogatives of humanity.

Thus, Gentlemen, it follows, that the two different productions I have been speaking of, are calculated only for the philosophers, and the brutes—parts totally lopped off, as useless in a commonwealth.—

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The busy world has nothing to do with them — The active and useful members in a community are too much engaged in their several, and substantial, employments, to interest themselves in the pursuits and punctilios of the learned; or to lick up the filthy matter which is scattered abroad, by the pimps and panders, who at all times await the actions of the debauched and the abandoned.

If the industrious read, it is for amusement; and the man who can entertain, at the same time that he instructs, and has the *luck* to get acquainted with them, will ever meet with their applause and countenance.

Witness! oh! witness! the delightful *Sterne*.

I never can read his *Sentimental Journey*, but I enter into his exquisite feelings, and find myself the better man for them — and notwithstanding his whimsical insinuations with respect to the *Fille de Chambre*, at *Paris*, I stop short with him in the story, and swear with as much fervour as his uncle Toby exclaimed, in the sincerity of his heart, *Le Fever* “ shall not die, by G—,” that I’ll be d— if ever I attempt to injure that virtue, that innocence, that simplicity, and those charms which could raise in me such sweet and tender emotions!

C H A P. X.

IT is exactly according to the disposition the mind is in, that the world appears to us a round of pleasures and enjoyments, or a scene of wretchedness and misery.

There is no such thing as untwisting the web so accurately, and with such success, laying aside the passions and prejudices, and picking out the false fears,

fears, ridiculous apprehensions, nonsensical fooleries, &c. which are entangled in it, as to come in any of our researches, or conceptions of things, to the real unpolled truth of the matter.

A man takes a telescope, and looks through it very earnestly at the moon; resting it this way, and that way, and swearing all the while, it is in reality, nothing but a green cheese.—The moon is a moon for all that, and the glass is a good one.—The fault lies in the man himself—his eyes are bad, and not suited to the occasion.

For my own part, I have looked at this world in fifty thousand different lights, and know not what to make of it at last.—Sometimes I have thought it a charming place:—Good victuals!—good drink!—fine wenches!—fine horses!—fine hounds!—rare sport!—At other times, I have sickened at the very idea of every enjoyment, except ***** , and wondered for what purpose it could possibly happen that we were sent hither.

How sickly and vain are all our wanderings!—

The world has been the very self same world for upwards of five thousand—nobody knows how long—and the purpose for which it was made, ever was, and ever will be, a profound secret, shut up, and hidden from the most penetrating and curious investigations of man.

“ Hope humbly then, on trembling pinions soar,
“ Wait the great teacher death, and God adore.”

So says Pope for me, on this occasion—very well—and very pathetic.

I saw a lean, adust figure of a man, with hollow, keen, penetrating eyes—a melancholy hue seemed to sit upon his face, as fixt there by the hands of time

time and care—much watching, pain, and labour.—He seemed to be about sixty-five—alert, and active.—I asked my next neighbour who he was?—I was told he was a man famous for having acquired a princely fortune by trade.

What does he now? said I.—He follows business with more vigour than ever.—For what purpose? said I.—For none that I know of—unless he does it, as the women reason, *because he does it*.—He has now a fortune that far exceeds the bounds of any moderate ambition, and yet he is, absolutely, as anxious after the advantages of *Cent. per Cent.* and the goods of this life, as if he were to live for ever.—

That man, said I, has mistaken the means for the end.—He has inlisted his affections in the pursuit of riches, but knows not when to stop, nor how to enjoy them.—He is exactly like a galley slave.—His passions, and avarice, like hard and cruel tyrants, have chained him down to the oar, and he is obliged to toil away a wretched life, in misery and despair.

His only consolation will be to work in the geers, like a waggoner's horse—To be *gee-wo'd* and whipped, by his insatiable thirst for gold, from *London* to *Chester*, and from *Chester* to *London*, until he, unexpected, drops in the midst of his career, and is cast away, as a vile heap of folly and putrefaction, fit only for the worms to gnaw, and his heirs, executors and administrators, to laugh at and make merry with!—

A vile reckoning this! but a true one!

What a parcel of egregious nonsense!—for a man to waste his hours in a series of painful, corroding, sleepless vexations, after a phantom that

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leaves him at last in the embraces of the vilest of reptiles—unpitied and detested!—

What do we know of the future, or even remember of the past, that should urge us to such restless, unavailing, and unnecessary bustlings, to provide for an existence so transitory, and which seems to be little more than nominal?

For my own part—except an affair of gallantry, in which I was concerned with *Dolly Newell*, when I was a lad—who snatched her hand away from me at *hick-bick-all-my-ducks*, and gave it to another, which has stuck by me ever since; and two or three more trifling *scrapes* I have got into in my life, the rest of it has passed away like a shadow! a dream! a heap of confusion! a chaos! forgotten and despised!—

Nothing can uphold a man in this world, and make him happy, but a consciousness of innocence, a knowledge, and a scrupulous discharge of his duty towards his family, his friends, and the public;—and when he has done this, he may leave the rest, satisfied and contented, to the almighty being who placed him here, fully assured of the everlasting protection of that great GOD who CANNOT DO WRONG!

C H A P. XI.

A Human being, after he has passed through snivelling, idiotic childhood, boasting, unforeseeing, thoughtless youth, and become capable of reflection, needs only cast his eyes about him, and examine the earth, the productions of it, the sun, the moon, and the stars, to be convinced of the existence of an omnipotent FIRST CAUSE, that governs

governs all: to whom his adoration is due, and on whom alone his present and future establishment, amidst the grand order of the universe, depends.

What an idea!—how simple!—how plain!—how wonderful!—how sublime!—

But here we must stop—we can go no farther—'tis enough.—

The DEITY—his nature—nay, even his attributes are not to be understood by such triflers as we are.—He shews us that he exists—that no terms can express his greatness, his power, and his glory.—But what he is—where he is—and what he means by this brilliant construction of the spheres, which we stare at with such delight and astonishment, or how he intends to dispose of us, is a secret which we must resign all pretensions to unravel in this life, and leave it to time and eternity to discover.

ANALOGY may go a great way indeed, to furnish us with the rapturous hope, and exquisite prospect of a bliss intended for us, unallied to pain and wretchedness, if we act consistently in the sphere which has been allotted to us, and do those simple duties towards one another, which are plain and express in themselves, and which, by the natural laws of society, are absolutely required of us—

“To do unto all men as we would they should do unto us.”

After we have gaped at the bright orbs that surround us, and examined the earth, and the beauties it produceth, as well as observed the regularity and order in which it moves, all proving the existence of a DEITY, his providence, his might, majesty, and dominion; we may then examine ourselves,

ourselves, as the work of his hands, and come to a very delightful conclusion, from the extremely distant likeness of things, in our own favour—and quite sufficient for us to lay a ground-work, or a foundation, in order to build a superstructure or a system, replete with glory, happiness, and eternity.

After all the fooleries, and nonsense, which have been foisted into the world, by artful and designing men, and swallowed by the ignorance and superstition of the multitude; which, consequently, have got interwoven in the religious rites and ceremonies of mankind; and the volumes which have been written by our philosophers, to no manner of purpose, about the unsearchable decrees of the ALMIGHTY, concerning the seemingly odd, whimsical, and unjust distribution of *good and evil* upon earth; yet there is not one idea, amongst them all, that strikes me so forcibly, and flatters my fond hopes of future pleasures and enjoyments, so powerfully, as the consideration of the character of a just and upright man—the *work of God's hands*—and which has ever been admired, as well by the *wicked* as the *good*.—

What are the qualities usually attendant upon such a character?—He is gentle—he is humane—he weeps with the distressed, and rejoices with the happy—but the strongest passion which actuates his breast, and which, by all mankind, is applauded and adored the most, is an universal BENEVOLENCE that prompts him to shelter the whole world under his wings, and make his fellow creatures as happy as his power is great.—

That this is not merely an ideal character, needs no proof but what every man's own observation will furnish him with; and that the generality

rality of the human kind, notwithstanding the prevalence of their frailties and follies may overcloud its operation, possess this virtue in particular, in a very high degree, no sophistry, or pernicious reasoning, can explain away.—

What then must be the attributes of the ALMIGHTY, who has stamped upon his creatures such a noble, and an exquisite idea of benevolence?—Is not this characteristic of himself, and what he will do for us?—Will any man doubt his GOODNESS?—Can any thought, or system, so reasonably support a sickening, fainting, falling creature, in his last moments?—Can he, at that awful trial of his patience, struggling cry—Oh! GOD! thou hast forgotten me?—no!—

C H A P. XII.

HOW glorious, and consistent, do the works of nature, as far as even we mortals can trace them, make the DEITY?—What a jumble of inconsistency, injustice, and caprice, have the works of man made of him!

How should it be otherwise, when such *poor creatures* pretend to account for the actions of the OMNIPOTENT, or to pry into the designs of the CREATOR, who has, with such peculiar care and precaution, concealed the manner of his existence, and his intentions, totally from our sight?

I love system building, for innocent pastime—it agrees well with that hankering after futurity, which nature seems to have implanted in us, as an earnest for the establishment of those hopes of eternal bliss, which supports us in sickness and in death; but to produce my systems, the founda-

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tions whereof, like many other famous ones in the world, may be laid in a foolish whim or conceit of my own, and pretend to cram them down the throats of other people—foh!—nonsense!—folly!—impudence!—stupidity!—

As I hope to live, and enjoy eternal pleasures, I cannot think, that the ALMIGHTY would have given us, such an exquisite idea of happiness, unallayed with the pains and griefs of a life, which is subjected to a dissolution so hateful to our natural feelings, for no better purpose than to make us completely wretched.—and like *Tantalus*, with his meat and drink in view, but without the power of enjoying what his appetite so keenly craved for.—

—Don't talk of annihilation—it is the *devil*—and surely those ought to be d— who can possibly entertain such a poor, starved, snivelling conceit!—

Let loose the imagination, and examine to what a pitch of grandeur it will carry you, in the formation of scenes of bliss, and enjoyments so superior to our own—and of which the DEITY has given us the highest relish, and the most perfect notions.

How is it possible then, but we must flatter ourselves, even to a settled dependance upon that GOODNESS, which it is impossible to conceive, would amuse us in this world, with the glimmerings of such a bewitching prospect, of joys unutterable, and suffer us to drop off, at last, in pain and misery, disappointed and forgotten!

Pity!—compassion!—tenderness!—what thrilling sounds!—how forcibly do they strike a human ear!—

A helpless,

A helpless, falling, dying creature!—struggling, gasping, and convulsed, with the rage of pain, sickness, and death!

What would you do, my friend, *were you omnipotent*, to release that distorted wretch from the rack, and make him happy?—

Would you beat out his brains, and let him perish for ever?—shocking!—

C H A P. XIII.

I HAVE observed, with much care and circumspection, three distinct methods, which the sons of men make use of, in order to subdue the ills of this life.

First, you will find the young and the dissolute, filling up the space of their existence, with a continued hurry of exercise, drink, noise and nonsense.—These are a parcel of very *jolly fellows*, and it is impossible for the grave, and the sedate, to have a more contemptuous opinion of them, than they entertain for the rest of mankind.

As to any thing that tends towards the remotest idea of reflection, it is ever treated by these worshippers of uproar and dissipation, as the meanest, and most scurrilous intrusion that can possibly attack a gentleman, and a man of spirit.—

To think!—is a crime of the blackest die;—and, therefore, they scorn to trouble their heads about any thing, until nature flags,—disease overtakes them—and, to the honour of this fraternity, many of them quit the world, almost as merry and as thoughtless as they lived in it.

The particular merits of this sort of gentry can never be too much admired; nor is it possible to exhaust

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exhaust a subject so replete with *fun*, humour and instruction.—We have had them frequently exhibited to society, under the characters of *bloods* and *mo-hawks*.—They are known by their agility in breaking lamps, knocking down watchmen, beating the rounds—and especially by those disastrous circumstances of being beaten by *bullies*, kicked into kennels, drove into dirty holes and corners ;—and making their escape with bruised backs, sore arms, flashed heads, and swollen backsides ; which, to the astonishment of the sober part of the human species, are looked upon, by these gentlemen, as marks of the highest, and most noble distinction.

A member of this community, who has been drawn through a *horsepond*, rolled in a *boghouse*, tumbled into a *pigsty*, and kick'd out of a brothel, is looked upon by this all-glorious society, as a prodigy of wonder and delight—forever afterwards dignified with the imperial title of a *d—n'd good fellow*—the terror of *women*, the bane of *butterflies*, the ruin of *grasshoppers*, and the destroyer of *fleas*, *crickets*, *titlarks*, and *hobgoblins*.—

They are the most excellent *refiners* of mirth and cheerfulness imaginable ; for it is impossible, though you had a *thousand* a year unexpectedly left you, not even in the first gust of your transport, to keep pace with them in their joys.

Survey them at dinner, after the morning chase, or, if you please, after the last night's debauch.—

What a din !—

—But here I must caution the reader, to make use of his recollection and fancy ; or, if he lacks of either, I must desire him to get into the company of a set of *choice spirits*—else, I am afraid, he will not rightly understand the representation of

of a horrid scene of uproar, folly, and confusion, which, out of my princely munificence, I am under the fatal necessity of exhibiting, for the amusement of our *old fools*, who have been, or may be, possessed with a tendency towards the following singular exploits.—

A large company of CHOICE SPIRITS at dinner.—

(*Omnis.*)

Waiter!—*Waiter!*—*Waiter!*—*Sair!*—*Sair!*—*Sair!*—Some porter here—give me some table beer—two glasses of madeira for my lord *Slapdash*—d—n'd good venison!—hellish good potatoes!—*Sair*, shall I trouble you for a slice of that there ham?—my lord, shall I have the honor to send you some hare?—my lord, *Jack Frosty-face* tumbled *neck over heels* in a ditch this morning!—(*Omnis*) ha! ha! ha!—O poor *Frosty-face*—ha! ha! ha!—sink my liver!—ha!—ha!—ha!

—*Waiter!* take away—clear the tables.—My lord, a gentleman would be glad to be introduced—*band him in upon a plate.*—(*Omnis*) ha! ha! ha!—a d—d good hit—ha! ha! ha!—excellent by G—!—ha! ha! ha!—

Gentlemen! charge your glasses---The king's health.---

(*All talking together.*)

—What a d—'d good leap I took over the gate, leading to *Titbury* fields, this morning! but did you observe sir *Jeffery Squab*? what a hell of a *squelch* in a bog!—by G—! my horse is the best horse in England—did you see how he flew, like lightening, over *Danbury* common?—See your horse!—no by G---, for I was at the head of the hounds over every inch of the ground---(*Omnis*)

bold

—(*Omnis*) *hold hard!*—*hold hard!*—*hold hard!*

—The devil d—n me to the pit of hell if I wa'nt!

Gentlemen!—gentlemen!—gentlemen!—to order—to order—Mr. Deputy, is the toast gone round?—where does the glass stand?—Mr. *Budget*, please to *tie up your garters*—*Ned Nimble*, give us a toast—O! my lord!—the waiter tells me poor *Jack* the *bootcatcher*, whose head you broke last night, with the *poker*, is likely to be dead.—“Charge him “in the bill—daaam me!—(*Omnis*) ha! ha! ha! “keep it up”—ha! ha! ha! huzza! huzza! huzza! ha! ha! ha!—*bark forward! bark forward!*—ha! ha! ha! tally O! tally O!—

Silence! silence! silence!—to order—to order—my lord—my lord—gentlemen! to order—a bumper! gentlemen—a bumper! gentlemen—my lord—*Ned Nimble* gives—May every dirty rascal that insults a gentleman meet with the same fate—(*Omnis*)—with all my heart—huzza! huzza! huzza!—

Silence! gentlemen—to order, for shame—my lord—have you seen any thing of *Nick Flagon*, to day?—Where is the rascal?—I wonder of all men he should be absent—O! d—n him, I suppose he is got into some *hell-fired* scrape or other.—

(*Omnis*)—He's a prince of a fellow—an excellent *wit*—says the best things—O! by G—, huzza!—here he comes—*talk of the devil and he appears*—(*omnis*) ha! ha! ha!

—*Old Nick*—what in the devil's name is the matter with thy face?—may the devil *blast my eyes out if I now!*—A d—n'd *brimstone*, last night, with whom I wanted to be *concerned*; because she had got her *bully* with her, and some scoundrel had just given her half a guinea, dowsed a cursed stinking mop, plump in my chaps! and had the assurance

assurance to order me to be thrown headlong out of the window!—I made the best retreat I could—and here I am!—O! by Jupiter—none the worse for all *that*.—

(*Omnis*) No—no—no—not a bit, *Nick*—we'll take a barrel of *gun-powder*, and blow the *bitches* to *bell*!—Come, *Nick*—take a chair, and sit down—be jolly, and never mind these things, *old lad*.

Gentlemen! to order, if you please—Sir *Thomas Squirt*, give your sentiment—To all true hearts and sound bottoms—come, gentlemen—to all true hearts and sound bottoms—push about the bottle—Mr. Deputy, is the toast gone round?—*all's well*.—

Mr. Nicholas Flaggon—your sentiment.—May Sir *Thomas Squirt*'s bottom be as sound as his heart is true.—

Well done, *Nick*! O rare *Nick*!—I told you we should have some *fun* when *Flaggon* came.—

Gentlemen, charge.—Charge, gentlemen—Mr. Deputy, see they are all bumpers.—Sir *Andrew Boss*,—your sentiment.—May the enemies of Old England never enjoy beef nor claret.—

Come, gentlemen, mind the toast—Mr. President! Mr. President! Mr. President!—(*omnis*) hear him! hear him!—Mr. *Samuel Frothy* has baulked his glass—*Waitor! Waitor! Waitor!*—bring him a pint tumbler—charge him a bumper—by G—, Mr. President, he can't swallow it—give him some salt and water—pour it down him—pour it down him—d—n him, we'll swill the rascal and bring him to his senses.—

—Mr. *Prezziden*—What's your pleasure, my lord?—never mine *zennimens*, nor—nor—nor—*tonz* of any *kine*—*lezz* drink like devils—with all my heart—my lord—huzza! huzza! huzza!—

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here's d—nation seize the flincher—huzza! huzza!
—“keep it up,” huzza.—

Mr. President! Mr. President!—silence!—
silence!—to order—Sam Flirt says we ought to
keep to order, and go on with the regular toasts—
(*half the company immediately cry*)—send him to Co-
ventry, for dictating to the president—to Coven-
try! to Coventry!—(*the other half oppose it*)—no!
no!—no!—we ought to keep to order—to Co-
ventry! to Coventry!—no!—no!—no!—Mr.
President! why don't you call to order?—silence!
gentlemen—silence! gentlemen—(*the whole calling
all the while differently.*)—To Coventry!—no Co-
ventry!—to Coventry!—no Coventry!—no!—
no!—no!—to Coventry!—no!—no!—no!—to
Coventry! to Coventry!—no!—toss him in a
blanket! no blanket!—a blanket! huzza, a blan-
ket! to order!—to order!—Mr. President! for
shame! call to order—silence! silence! silence!
—d—n you altogether for a parcel of devils! to
order! to order!—no blanket!—no blanket!—a
blanket!—no blanket!—(*the opponents rising furiously,
and marshalling according to their different opini-
ons upon this weighty matter, continue the uproar.*)—
No blanket!—a blanket!—no blanket!—a blanket!
—(*omnis*) huzza! huzza! huzza!

(*The NO BLANKETS, at one determined lunge,
oversetting the tables, bottles and glasses, full in the
face of the BLANKETS, the latter are obliged to
retreat in the utmost confusion, and poor Sam. Flirt
escapes a basting, which would have laid him up for
a month, the miserable victim of their rage and dis-
traction.*)

[Exeunt omnis.]

—Now this, among the *Choice Spirits*, is being
d—d jolly—develish merry—Such riots are revered,

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remembered, and boasted of, as the most honourable, the most exquisite, and the most glorious species of felicity, that mortality can possibly enjoy.---Pray, Mr. Reader, if your delicacy should be shocked at this picture, or any other I may draw, let your disgust and aversion light where they *ought*.---As a faithful biographer, I am obliged to exhibit the actions and the oratory of my HEROES.---

It is necessary, a young hunter should, first of all, examine the nature of bogs and quicksands, in order to avoid them: otherwise, in the fury of the chase, he may be overwhelmed in filth and nastiness, and learn prudence by experience, when, alas! it is too late to repent!---

C H A P. XIV.

THE next, upon my list of *distinctions*, are a set of SAD FELLOWS.---They are always whining, and repining---The world is a bad world---a wicked world---nothing in it but wretchedness and misery-----Therefore they, with wonderful sanctity, neglect their duties in this life, in order to provide for another.

I remember seeing a brawny fellow standing with his arms across---his shirt sleeves, which were the colour of a coalheaver's frock, were rolled above his elbows---he had on a leathern apron, tied round his waist---his breeches, which seemed to be composed of grease and tallow, were, for the want of good bracing, slipped somewhat beneath his hips---his stockings were about his heels, and his shoes unbuckled---he had a tankard of ale in his hand, which he kept there for a considerable

siderable time : swearing all the while, to a set of his companions, exactly like himself, that there never would be any good doings in old England, so long as bribery and corruption flourished in the land ; and that honest men, like himself and his comrades, were forced to gain their bread by the sweat of their brows.---

Now, says he, if I were *king*, I would quit those finical *macaroni* scoundrels, and get among a set of honest *blacksmiths* and *brass-founders*.—We'd set the folks all to rights, I warrant you.—D—n me—no flinching—no—no—no—by G— hey!—What think'st, my *lad o'wax*—Here's confusion seize all rascals, says old *Jack*.—

I was very much diverted with this unintelligible jargon, but more with the title these fellows bear.---

They are called SLING-DISMALS.

Whether this epithet is derived from their sling-
ing a large hammer upon an anvil, which is dismal enough ; or from their manner of spending, what amongst them is called *Saint Monday*, drinking and talking politics, as described above, I will, with all due submission, leave it to the learned to determine. All I mean by introducing the story, is, that I think, either from the sense of the phrase, the sound, or something or other that tickles my ear, it is an excellent *badge* to fix upon these COMPLAINERS in society, who, without the least power to make things better than they are, will ever be endeavouring, by their canting and brawling, to make them worse.

There are many sorts of *sling-dismals* to be met with in society, who seem to have no other business upon earth, but to plague you with their domestic

ness grievances, the public errors, or the care which you ought to take of your poor souls.

To enumerate a few of them, will be quite sufficient to lead the reader into a perfect knowledge of the rest.

When ever you observe a man sitting in the corner of a room, beating the *devil's tattoo*; which is done by tabouring the heel, in a kind of quick convulsive motion, upon the floor; or with the fingers of the right hand, imitating a drum, upon the table, to the great annoyance, and discomposure of the company, you may be assured he is a *slang*--- and that he is possessed with the *horrors*, and the *blue devils*, in a very high degree.

Enquire into the character of such a being, and you will find him, either an *unfortunate Projector*, a feeble politician, a furious patriot, a discarded sycophant, a broken gambler, a forsaken lover, a vile fanatic, or an idle-headed, stupid, foolish fellow, who has brought himself, and perhaps his family, into poverty and contempt, by his extravagance; and a supine, dozing kind of indolence, which lulls him and his faculties totally to sleep--- while with a little industry and precaution, he might recover his affairs, and live as happy as any man in England.---

Sometimes, indeed, the really unfortunate, and distressed, appear like *slangs*;---but it is easy to discern the difference between the lazy, drowzy, lownging, querulous deportment of the latter, and the silent, forlorn, busy, half-concealed distraction of the unhappy.

Those, who, after having used every effort to stem the baleful torrent of misfortune, are, notwithstanding, plunged into inevitable ruin, will endeavour, when they mix in company, to conceal the

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the state of their affairs; to brighten up their misery, and forget it for a time:---but the *sling-dismals*, upon such occasions, if they can shake off the *horrors*, are loud in their own praise, and virulent in the condemnation of Providence, their *evil stars*, and the perfidy and ingratitude of mankind, who can, with so much indifference, smile at their disasters, and pay not the least regard to their merit and capacity.

—Pray, heav'ns! this sentiment may not come home to myself at last.—

—Let us cast a shade over it, for the present, however, or we shall never be able to proceed.—

C H A P. XV.

SO much for my *jolly fellows*, and my *sad fellows*; alias SLING-DISMALS:—now for my third, and last distinction.

I was told, yesterday, by a profound philosopher, and a *critic*, that every production of *genius*, which might expect to be handed down to posterity, should have a *beginning*, a *middle*, and an *end*—Therefore, you will be pleased to take notice, how cleverly I am availing myself of this intelligence; and how desirous I am, that your sons, and your daughters, nay, your grand-sons, and grand-daughters, should peruse these my works—For by placing my *jolly fellows* in the *beginning*, my *sling-dismals* in the *middle*, and my next fellows (for whom I have not yet thought of a name) in the *rear*, we shall be sure to proceed according to the exact rules of criticism;—and, what is more desirable, we shall avoid the cursed *squibs* and *back-rappers*,

rappers, which are mischievously flung after those who presume to soar above such *noisy meteors*, and who are rash enough not to pay the least regard to the afore said important points.

Notwithstanding all the irony and ridicule, which have been, indiscriminately, thrown, not only upon the vices and follies of mankind, but upon human nature itself; yet it is evident, that the mind is capable of acquiring astonishing perfections, by those who correct the prejudices of education, and make use of all the reason, which the DEITY has thought fit to bestow upon them, unbiassed by custom or habit, in searching boldly into the nature and true state of their existence—but for the purpose, ONLY, of acting properly in it.

This, our third, and last method of subduing the ills of this life, will certainly be rational; and extremely conducive towards accomplishing the end proposed.—

Here is a fund of amusement, sufficient to engage the affections; and make life agreeable, and happy.—We shall find no occasion, under this procedure, to have recourse to the *jolly fellows* for enjoyments, nor to the *sling-dismals* for comfort;—but, passing on without the aid of either, we may laugh at, and pity the folly of both;—and enjoy that serene, spotless, even, uninterrupted course of felicity, which is discoverable *only* among the VIRTUOUS and the GOOD.

C H A P. XVI.

I Sometimes perceive in myself, a willingness to check this tendency of falling into religious matters,

ters, as subjects of too grave a texture for a *Trifler*; but, when upon mature reflection, I cannot but own, that our happiness, even in this life, depends so much upon the serious consideration of the state we are placed in, I hope the pious reader will look upon the attempt, as an affair of too much consequence to be trusted solely to the management of the *Elect*, and that, in this case, what is one man's concern, is certainly *every body's business*.

What I would wish to have understood by the prejudices of education, mentioned in the last chapter, are only such methods which are made use of by *pedagogues* and *pastors*, to teach the young mind to tremble at, and avoid, the very thought of the DEITY, who is considered as a vengeful power, that punishes the weakness of nature, with the rigour of a dreadful tyrant; while the examination of his works, discover him all-amiable, and lovely to behold.

It is evident, that those who place all their merit, in the punctual observance of particular rites and ceremonies, too tedious and trifling to enumerate, have a very imperfect idea of the GOD they serve.—He is a mixture of---they know not what:—a fearful and tremendous power, with a rod, and a *cat o'nine tails*, ready to flagellate, to burn, to suffocate, and destroy.

It is certain, that the bulk of your regular and constant devotees—pray, and sigh, and sob—but it is all wind, which goeth where it listeth, and is never heard of afterwards.—They speak the words of the Lord, but cast a shade over his precepts; and believe they are very devout, when, at the same time, they do not, in reality, trouble their heads about the matter.

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As to the rest, who enter heartily into the affair, the poor creatures are filled with such terrible apprehensions, that they become fit for nothing in this world;—and, therefore, they often take themselves out of it in a very *decent* and *engaging* manner.

In the next place, what I mean by a man's making use of the reason which the DEITY has thought proper to bestow upon him, in searching boldly into the nature and true state of his existence, is nothing more, than, by examining the earth, and the production of it; together with the planets, &c. he will be convinced that there is a GOD, whom he ought to adore; and a very little inspection will prove to him, that he owes particular duties to society, which, if he fails in, he forfeits the protection of his creator.

Now this is the LAW AND THE PROPHETS.—There needs no *mysteries*, to perplex, or enforce our duty.—One man's faithful services, from self-conviction, are worth a hundred and fifty thousand slavish rites and ceremonies, which are neither understood, nor inwardly revered;—but, like the mock shows, and mimic-majesty, of a lord-mayor's day, are executed without emotion, or secretly laughed at and despised.

Let the sanctified mortals, who make a cloak of religion, and their strict compliance with the rituals of the church, in order the better to impose upon the credulity of mankind, answer for these reflections:—Wherein, I only mean to pay my devoirs to the rectitude of the heart, divested of every other consideration.—But, perchance, should certain *sling-dismals*, presume to charge me with a vicious inclination, to abolish all order and distinction in the land, I desire of you, gentle reader, that
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you will inform these pious promoters of *tinsel* and *gold-fringe*, which they make use of, to cover a multitude of sins, that I honour my country, her laws, and religion; ---but that I would not have the meer formalities and parade of devotion, pass for true zeal and genuine virtue; and that, from henceforth, we are determined to prove every man's *faith* by his *actions* only.

C H A P. XVII.

THE perfections of the human mind, have been carried to an amazing height, by those genuine philosophers, who have made the existence of a DEITY, a settled principle in their researches; and have built upon this staple foundation, all their fine, and dilectable systems, which, whether true or false, are the rational amusements of the recluse, and shew to what a wonderful stretch of power and glory, the exquisite imagination of a sound moralist will expand.

On the other hand, it is lamentable to behold, what mighty errors, and absurdities, those wretched philosophers have split upon, who, from a ridiculous desire, only, to be singular, and to surprize their fellow creatures, have vainly, and wickedly attempted to impose upon themselves, and their followers, by casting off the remotest idea of a GODHEAD, and, impudently, presuming to give the lie to their most blunted senses.

These detested *Sling-dismals*, with the help of a little sophistry, and some seeming plausibility in their arguments, have had the audacity to insinuate, that the astonishing, and regular structure of the universe, with its appendages; as well as the admirable, and minute distribution of the several

powers that compose the human frame, might have originated in meer CHANCE; without the interposition of an omnipotent FIRST CAUSE, to set them, or continue them in motion.

Whether the mind of man, from a rational pursuit of virtue, arrives to a stupendous summit of perfection, or, on the contrary, from an obliquity in its determinations, falls into a dreadful abyss of folly and presumption, the case is the same, with respect to the dignity of human nature, which I would wish to assert; and which discovers itself, not only among the vast variety of improvements, made in the several branches of literature, especially astronomy; but, even, in the wit, and vivacity, observable in the works of those unhappy creatures, who, influenced by the common plague of propagating novelties, make a vile use of their talents; but who, at the same time, stand as melancholy instances, proving the faculties of man, capable, upon a proper foundation, of carrying him to an astonishing degree of elevation.

C H A P. XVIII.

I Cannot help laughing at those *Satirists*, who, after having scourged the vices and follies of mankind, fall, horribly, upon human nature itself.---What signifies blaming a wretched being, for crimes and misdemeanors, which, according to these gentlemen, are the necessary consequences of the very principles of his construction; and which must inevitably prevent him from being a bit better than a brute?

It may be well indeed, frequently to put us in mind that we are mortal---very perishable---and
that

that the extent of all our knowledge, is nothing in comparison with the idea we may acquire of the Divine attributes :---but, though this is extremely proper, when inforced in order to check our vanity, yet it is disgustful, and obscene, when produced for no other purpose than to debase the human intellect ; and cause us to be more groveling, and degenerate, than we are apt to make ourselves.

The very reason for satirising the actions of man, amounts to nothing more, than a tacit acknowledgement, that he is capable of something praiseworthy, or great and noble in his deportment.---

Would you whip the *Horse* because he cannot speak ?---or scourge the *Ass* because it is impossible he should ever be fit for any thing but to carry burthens?

I am afraid indeed, it is but too true, that we are not quite so sublime in our natures, as a great *genius* (who is himself a glorious instance of the strength and perfection of the human faculties) would have us.---

There is hardly any thing so perfect under the sun, or a being so exalted, as to be virtuous merely for virtue's sake ; without any collateral motive.--- Either he is too proud to do a mean action ; or too fearful, from a just apprehension of the DEITY, to disobey him.---His interest prompts him to be good, &c.---But still this is virtue ; and all that the human race can aspire to.

The common method among moralists (except that great man "whom virtue could please by her native dignity") of subduing one vice by another, is very necessary to enforce, at least among the generality of mankind, who are too much engaged in the world to be affected by the refined speculations, of a profound, and an immaculate philosopher.

I am

I am exceedingly apprehensive, we shall always be obliged to have recourse to the stale maxim, of abolishing meanness, envy, jealousy, cowardice, and a long train of imperfections by PRIDE.

Say that this pride is a virtue---but still it is pride---and not that abstracted, spotless, precious jewel, which shines from its own lustre; and, like the sun, casts a brilliancy on all around, without any borrowed rays to keep its powers in motion.

We must set the passions at war, in order to produce a character---and if you would launch out of the common herd of those drowsy fellows, who may scarcely be said to breathe away their existence, it is necessary, that this pride, or emulation, like a *Drill-Serjeant*, should exercise the affections in such a manner, that courage, fear, rage, pity, joy, grief, &c. may be brought, by strict and severe discipline, to act as *antidotes*---the one urging, restraining, inflaming, and softening the other, until, by a proper mixture of the whole, you produce the *accomplished man*---fit to be a *king*, a *counsellor*, a *warrior*, a *statesman*, or a FRIEND.---

You must make a modest creature think himself of consequence, before he will attempt great actions; or be of any use to society.---You must treat him, for instance, as a judicious mother does her darling son, who, after having carefully observed him guilty of many filthy tricks, too tedious, in this place, to describe, she tells him that he is a MAN---bids him hold up his head, and act like a *gentleman*---upon which the little fellow struts and looks fierce---and will not suffer the œconomy of his breeches to be disturbed for two or three days together.

There is a great deal of management necessary in these affairs---but we will quit them for the present;

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sent ; and go on, proving by facts, that the mind of man has perfections in it, worthy to be noticed, and drawn forth, for the inspection, and amendment, of all *sceptics* whatsoever.

C H A P. XIX.

I MUST beg the reader's patience for a little time---during which I desire leave to be serious, and, for the honour of my species, exhibit some excellent qualities in human nature, which are only obscured by a rascally set of frailties, inadvertencies, oversights, and follies ; that I intend, for the future, to laugh at, and sport with ; in order the better to catch the attention of those, who, to my great sorrow, and the discomfiture of abler pens, will not suffer themselves to be preached to ; nor bear the lightest touch, of a medical hand, upon their sore places, but what tickles, and is applied under the article of amusement.

There is some one good quality in almost every man, that distinguishes his character ; and which, if he would not suffer to lie dormant, but push it into action, would be of infinite use to society.

The simple shall possess a goodness of heart, that shall make the witty, and satirical sigh.--- You may observe a probity in a clown, that would do honour to a king.---And I have known a gross, abrupt, ignorant fellow, to be moved by a compassion for the distressed, who have, accidentally, fallen under his protection, that would be a feather in the cap of the most sublime moralist, to create in the breast of his pupil.

The seeds of virtue, like the seeds of a vegetable, seem to be planted in us by nature, upon a
filthy,

filthy, degenerate soil ; which throws up, with the shoots of the genuine plant, a multiplicity of weeds, that are too apt to choke, and overshadow their betters.——

Look at a gay fluttering fop---when his affections, which, perhaps, were never moved before, are caught by a dreadful scene of calamity.---Observe how his little heart beats to the tune of sorrow---how the plumes wither upon his forehead---and how his delicate person---his embroidered coat---his lady's silken tinselled waistcoat---and his own dearer, painted, fatten drawers (those enemies to thought and reflection) all, all combine in sincere, and honest wishes, to relieve the wretched objects before them.——

Who then can blame nature?---Why are not her glorious emotions cultivated and always kept in view?---She has done her part---It is your fault if you forget her---And it shall be mine too, if I do not, with an alert and a merry rod, whip those baubles, trinkets, and trifles, that stand in her way, and most amazingly prevent her operation.——

Take notice of a whole company of rogues, whom you know, in their dealings, to be such---what real, though transitory indignation, will arise in their breasts, at the sudden discovery of a piece of knavery, which does not affect themselves !

What pains then must it cost a man, to make himself a villain, when honesty appears to him in so amiable a light, that while his acquired and false appetites are asleep, he shudders at the meer idea of those crimes which he daily commits, and which nature struggles to oppose, but in vain!---

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Observe a large assembly of different characters, where the effects of liquor have taken off the disguise, and nature operates without restraint.--- What noble sentiments will appear among the thoughtless, the giddy, and the abandoned!--- How will they glory, and swagger in the delights of benevolence! and boast of their unalterable determination to take the universe under their protection, and chase every mean, and villanous principle from the face of the earth.---

Inspired by the juice of the grape, the *miser* shall appear generous to mankind, and the *misanthrope* grow enamoured of his species.---

The vile *sycophant* indeed (that smiling, despicable villain) who keeps on the disguise while sober, when drunk shall throw it off---and, by his insolence and ill manners, discover to society, that rectitude and honour are implanted in us by nature; but that, by acquired crimes, and vicious determinations, this detested wretch becomes a disgrace to the community.

How gentle, how soft and delicate are the Fair!---Heaven seems to be confined within their breasts, and all the virtues enclosed about their hearts!---What has nature done here?---Why do they shudder at the insinuation of a fault, and fall into hysterics at the death of a fly?---Oh! nature---thou supreme goddess---to thee I will bend---and own this---this is thy great work!---But what shall we say to the perverse qualities which are infused, by custom and false habits, into these angelic creatures?---Why do they scold?---How can they frown!---pshaw---say no more.

Love!---but it is impossible to paint thy powers over the human breast; or to admire sufficiently the ineffable GOODNESS of the great God that
made

made us, who could so forcibly indicate (if we may be allowed the expression) his extatic delights in the social virtues.——

Why does the soul fly out at the sight of the beloved object?—whence comes all those fears for its safety?—and how are we to account for the mysterious raptures, when the *lifeblood* dances on the verge of expiration!——

These violent emotions, wherein the affections are hurried into enjoyments, beyond the limits of restraint, appear, in my humble opinion, emblematical of those unutterable transports, which are in store for us, and which we shall receive, without the perplexing consequences in such cases usually annexed to all sublunary pleasures.

The *virtuoso*, who delights himself, so extravagantly, in the contemplation of a butterfly, might, with the same powers and application, place his affections upon more useful studies, and grow somewhat beneficial to society.

Nature is ever urging us to some point, in order to distinguish our faculties—though, from ill taste, wrong judgment, or bad inclinations, we frequently miss it; and vainly wander among the dregs of science, the baubles of fashion, the irksome fooleries of dissipation; or the dreadful tyranny of crimes too abominable to enumerate.

The *polite* and *gay*, who seem to think of nothing but how to kill time, distinguish their false notions of rectitude, by *spitting* a man, as a Frenchman would a frog, who should dare to insinuate, they are not men of *strict honour*:—and notwithstanding our *sine gentlemen*, make a joke of religion and virtue, and are generally incapable of producing one worthy action during the whole course of their lives, yet they will not suffer the *lie* to be given

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given them by a monarch, without resenting the indignity at the risk of their lives.—

There is a something here, but it is a strange something, which discovers the universal adoration paid, by all degrees of animals (even the most pernicious and contemptible) to the perfections of human nature:—and altho' the principal part of mankind lose the way to these divine accomplishments, yet all would willingly be thought to be right, while none will suffer themselves to be directed.

In short, were the inhabitants of the whole earth to be brought together, and could the eye of a judge extend its penetration so far, as to examine into their principles, and opinions; it is evident, from the above imperfect sketches, and, especially from every man's own observation, that they would, not only all endeavour to conceal their crimes, but, with one voice, loudly and sincerely sing the praises of virtue, in opposition to the allurements of vice; and scorn the very name of a sin, which they have been guilty of during the whole course of their lives.—

—Thus the dignity of human nature, which every individual has the power, in his own person and conduct, to maintain, against the whole crew of *cavilliers*, receives the unanimous consent of mankind.

C H A P. XX.

IN order to bring the moral of these observations, upon the dignity of human nature, home to ourselves; and to make mankind easy and happy in

in their situation ; as well as to expose the folly and presumption of those wretched *sling dismals*, who impudently affect to charge their own blunders and absurdities upon the DEITY ; suppose we raise a *Cynic*, by the incontestible powers of *fancy*, so far above the atmosphere of the world he despiseth, that he may be able to observe its motions, and to give a full swing to his divine contemplations upon the matter.---

In the midst of an eternal sunshine, he will behold the earth, as a ball, involved in its vapours, just like the appearance of a populous town, covered with its smoke ; which, at a distance, very much resembles the thick clouds that, in rainy weather, overshadow the face of nature.---

He will, like the stupid shepherd, gaze with astonishment at the phenomenon ; and wonder how it is possible for living creatures to abide in such a gloomy, dismal, and an offensive region.---But, at the same time, he amuses himself with these, or such like exquisite reflections, he will forget that we were, by nature, formed for the spot we exist in---that we could not *possibly* exist any where else---that in the midst of the most dreadful fogs and damps, we have fires to chase them away ; and to comfort ourselves withal---that we have employments, and entertainments suited to our condition---that we can pursue the joyful chase, and exhilarating bottle, with *moderation*---that we can contemplate the works of GOD ; and sport with the inclemencies of the most barren, and insipid seasons of the year.---

That, in the midst of all our seeming filth and nastiness, which terrifies this exalted spectator, we frequently enjoy a serene atmosphere, and a clear sky---at which times we can dance and skip,
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laugh and sing---and make merry with our *cynic*, who, we will suppose, by this time, is tortured to death with the *plagues* that surround him---and who, like a fish out of water, is expiring at every gasp---and unless, by an unmerited stretch of our benevolence, we should condescend to pull down this luckless adventurer, into the place which was allotted to him; we shall have the painful opportunity, of beholding him wither, dry, bake, burn, starve, shrink, and diminish; until, by the express laws of gravity, in these cases amply provided for, he tumbles upon the earth, from whence he came---a bag of splinters---a *raw head and bloody bones*---a *Will with a wisp*---a *jack in a lanthorn*---fit only to frighten women and children---or to be thrown with his accompaniments into some remote *charnel-house*, as the despicable reliëts of a MADMAN and a FOOL.

C H A P. XXI.

I HAVE been thinking, that there is something very whimsical, and ridiculous, in the situation of an *Author*. He appears chargeable with pride, in an amazing degree, for presuming to dictate to those, who, perhaps, may be much better and wiser than himself. He seems likewise to draw himself into a disagreeable predicament, with respect to the conduct of his own life.---For it would appear extremely odd, to find the *Author* acting like a fool and a profligate, while he is lashing the follies and vices of his cotemporaries.

Now this is a matter I would wish to settle with my readers before I proceed any farther in this business.

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As it is impossible for a man to act so perfectly as he can think---the cool deliberations of the head, being of a different species from the inflamed emotions of the heart, we must endeavour to set the man and his writings, or at least the title of them, at a proper distance from each other: We must consider them as two distinct personages: And while you are reading the TRIFLER, I must beg of you to understand him as an inhabitant of the *moon*; with whom I have nothing more to do, than to correct him if he should pretend to disturb the public peace, or blaspheme the DEITY.

As to any thing else, let him affect to be ever so wise, or as fond of himself as he pleases, it is nothing to me.—Let him talk of *taverns*, and *lords*, and *dukes*, and *routs*, and *drums*, and *hurricanes*—of flying through the regions of the air—disputing with the gods, or kissing the goddesses—it is not to be supposed that I, who am a heavy fat fellow, could actually be engaged in such exploits as these!

'Tis true, this *Trifler* hath, as it were, taken possession of my body: for you perceive I speak of him, or for him, in my own person;—yet very few of his actions would, upon examination, bear an exact resemblance to mine; although there might be something of a likeness in many of them.

However, if this distinction should be thought somewhat sophistical, and my readers will not admit of it, suppose we come to a compromise.

I will, by *these presents*, be answerable for every part of his conduct, excepting, only, when he gets upon his *hobby-horse*, and “begs leave to be

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be facetious," or talks of lashing the follies of the age "with an alert, and a merry rod;" or when he appears proud and saucy; and swaggers and bullies like a bumbailiff.—In these cases I declare I will not acknowledge him—and as he is rather inclined to fancy himself a fine fellow, upon many occasions, I hope the indignant reader will bear with his infirmity.

C H A P. XXII.

IT has been frequently urged, with much exultation, that the *scribblers* who raise such a clamour against the profligateness, and degeneracy of the present times, act inconsistently, and without the least knowledge of the state of mankind, from time immemorial to the present æra.

There are decisive gentlemen, who settle matters by the lump: who assert, positively, that though the manners and customs of a country may vary at different periods, yet men being at all times composed of the same materials, their vices will ever be equally indulged.

From hence they decide a question which I think would do very well for the *Robin-hood Society*—viz.—Whether the writers, in all ages, upon the profligateness of manners, have not been of any service to the world?

I should not think this matter, which with me will hardly bear an argument, of any consequence to that illustrious body, were it not for the positive determination of certain dogmatists, against the efforts of the pen.—For, to the great comfort and satisfaction of the abandoned, they insinuate

nuate that it is impossible for us to improve in virtue; and, in order to encourage us in our vices, they tell us, that the most famous among the ancients, whose writings have filled the world with their renown, were, in their own persons and conduct, actuated by the most sordid of the human passions.

Speciousness, and plausibility, have a vast effect in controversy, and render argumentation eternal and indefinite.

As I am always ready to shift any thing, that carries the least appearance of a dispute, from my own shoulders, upon those of other people, and few are unwilling to undertake such a task, I will beg leave to propose two more questions upon this occasion, the determination of which will, I apprehend, set this affair in a clear light, and put an end to all farther cavilling about it.—

1. Whether such deceitful arguments, as palpably tend to lessen the reputation of *ethics*, may not debase the morals of mankind, and render the bad still worse?—

2. Whether the writers of such delusive arguments, do not deserve the PILLORY?

C H A P. XXIII.

TRUTH is individual, unchangeable---always the self-same, identical, peerless damsel.

Yet what a fuss there is about her!—What pranks does she not play!—Into what lurking holes and corners, does she not oftentimes creep, in order to elude our researches!—

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Controversy appears to me like a match at *hide and seek*.---While the disputants are scampering after TRUTH, she, with all the ease imaginable, keeps out of sight.---Her success is not so much owing to her own activity or intention, as to the blind, furious, and ridiculous efforts of her pursuers; who, instead of endeavouring to share in her embraces, she having beauty and fire enough to satisfy the universe, are continually kicking up one another's heels.---Thus the young woman, who probably might not be a match for all of them, were they unanimous in their attempts to lay hold of her, yet, in consequence of their jealousy and justlings, and the tricks, deceits, and violence they make use of, some running this way, and some running that way, to knock down the happy man, who seems to be the nearest to her, she wantons at a distance, without being under the necessity of making a single shuffle to keep out of the way.

The motive of the contention, seems not to be so much a desire of enjoying the lady in common, as to prevent any individual from revelling in her charms.---Therefore it is no wonder that this pretty lass, who is not over shy, but naturally lavish of her favours, should meet with so little pleasure and satisfaction among her admirers.

It would be curious enough to observe in what manner she eludes the embraces of her pretended devotees, and the tricks they oftentimes play with her when she grows fond and amorous.

While the *metaphysicians* are groping in the dark, poring over gross matter, which is all they can be in any wise positive about; yet fancying they are treating of immaterial beings, of angels and ministers of heaven; our aspiring goddess
flies

flies in an instant into the realms above, where she is totally excluded from their sight, and nothing but confusion, uncertainty, cavilling, and disappointments, are the reward of their labour.

On the other hand, while the profound *Theologists* are scampering over a vast and extensive plain, tumbling headlong into bogs and quagmires, sweating, and puffing, and struggling, with all their might and main, to get a sight of her, behold our nymph, that unerring guide to happiness, standing like a finger-post, upon the most conspicuous part of the plain, directing the common passengers to the *elysium* of eternity, to bliss, felicity, and their GOD.

This whimsical lass, seems to make herself extremely merry with the *astronomers*; who although they are great favourites with her, yet she does not treat them with the civility and respect they deserve; for after having led them a tremendous dance among the planets, discovering to them, as they go, the wonderful works of heaven, in the regular motion of the spheres, she drops them, in the midst of her instructions, and leaves them upon the confines of myriads of unknown worlds, bewildered, astonished, and confounded!

While the *logicians*, the *politicians*, and the *magicians*; together with the whole crew of those grave, ploding, sedate, systematical, determined *reasoners* upon self-evident principles, wrest matters so far from their plain and genuine meaning, and barricade themselves up so strongly with their learned deductions; and stalk along in a regular, awkward, and clumsy gait, kicking up the most confounded dust that ever was beheld; TRUTH presents herself, full in their front at every step they

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they take, yet cannot they, for the life of them, see her, nor once feel the benefit of her company, during the whole course of their tedious and unprofitable journey.

In the courts of law, this favourite of the virtuous, stands like justice with a pair of scales, smiling at the *wranglers* below.—While they are quibbling about a parcel of insignificant terms, in order to conceal her from their view, she stares in those faces which she cannot abash, and strives to be enjoyed, but in vain!

Of all men she seems to deal the most unfairly by the *physicians*: For sooner than she will suffer herself to be seen too much by the *faculty*, she will not scruple to secrete herself among the most filthy passages, bye-lanes, and crannies, you can conceive; where, with all their skill, gravity, and finesse, they can make nothing at all of her.

—Well might it be for the *married ladies*, if they would but regard the friendly admonitions of this charming divinity.—At the same time she tells them that they are handsome, if they would only listen to certain hints, which she is ever ready to give them, about forwardness, peevishness, levity, and the like, I am sure they would make more fools and slaves than they do, even at present;—which certainly must be a very comfortable reflection to them; and the greatest of all the incentives that could possibly be offered, in order to engage their attention.

—I wish our *macaronies* would but cast their bewitching eyes upon her, now and then.—She would tell them a strange story—Though I am apprehensive her tale would be productive of some disagreeable consequences—for while she was assuring them that they were the most arrant cox-

combs, blockheads, and fools upon earth—that they were the disgrace of manhood, and the mockery of mankind, they would neither know how to take such usage, nor in what manner to resent it; but, gaping like idiots, and sputtering and frisking like monkies, they would be obliged to concentrate all their defence, in their usual effrontery, their native nothingness, insipidity, and presumption.

Upon the whole, I would particularly recommend it, to all common tale-tellers, professed love-makers, notorious news-mongers, deceitful promisers, imposing pretenders, silly assumers, &c. &c. never more to offend this irresistible GODDESS;—for notwithstanding they may reign predominant for a little time, and gather a mist before her which may screen her from public view; yet she will soon chase away the flimsy fogs that beset her; and, like Phœbus in all his glory, rise superior to their attempts, fill the world with the brilliancy of her rays, and expose the enormity and folly of their conduct in such glaring colours, that all mankind will be convinced of their depravity; fix upon their characters the stains which will never wash away, and prove, incontestably, by the most tormenting derision and disdain, that TRUTH is not to be sacrificed, nor even sported with, with impunity.

Let me conclude this very material advice to my neighbours, with a prayer that the author of the *Trifler* may never sacrifice his own integrity to the whims or commands of others.—That he may not, in the prosecution of his plan, injure the character of any man upon the face of the earth.—That no *personality* may deform his productions; nor any malevolent spirit misinterpret the

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the most innocent of his satires.—That candour and judgment may attend his public trial; and that he may not suffer by ignorance, misapplication, or abuse.—

That TRUTH may be his unerring guide, through every maze—the goddess whom he may at all times adore—and the mark, at which he may aim, with the most religious perseverance.—

That when all things grow old with him, and this *Trifler*, the bawble of the present day, may have lost its charms; let him, now and then, in his dotage, fondle over the brat, with this home-felt consolation, that it afforded him, in his younger time of life, many an happy hour of amusement.—That it was not written to vitiate the morals of his cotemporaries, nor frighten them into a proper discharge of their duty: but that it was an attempt to mix entertainment with instruction; and to lure the dissipated mind, by an affectation of mirth and jollity, into the contemplation of the most serious and important subjects.—That altho' this child was not extravagantly pure in its phraseology, yet it was perfectly chaste in its meaning;—and might have challenged the universe, to disprove the rectitude of its most ardent desires, however feebly enforced, to regulate the manners of mankind.

—God bless me! this looks so much like a dying speech, I don't half like it.

C H A P. XXIV.

AS it is the greatest affront that you can possibly offer a man, to call him a *Fool*, so nothing is so valuable in his opinion, as to be thought *wise*.

Hence arises an universal struggle for superiority of parts.—Hence proceeds that EMULATION, which, like the spring that moves, inflames, and preserves the sun in all its glory, has raised some earthly spirits to the highest pinnacle of human grandeur ; while, on the contrary, this restless disturber of our repose, like a baleful fiend of darkness, has plunged thousands of the desperate pretenders to merit and abilities, into the bottomless pit of sorrow and contempt.

It would produce most excellent *fun*, (an epithet which I conceive is applicable enough upon this occasion) to observe the jealousy that presides among the *scribblers* in general, or the minor candidates of all denominations, for FAME ; when they happen to be known to each other, and to a trifling circle of mankind, which they, according to their vast and enlarged ideas of NOTHING, very properly entitled the WORLD.

Without entering minutely into the causes and effects of jealousy, which, no doubt, have been oftentimes curiously dissected, and cut all to pieces ; let us just for the sake of merriment, take notice of a few of those instances of it, which are exemplified among the honourable fraternity of cotemporary *authors* and *projectors* ; but particularly among the *small craft* above-mentioned.

As to authors of reputation, of known and approved abilities, they have as little cause to be jealous, as they are, in general, free from the passion ; though if we will believe Mr. *Pope*, one of the greatest and most amiable of men, “ could not bear a rival.”—*Swift*, it is said, disclaimed, and in reality was above, such groveling feelings.—As to the rest of those bright luminaries, who

have

have enlightened the world by their discoveries, charmed it with the harmony of their numbers, or chastised it with the severity and justness of their satire; if they have ever been touched by the tormenting stings of jealousy, we must reckon the passion, as one of those insurmountable difficulties, which the best of us cannot subdue, and lament it as the unavoidable lot of humanity.

But the operations of this cruel *forcerefs*, upon the minds of our *little heroes*, are really diverting:—and the subject is properly adapted to the animadversions of the TRIFLER; as he thinks it absolutely necessary, to reconcile his *brethren*, if possible, to one another.

It is a maxim, which seems to hold good in general, that were you to expatiate to eternity upon the pleasures and advantages of *virtue*, you would never gain the attention of mankind, in any degree that will bear the least comparison, to a proper display of the enormity and absurdity of *vice*.

In like manner you would rather promote, than repel the follies of the world, were you to be serious over the least criminal of our actions, instead of endeavouring to laugh them out of countenance.

Hence arise the necessity, and the services of *satire*;—which, like a severe censor, keeps mankind in awe, while the mild and lenitive *instructor*, is admired, neglected, and forgotten!

What could you possibly say to a little insignificant animal, that was attempting to overcome, and chastise a giant; but that he was an *imp*, a *coxcomb*, a *monkey* and a *blockhead* for his pains?—These, or such like epithets, properly bestowed, would have much more weight with him, than all
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the peaceable, reasonable, and serene dissuatives you could offer.

A kind and gentle manner of treating such a patient as this, would only serve to make him think himself of consequence, and despise your advice; while a just severity in exposing him to ridicule and contempt, would plunge him at once into his intrinsic imbecillity, and really tend to convince him of his folly and presumption.

—Only take care to be sure of your hand, before you attack him, lest you should catch a *Tartar*.—But this by the bye.—

Then who, in the name of wonder; of all the gods and goddesses; of German wits, doctors, quacks, dentists, and merry-andrews; can help laughing at the confusion there is among the rival *paper-scratchers*; the *prolific-schemers*; the *great reasoners*; the *small critics*; the *pert cavillers*; the *deep thinkers*; the *profound judges*; and all the tribe of those *caterpillars* that prey upon the soft and flexible extremities of difficult subjects, without being in the least acquainted with the foundations from whence they spring, or the materials of which they are composed; but, like the insects referred to, destroy as far as they proceed, and blight the fairest fruits of the creation?

And yet such *things* as these are jealous of each other!—

A *scribbler* can never bear the sight of a brother scribbler.—

If, from his acquaintance with the object of his spleen, or from the frequency of his being in company with his hateful rival for fame, or the *pence*, he thinks it necessary to be civil; his good humour or sociableness is constrained and affected:—For, like a thief in the dark, he would stab the Man whom

whom he caresses, were it in his power to do it with impunity, and gain, by the atrocious deed, the fancied laurels which are gathering about his head.

All that affected indifference which you may perceive among these *paper-scratchers*, with respect to the efforts of each other, they pompously put on, for no other purpose than to enhance their own importance, and to lessen their rivals in the estimation of mankind.

It is a usual method, with the most egregious blockheads, that ever plagued the world with their folly, to smile at the attempts of other people, as trash and impertinence, totally beneath their notice ; while they are inwardly racked to death with malice and indignation.

How strange and lamentable it appears, that such violent emotions should torture the human breast, about things utterly indifferent, and insignificant in themselves.—

For, perhaps, all this terrible commotion, that sets the most turbulent of the passions at variance, among the *understrappers* in literature, proceeds from nothing more than a preposterous desire, to obtain a scrap of reputation, in consequence of their having written essays for the news papers, which nobody read ;—or published volumes upon volumes, which the world never heard of.

It would prove no less humourous than melancholy, to take notice of the rest of those bright spirits, that are eternally clashing against each other ; and thereby inflaming, fomenting, and consuming, the most irritable, and least durable of all the works of heaven.

A *prolific schemer*, is sick to death at the appearance of one of his own species.

How

How these creatures will snarl, and scowl and sneer at one another !

Sometimes they affect to look big, and are proud and important—At other times they are very indifferent indeed, to every thing sublunary—not excepting even their own consequence !

So various are the manners of these worthies, that it is oftentimes difficult, to catch at any one particular circumstance, in their deportment, which will be sufficient to distinguish their characters, or direct, as a leading mark, to the absurdities within.—

Strange would it seem indeed to men not much used to the company of these animals, to find a set of mortals, so very great and magnanimous, about the most contemptible efforts of the human mind ; and who are so unsuccessful and unfortunate, amidst all their glory, that, whether to laugh or cry, with propriety, at their disappointments, it would puzzle all the casuists in the world to determine.

—Now your *great reasoners* are the most shocking fellows in the universe—for they will harp, and fetch, and carry ; and tease, and torture, and wrack, and puzzle you to death :—and all about the same thing—or something else—or, even, nothing at all.—For it is impossible for the clearest head imaginable to find out, where they *have* been—where they *now* are—or what they mean to be about.

If one of these monsters should fasten upon your ear, the Lord have mercy on you ! he will be a worse pest to you than a *long story-teller* :—and worry you with more deliberate vengeance, and unrelenting fury, than a *mastiff* lugs a *pig*.—

He

He will certainly make a beast of you, or himself ; and therefore avoid him as you would the plague.

A *small critick*, like a pitiful *curr*, snarls at every thing, without taste or discernment ;—and ought to be silenced, like his brethren, with a *whip* and *bells*, when he becomes troublesome and impertinent.

Your *pert cavillers* are very saucy rascals ; and care not a farthing for any thing upon the face of the earth.—They will snap you up, and every tittle you have said in a minute.—They will swallow you, and all the company, at a mouthful.—They are sad dogs, and deserve to be tossed in a blanket, twenty times a day.

Your *deep thinkers* conceive, and conceive, and conceive ;—but the devil of any thing they bring forth.—They acquire reputation at a very little expence : For their province lying in thinking, without utterance ; they can conceal their want of understanding, under the 'never-to-be-worn-out mask of wisdom—*gravity and taciturnity*.

But your *profound judges* are the most dreadful, of all our string of *little heroes*. They consider causes and effects, abstracted from common sense, and from every motive that settles the opinions of the rest of mankind.—They see things as clear as noonday, which the brightest intellects cannot enable other men to discover : and are never in the humour, if capable, to perceive the true sense of your thoughts, and observations, though all the world should join in its applause, and approbation, in consequence of the justness, elegance, and propriety of your ideas.

Now fancy to yourself a set of such beings as these, in company.—Such various characters must make a strange medley.—And yet I question, if

most of the meetings of men, are not composed of these very materials.

They may not be so highly finished in some places, as in others---for when they are well chosen, they are sure to go to *loggerheads*; to get together by the ears;--and kick up such a terrible uproar and confusion as would amaze and confound ordinary people.---

Emulation spurring them on to rise superior to their neighbours; and JEALOUSY, the never-failing companion of little minds, souring their tempers, and puffing them up with spleen, envy, hatred, and malice, it is not to be wondered that there should be so much wrangling, disputing, and quarrelling, about *nothing*, as we generally find in society:---especially when we rightly consider the first cause, that sets these imps of darkness in motion.---That universal dread of FOLLY, and admiration of WISDOM, which, notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary, and the measures we take, to prove ourselves rather the votaries of the former, than of the latter, seems to be implanted in us by NATURE.

C H A P. XXV.

*Music has charms, to sooth a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.*

IT has been a custom, time out of mind, for an author, on his first appearance in public; to batter down, as fast as possible, the methods by which his predecessors have arrived at fame and consequence in the world:---therefore, according
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to this laudable attempt; so frequently practised, and with such little success; I must take leave to be somewhat smart, or foolish, upon the general plan of *mottos*, which the *moralists*, in particular, of every denomination, have lavished so profusely, upon their astonished and confounded readers.

A *motto* in the front of an essay, like an obliterated *sign* at the door of a tavern, answers no other end than to denote to the passenger, that there is some kind of entertainment within; but whether it is good or bad, must utterly depend upon the trial:—and after all, if he finds himself not deceived by the hieroglyphics without; he will leave the house, with this reflection upon it, that *good wine needs no bush*.

We find so many things in this world to laugh at, that one would think it almost impossible to be grave at any thing.—

For the soul of me I cannot help smiling, even at a great author, be the custom ever so ancient and authentic, who, in writing as a general moralist, for the amusement and instruction of the multitude, places, indiscriminately, a *motto* at the front of his paper or essay, which, when it appears in English, cannot be applied until the essay or paper is read, and then it becomes unnecessary, and of no manner of use.

Of all the absurdities that were ever committed by wise men, I think that of giving Greek or Latin *mottos* to moral essays, written purposely for the benefit of the common people of England; or the *ladies* of this land in general, is the most enormous and inexcusable.

These *mottos* can render no better service, and I defy all the *schoolmasters* in the kingdom, to prove the

the contrary, than that single, poor advantage of pointing out a *linguist*, and a *pedant*.

There is nothing, I grant you, graces a subject more, than a fine stroke of a great author, when it falls, of itself, plump upon you, in the midst of your career; but when it is hauled in, upon every occasion, it palls upon the appetite; and the least irksome of its effects upon the reader, if it has any at all, is its insipidity.

I wonder how it was possible for the ancients to have been so clever, as it is said they were; unless it can be proved, that they had other antients to copy from! and that they received all their instructions from former hands, without learning any thing of themselves:—For with us, it is accounted a great heresy for a man to set up for himself: and it is evident from the general turn of our best authors, that they thought it their greatest glory, to approve themselves the faithful slaves, copyists, imitators and idolators of the old heathen philosophers.—

O! what a charm there is in quoting him, that quoted him, that quoted PLATO!—O! what fascination and astonishment in the sound!—O! *Pythagoras! Pythagoras! Pythagoras!*—to speak of him is delectable!—O! *Socrates! Socrates! Socrates!*—zounds! why such names as these, grown venerable by age, as *Nicholas* and *Timothy* may in time, are sufficient to screen you from the sad effects of criticism, were you to prove yourself, according to all the rules of common sense, the vilest fool in Christendom!

I will appeal even to the learned, if there can be any rational excuse produced, for authors, who, in writing upon the common failings of mankind,
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interlard their works with such a number of Greek and Latin quotations.

They are the more inexcusable, because they do it with a pragmatistical design only, to shew their *learning*:—unless, like the papists, these moralists look upon it, that all who are not within the pale of the languages, will inevitably be damned; and that their works were never intended to be read by the vulgar.

I should think, a man whose head is crammed with so many masterly strokes of ancient authors, can have but very few of his own; or, else, he is the vilest slave upon earth, and ought to be whipped at the cart's tail, for his meanness and poorness of spirit.

If an author of this stamp, gets into a train of thinking, which may be called his own, and rises, in his subject, with a little fire and spirit, towards perfection; just in the meridian of all his glory, when his warm imagination, if let alone, might prompt some magnificent sentence, to his honour, and to the credit of the English tongue, and for his purpose, better a thousand times, than all the ancients ever produced; he screens himself, like a coward, under some Greek or Latin quotation; and becomes utterly unintelligible to the generality of his readers; and to those who do understand him, in spite of all their affectation, he must appear, with his *borrowed* rays, feeble, enervated, and flat.

This fashionable custom, among our authors, puts me mind of an impudent, illiterate, chattering fellow, who when he was put to a shift, or had a mind to grace his subject, would either drink an obscene toast, or, much to the edification of the company, cry out—*Tantarabobus populorem tu!*—

C. H. A. P. XXVI.

BUT that we may not forget the divine observation of the poet, which we left in very bad company, as a melancholy *motto*, at the front of the last chapter, let us now endeavour to do justice to such an excellent sentence, by asserting that it, with many others which might be produced, will ever stand as undeniable proofs, that, where the minds of the moderns are not bound by the tyranny of imitation, but freely exercised to their utmost extent, the latter heroes of the *pen* will equal, if not excel, the former; or at least, they may with very good reason on their side, set their antiquated masters at defiance.

*Music has charms to sooth a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.*

Methinks I could read it, I could speak it, I could think of it for ever!

It is *music* herself, speaking her own praise; for there is more bewitching harmony in the words, than in all the lofty strains of Handel!

I perceive this very thought, to have attuned my soul to such unusual raptures, that the sword of satire falls from my hand, blunted and harmless as a shepherd's crook!

(Very *harmless* indeed! say the critics.)

And now I'll sing of maidens fair; of daisies pied, and violets blue—of beauty, love, friendship, and the social virtues.

BEAUTY has been celebrated by the poets, and other excellent authors, so often, and so extravagantly,

vagantly, that a man of much reading, great memory, and little genius, would produce you fifty stanzas, and five and twenty paragraphs, in praise of it, in the twinkling of an eye.

If one could but exactly describe one's feelings, at the sight of a fine woman, they would be very amusing to those who are admirers of the sex.

—Not in that usual, high-flown, sing-song strain of praise and adulation, which means nothing; but in a cool, deliberate, and distinct recital of those sweet emotions, as they arise in the human breast, while we contemplate a beauty.

For instance.—Can you tell what it is you feel, when the fascinating eyes of a fair lady meet your own; particularly, when they remain fixed upon you for a few seconds; and then, as if recollecting something wrong, they fall upon her breast, half closed; while the conscious tinge just crosses her lovely cheeks?—When, immediately after, as if nothing was the matter, those sparkling brilliants, seem indifferently to range, to the right, or to the left, and at last are fixed upon vacancy? When the lady, for the life of her, cannot keep them steady any longer, but, every now and then, they will turn to the object, whether agreeable or disagreeable, that first caught their attention? When, rather embarrassed by this simple, silent, but bewitching contest, the lady perhaps retires in some trifling, but no unpleasing confusion; satisfied and convinced that she is the cause of raptures unexpressible?—

Tell me, if you can, what it is that puts you in a kind of shivering fit, and gives you a sort of convulsive rap upon the nerves, when this divine creature, in jerking out of the room, unwittingly, and

and by an accidental flirt of her sack, discovers to you nine inches and a half of her leg?—

Describe to me the nature of those frights you are thrown into, when the lady as she is sitting, and talking so prettily about this thing, and that thing, carelessly whips one knee over the other, and back again, without the least knowledge of the matter?—

Do, for heaven's sake, let me know how you find yourself, when upon these graceful and enchanting motions of the nymph, you behold the hem on the inside of her petticoat, the wrinkle of her stocking, or ruminates upon the by no means concealed symmetry and harmony of her soft and tender limbs?—

O! but when she titters, and laughs until she chuckles, as if love's flames and darts were struggling within her bosom, and striving to be relieved, do inform me of that which flutters about your heart?—

And then as she trips, or leans, or stretches, and repels you; or sighs, or sobs, and admits you; while the *graces* adjust every action, and perfect *innocence* presides over the listless and simple efforts of the *charmer*; pray tell me what the devil is the matter with your pulse?—What makes it in such a hurry?—Why does your heart beat as if it would burst?—Why do your knees totter, your legs tremble, and your hand shake?—And, lastly, how comes it to pass, that there should be such a violent throbbing on the backside of your head, as if your pulse was determined to knock out your brains?

—What is it, I pray you, when you lightly touch her finger, feel the hem of her garment, or brush against her as she passes by you, that
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creeps through your whole frame, and plunges you into such a terrible perspiration?—

O lord!—but my dear friend—how are you, when your knees, by some accident or other, are shoved against her's—but particularly if the lady's incline towards the touch, and suffer a momentary, entangled pressure?—

O God! I am afraid you would cry, it is too much!—and curse the witling that would attempt to describe your feelings.

These are love's flames, his darts; they are the arms of *Cupid*, with which he transfixes thousands:—And how trifling soever they may appear to the old, the grave, or the frigid, they have a great deal to do in life; and are the forerunners of the happiness, or the misery, of three parts out of four of his majesty's subjects.

It is said, that notwithstanding the ladies know so well how to enslave us, and are so universally industrious in this great business of their lives, yet, when they have once got us fast into the net, they throw away those baits with which they caught us, and become afterwards, as indifferent and slovenly, as they were, before, warm and delicate.

It would be a difficult task to set this affair right.

Some people think, that the charms and enjoyments which are to be met with in women, consist in modest dalliance; in the war of eyes; in wishes and desires, which once gratified to the full, it is all over, and you are undone:—Away flies *Cupid* with all his train:—The charmer charms no more:—and the entire possession of the most delightful form will not compensate for the raptures of concealment; and the longings after those hidden treasures, which give you so much pleasure

sure in the pursuit, and which, when explored, prove tasteless and insipid.

Others are of opinion, that the sudden change after possession, arises from those extravagant ideas the ladies form to themselves, of the raptures and delights, which they are to experience in the marriage-state.—But, unluckily, the idol whom they adore; the God of their affections, who is to treat them with the joys of heaven; turns out a meer man; and perhaps a nasty, slovenly, ill-natured, morose, disagreeable fellow.

The sexes, before they get together, certainly deceive each other. They are ever officious to please. There is not a wry word passes between them. It is all joy, laugh, riot, expectation and indulgence.—The lady hears nothing but her own praise; and the gentleman thinks her an angel.—He would fall down dead upon the spot, if she should frown; for he lives upon her smiles; and she, poor creature, would not suffer him to die for the world.—Thus they are so loving, so sweet, and so endearing, that it is impossible all this should last for life.—They both find themselves deceived: and unless good sense and friendship step in to their aid, they are ruined:—A life of perpetual cavilling and dislike is the consequence; and it is well if that is all.

C H A P. XXVII.

LOVE being a fever in the blood: a hot purient *furor*, directed to a certain object, and for certain purposes; in which reason is strangled, judgment is poisoned, and common sense is tortured to death; it is no wonder we should see so many

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many monstrous matches in the world:—for you shall find this passion fix itself upon two persons as different in their tempers as possible. The man shall be as meek as a quaker, while the woman shall be an arrant scold. The one shall be knowing, the other foolish: or both obstinate, perverse, peevish, untoward and cross grained.

Now when the fumes that bring such jarring elements together as these, are dispelled, and the lovers begin to look at one another in all their naked deformity; you may easily conceive what a fine business they have made of it.

So whimsical is this passion, called love, that you may often observe it force a beautiful woman, one of the most lovely and sensible of her sex, into the embraces of one of the most notorious, the most worthless, and what is still more extraordinary, the most ugly scoundrels upon earth.

A man of great worth and understanding, influenced by this stupid passion, shall fall a prey to a jade, a vile baggage, nay even an infamous strumpet; and make himself, in the eyes of the world, ridiculous and contemptible for ever.

To pretend to account for the vagaries of this foolish frenzy, would make a *Midas* of you at once:—for the unhappy patient, in the height of his fit, cannot think what the devil is the matter with him: what fury has possessed him: why he can never sit still: what makes him always on the fret: why he should be so jealous and peevish: what makes him look so lean and haggard: why he talks in his sleep: why he dreams, and whimpers, and starts, and sighs as if his heart would break: why he should neither be happy with the beloved object, nor without her: why he should be always quarrelling, when he should be kissing: why he swears,
and

and curses, and damns his blood to hell if ever he sees her more, and runs to her the next minute: why he should look so keen at the fair-one, and interpret every glance and simper to his disadvantage: why he should see a rival in her eyes, while she is protesting that she loves him better than her favourite *Tib*: why he should be so dissatisfied with every thing; never at rest; a poor, forlorn, wretched wanderer upon the face of the earth; without peace; without hope; a prey to childish tears, unmanly lamentation, and black despair!

Since then this cruel passion lights upon us as caprice or whim directs; since *love*, as the ladies will own, is blind; and is excited in the breasts of the unhappy sufferers, by the most trifling, odd, and ridiculous adventures: since a *dimple*, and a long *queue* will set the sexes a madding; and so far deprive them of the use of their faculties, that they shall not, in reality, know each other until the fit is over; it behoves both parties, when that cool hour of deliberate cogitation arrives, to be very cautious and circumspect in their deportment: to consider well the temper of the former charmer: and, of all things, to avoid disputes and different opinions: to pull both one way; not transversely: and to make the best of a bad bargain.

This is the time for the cultivation of that cold word *esteem*, which the ladies are so shocked at in the professions of a lover.

“ Esteem indeed! monstrous! I should not have
 “ thought of it!—Pray, Sir, let me hear no more
 “ of your esteem:—for if that is all I am to expect
 “ from you, Sir, do leave me for ever.—O dear!
 “ —O dear!—O dear!—that it should ever come
 “ to this!—I shall break my heart—I must cry—
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This frigid word *esteem*, properly understood and applied, will be of more real benefit to the hapless pair, who are joined *for better and for worse*, than all the warm epithets of love put together.

But when those violent emotions; those flames that rage in the blood, and set the affections in an uproar; gradually sink into a solid *friendship* (which is no uncommon case) the marriage state must be the happiest in the world.—This may be called a *second birth*: friendship qualifies the extravagancies of love; and renders even the personal enjoyments more compleat and relishing.

It is love consolidated, and drawn into real use.

It is making a *blessing* of an *evil*: and turning the current of that stream, which would drown us, into those delightful plains that will grow more fertile by the visitation; and cherish us, in consequence of it, with the most comfortable nutriment, and the most perfect dainties.

Love thus fastened to *friendship*, is that soft and gentle flame which never dies!——

The hot, feverish complaints of the turbulent and fickle passion, are cured by *friendship*, and rendered subservient to the laws of reason, judgment, and common sense.

It has been frequently urged, and with much plausibility, that the cultivation of this esteem and friendship, should be thought of before marriage. So it should:—But the matter stands whether it ever is, or can be thought of to any purpose, by such young, giddy, hot-brained creatures, as generally fall in love with one another.—No—it is always left for after-consideration; when the couple is come to their senses, and find that they must make a virtue of necessity.

The first symptoms that are felt to the disadvantage

fage of matrimony, are sated enjoyments. That glut, or those overflowings of bliss which cloy nature; and are not to be kept up, for any considerable time, with the same energy and resolution, which novelty inspires. And although those pleasures, which are so ardently sought after, may not be the sole reasons, that prudence would give, for a junction of the sexes; yet the young *folks*, I'll be bound for them, never think of any thing else. At least the cares and anxieties, that must inevitably ensue in the long course of their future lives, are totally left to the times to come, as trifling considerations, entirely out of the present question; and which, whether of consequence or not, should never be anticipated by reflection.

This, I'll venture to affirm, is really the case with the generality of lovers: and therefore it makes it necessary that we should apply all our healing balsams, to cure the wounds the freakish god has made: To cause, if possible, those heterogeneous qualities, which he has mischievously jumbled together, to unite, and become one solid mass, productive of unity, peace, and concord.

But as the only way to save a wandering pilot from destruction, in the steerage of his vessel, is to discover to him the rocks which he may split upon; so I must beg leave of the ladies, and I am sure they have not a more sincere friend in the world, to warn them against some trifling things in appearance, which, like inoffensive weeds upon the surface of the water, those emblems of shoals and shallows, that perplex and confound the mariner, do absolutely destroy conjugal felicity; and which I most heartily wish were avoided by all the *Benedicts* and *Beatrices* in the kingdom.

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and perverseness, which they exhibit immediately after the *honey moon*: thereby denoting to the spectators, that they are jointly deceived in their expectations; that the only reason which could be given for their coupling, was nothing more, than to revel in those delights which are now become stale and insipid; and that, in reality, they do not care a farthing for one another.

The arrant scold, or the cobbler's wife, who screams at the poor fellow from morning to night, until she rouses his vengeance, and draws upon herself the strappado; may be said to love him most cordially, when, upon another man's taking her part, and endeavouring to save her from the wrath of her husband, she falls upon her advocate with the fury of a fiend; and softens, by this extraordinary conduct, the rage of her spouse into a perfect reconciliation.

The rough and besotted knight, who is ever at variance with his wife; and, in every action of his life, discovers an utter aversion for her; may likewise be spoken of, as a warm advocate for the fair, and a true lover of his lady; when, upon another man's endeavouring to supplant him in her good graces, he runs him through the body with his toledo.—

But this is all a trick.—The cobbler's wife buffets her friend, to save herself from the future stripes of her husband; and the knight kills his rival for the sake of his *honour*:—while the real state of their minds, respecting that regard which they have for their yokemates, can be discovered only by the general manner in which they behave to them, from one year's end to the other.

Thus the ladies who are always chiding, thwarting, advising, curbing, and scolding their husbands,
because

because they love them so dearly, cannot have the least pretension to such feelings ; but ought to be soundly whipped as cheats, and sly, imposing baggages, for their intolerable impudence.—And likewise those gruff, ill-natured blockheads, who never can bear to hear their wives speak a word ; but are ever crying *Pshaw !—silly !—nonsense !* &c. notwithstanding they may feed them ; lie with them ; and fight for them ; yet, I am positive, they do not love them : But that they despise them, and hate them in their hearts, it is not to be doubted,

The most dangerous circumstance that attends the marriage state, is that contempt which familiarity occasions ; and which too frequently happens where an extravagant, and preposterous idea of the mighty merits of the beloved object, has been first of all conceived.

This adoration gradually retreats, and retreats, as the pair advance in their connection, and acquaintance with each other's failings, until it drops into the very bottom of disgust.

You may perceive this cruel change operate upon the sweetest, and most endearing couple, that ever Cupid wheedled into his cage. In every look, in every gesture, you may discover dislike ; and the most exquisite contempt for each other.

One would imagine matrimony a terrible grievance, from this account of it. But I know not how it is ;—unless *use* becomes a second nature ;—for a hopeful pair of sweet souls, with all this sad, and shocking load upon their shoulders, some how or other, juggle on ; cheek by jole ; squabbling, fretting, fuming, teasing, eating, drinking, sleeping, and so forth ; as regular as the house clock ; and as if nothing at all was the matter : And though to be

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one day with them, might give you a surfeit for life; and you might be stunned with the clamour of their tongues; yet the noise is nothing with them: For, like a great church bell, that hovers over your chamber window, and is always tolling horribly for the dying, and the dead; however disagreeable, and hateful it may appear to you at first; yet *use* shall make it become familiar and indifferent; and entirely take the sound of it away.

I cannot leave this subject, which I am afraid I have not treated with the tenderness and delicacy it merits, without taking notice, very slightly, of that scuffle for superiority, or *the breeches*, as it is vulgarly called, which the women make such a great fuss about; and which, as they do not become them, they should entirely leave to the management of the men. For, as in all well-governed states, there must be a supreme magistrate; so, in family connections, the man must command, or anarchy and confusion is the consequence.

This *love of sway*, in the ladies, as Mr. *Pope* expresses it, frequently leads them into much sorrow and disappointment. For when they meet with a violent temper, though in a great, and a good man; those twittings, and perverse tricks, which they have got; and which there is hardly any such thing as guarding against; are almost sure to throw the husband, at last, into a rage and desperation, never to be appeased, by all the coaxing, wheedling lenitives, which, on such occasions, they so well know how to apply.

And indeed it is no matter what becomes of them, if they will not be quiet, and mind their own province: wherein they have latitude enough to display their bewitching powers, without turning

amazons, vixens, or termagants, to shew their authority.

Nor does it signify in the least, to what scenes of absurdity and contempt, a man is led, who suffers them to trample down his prerogative; and make a paltry tool of him in every action of his life.--- For when they once get the upper hand, there is no bounds to their tyranny. You must be the most abject slave upon earth; or you will have no peace---up, nor in bed; waking, nor in sleep; in the fields, nor at home: for wherever thou goest, or sittest, or sleepest, thither shall the clamour of thy wife's tongue accompany thee, and drive thee into the melancholy shades of despair.

It might be thought very extraordinary, that such gentle, lovely, sweet creatures, as our young virgins really are, should ever turn out such monsters in petticoats, as are here described: but a moment's reflection upon the manner in which they are educated, sets the affair right; and you are convinced that it is impossible it should be otherwise; if great care is not taken to repel the first symptoms of disquietude and malapertness, which shew themselves very soon after the fearful, meek and willing things are made women of.

Our nymphs find their swains so complying and good-natured; so ready to attend their injunctions, be they ever so absurd: so obliging, so fond, so humble, so gentle, and so amorous; that it is enough to turn their little heads; and make them fancy that *man* was born for no other purpose than to *obey*;—notwithstanding this silly word, which, I am told, the females are forced to repeat at the *altar*, fairly denotes that the males were intended to *command*.

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Every thing seems, in the bright eyes of our *fair-ones*, to be made for them ; and them only : — particularly, *man* is their undoubted property. — To be buffeted, kicked, thumped, banged, spit at, or trod upon, just as suits, or agrees with that sort of amusement the damsels delight in.

This *selfishness*, in women, is exhibited by them, where they dare, with such astonishing effrontery, that one cannot help being shocked at the poor devil's case, who has been so unfortunate as to fall into their hands. —

He is not only obliged to do every thing they bid him, and that in a minute, and without the least hesitation ; but he must foresee their wants, and prevent them ; though they are as numerous, and unintelligible as the stars in the firmament.

He must give up every manly amusement, and become quite womanish. — He must sit at the lady's side, ready, like a little puppy, to fetch and carry, whenever his mistress is disposed to play — But his cruel conductress, if she can perceive any diversion, proper for his sex, though not for her own, in which he delights himself, that, above all others, must be changed, or utterly exploded. So that upon the whole, where a female is indulged in her folly and presumption, she is not only the greatest plague upon earth, but she is, in reality, the worst enemy a man can put into his bosom.

In short — the powers and incessant labours of the women, in order to snatch the reins of government into their hands, are exerted with so much ardour ; that where there is much good nature, and little resolution, in a man of good understanding, a pragmatrical wife shall worm herself into him ; force her own absurd ideas upon him ; and

make him, who was before very decent in the opinion of mankind, as great a fool as herself.—He shall appear to his friends quite altered, and set them all a laughing at his folly :—while his old haunts and customs, and his usual liberal sentiments, are entirely left off; and he is constantly pinned to his lady's tucker ;—the childish pupil of a silly woman !

C H A P. XXVIII.

I HAVE been so often charmed with the sweet descriptions of the *nightingale*, which are to be met with among our best poets, that I went, last week, sixty miles a foot, with a companion as ridiculous as myself, in search of one ; repeating all the way as a child does its errand—

Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy !

We chose the Whitsun-week for our excursion, as the summer holidays, in the country, might afford some incidents for our amusement ;—the village pastimes, at that season of the year, being somewhat pastoral : although they are not so free from wickedness and incivility, as they were in the poetical plains of *Arcadia*.

Our swains are rather rude and unmannered ; and our nymphs, to be sure, they are fine, comely, healthy, bouncing girls ; but, I presume, they are much better calculated for the mop, the fork, or the rake, than for the crook, the garland, or the nosegay.

However,

However, upon the whole, they are like all other realities. Strip the Arcadian nymphs and swains of the dress which the poets have given them, and they were an ignorant, clownish, awkward people; fit for nothing but to till the earth; attend, prepare, and get in the productions of it; and propagate their species in the ordinary way; without any of those refinements; those lovesick languishings; and that strange fuss about the matter which the poets exhibit; and which had no other existence but in their own disordered imaginations.

I could not help laughing at the feigned happiness of a cottage, which our bards sing with such raptures, upon our passing by several of these delightful abodes in our little tour. We found them, generally, dirty, and disagreeable. The good women were quite out of humour; while their brats were squalling, and sprawling, half naked, filthy, and obscene.—To the clamorous music of the children, were added the bitter exclamations of the mother; in such rude and ungentle language as “I’ll *flat* your brains out, you little b—hes, if you make such a noise:” and so on. In fact, I have no great veneration for poverty and a cottage: nor any opinion of that sort of *simplicity*, and *innocence*, which really resides in such places.—Though, to be sure, our *utopian* gentry, if you will believe them, make a very fine story of it.

There is one very great advantage in walking, superior to any other method of travelling; especially if you are upon a scheme of pleasure. It affords you the opportunity of visiting and examining, every trifling circumstance which may occur, or excite your curiosity, without the least impediment.—On the other hand, if you are incumbered

cumbered with carriages or horses, you are obliged to keep the common highway path, which is cut out for you; and which you dare not quit upon any account whatsoever.

I remember, as we came near a small town, in our march, we were suddenly alarmed by the enchanting strains of a couple of fiddles, with a tabor and pipe; and a considerable body of young men, with tall, gilt-headed staves in their hands, walking two and two, &c. in a very solemn pace, preceded by the music, along a meadow, adjoining to the town, quite out of the horse-road.

Now this was a matter of too much consequence, not to engage our immediate attention. We felt the freedom of our situation; we jumped over the hedge in a trice; left the road and every other concern, with contempt; and crossed the field, with exquisite dispatch, and a determined aspect. We were lost in the throng, that surrounded the gilt-headed heroes, in an instant; and found ourselves in the happy state, of making what observations we pleased, without being noticed by the company.

We found, upon enquiry, that the enraptured gentlemen, who composed this important parade, were a set of the neighbouring peasants, together with some of the town artificers, headed by the landlord at the *Cross*, consolidated into a very useful club for the benefit of the sick, and the widows, of the deceased among them.

They had raised a considerable fund, at a trifling monthly expence to each individual; sufficient, however, to allow a sick member five shillings a week during his illness: and in case of his death there were five pounds allotted to the wife, or to the nearest relations to the defunct; together

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ther with a proper allowance for his decent interment ; as well as other prudent and commendable regulations.

Thus the parishes were eased of many heavy burthens, and a laudable emulation diffused itself among this apparently, very orderly people.

It seems they have a feast every Whitsuntide : when they eat, drink, and are merry : and parade about the town. They likewise settle their accounts : each man pays up his arrears ; and wise, and notable improvements are offered, and made, for the benefit of the society.

I could not help being charmed with this unusual merriment. A feast, music, and jollity, raised upon such a solid foundation ; so laudable, so exemplary ; excited in us both a kind of veneration for the party : And we eyed the landlord of the *Cross*, at the front of his company, with that sort of reverence and respect, which a spectator feels, on the appearance of a great general ; a brave and warlike prince ; or, more properly speaking, a profound law-giver ; a father of his country ; the pattern of *justice, meekness, continence, and sobriety !*

And indeed our landlord felt his own consequence, in a manner which I shall never forget. His eyes were fixed upon every person he passed, as upon vacancy ; with a confidence and serenity inexpressibly fine.—His feelings were above the sublime : as every man, in his opinion at that time, not excepting even the parson or the 'squire of the parish, was beneath contempt.—He stalked along as heedless of the croud about him, as the first horse of a broad-wheeled waggon, is, of the cocks and hens, which are pecking upon the road before him.—He would trample them under his feet,

feet, without knowing it, if they did not take care to get out of his way.

I am sure, I never perceived my own insignificance, with so many mortifying circumstances annexed to it, in my life, as I did upon this occasion. For as I was very active in taking a survey of the company; and my attention particularly fixed upon the hero of it; I got into the front of the party, which was now arrived in town, and walked rather sidelong, before it, down a narrow street, which led to the *Cross*.

I was very much incommoded, for about a hundred yards, in this unlucky situation; for the croud being very thick, before me, and extremely tardy in its motion; and the commander behind me, with his staff, trailed like a pike, very pressing to proceed, I happened to be fastened, just in the place where the two powers struggled with each other.—And every now and then, I was under imminent danger, of being attacked by the *dove*, upon the top of the president's staff, which the lofty landlord pushed forward, with an indignation and surprise, very alarming indeed! and which kept me on the watch, for about ten minutes, under the most terrible apprehensions.

However, I escaped at last with impunity, thinking myself very well off; and exceedingly happy, that I had been a witness to so much dignity, pomp, and parade!

C H A P. XXIX.

WHAT a vile foolish bawble is that thing commonly called PRIDE; particularly as it is exhibited by the generality of mankind!—It is a phantom

phantom that leads the ignorant, and contemptible part of the creation astray; and makes even the learned and wise appear ridiculous.—It is an insolent demand upon Society, for that respect which, perhaps, is not due; and when it is, it will never be paid by compulsion.—No men upon earth have a right to exact a deference paid them, but those who deserve it; and then it will be the natural consequence of their actions, if they are sufficiently known to the world, to engage its attention: if not, the best and safest retreat from the scorn and derision of mankind, is the silent contemplation of that innate worth, and greatness of character, which we possess; and which all the nations of the earth, cannot deprive us of; nor overshadow one ray of its native lustre, dignity, and glory.

I have been led into this train of thought, by the amazing deportment of our landlord: who, indeed is a person rather to be laughed at, than despised; to be approved, than condemned; and, in reality, he is totally out of the present question. For I love the man who prides himself, inoffensively, in worthy actions, as much as I hate the wretch, that would claim our regard, at the expence of our knowledge, and fidelity.

As to the common efforts of pride, to establish upon itself a reputation, that shall enable the foolish possessor of it, to obtain a consequence in life, they are so well known and understood, as to render a formal dissertation upon the passion, both needless and impertinent.

I mean only to divert myself with some silly appearances of it, as I am smoking my pipe, after the fatigues of the *club-adventure*, and then to resume the story of the *nightingale*.

Can any thing be more laughable than the sight of, what is called, a proud man; stalking along the street; swelling and bursting with consequence; and ready to swallow or kick every creature he meets, that does not pay him homage, and acknowledge its own unworthiness, in the sight of such an extraordinary phenomenon?

O! it is a glorious retreat!

—But pray, what is all this for? he is neither handsomer, more wise, more learned, nor more active than yourself:—and if he is richer, he will see you at the devil, before he will give you a single shilling.

Then why am I to bear with the folly of such an upstart?—why am I to bow, to cringe, or, in any manner, to feed the vanity of such a wretch?—no—it is a sin—and a vile one too—worse than *perjury*, *sheepstealing* or *petty larceny*; and ranks the culprit among the fawning reptiles, that flatter, impose upon, and ruin the *Great*.

Could a pompous man perceive, as he blusters along the town, one spark of that ineffable contempt, which pursues him; that honest indignation, which fires the breast of the spectator, at the sight of him;—I should think it would cure him for ever.

However, this I will assure the monster; that it is always the case; even when he least suspects any appearance of it about him.—*PRIDE* misses that real dignity, and respect, which it fondles over, and proposes to itself; and as naturally begets *CONTEMPT*, as thievery, the gallows; or as indolence, beggary.—*Vanity* is a poor affair, and generally accompanies the *weak*, and the *detestable*.—Fy on it!

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I do not mean that pride, which sets a man above a mean action; which values itself upon noble, and glorious deeds; and so on;—but that sort of supercilious self-sufficiency, and mock-majesty, which is assumed by every *puppy* you meet.

You may justly say of every vain man, as he journeyeth on;—that he is a happy man. He walks with an air of consequence:—he is assured, by his *own* opinion, that he is sensible; clever; handsome; and very much admired by both sexes; and that he is an object of real importance wherever he goes:—and yet, in fact, he does not possess one quality, or situation, he delights himself so wonderfully in the contemplation of,—CONTEMPT pursues him every where.—The sight of him gives disgust to the spectator;—who eagerly exclaims, I am glad I am not *that* man.

C H A P. XXX.

HOW would the polluted blood rise in the cheeks of a modern fine gentleman, to see two tolerably decent persons, engaged in such a contemptible species of entertainment, as that of enjoying the rude, and rustic amusements of the *vulgar*; mixing with that kind of low company, which would suffocate the *polite*, and render a man of fashion detestable for ever!

How a man of spirit and understanding, can bear with the grimace, and constrained insipid intercourse, among the blockheads of ceremony, is a matter as unintelligible to me, as the pleasures of the *club-adventure* may appear ridiculous to a *macaroni*.

Now,

Now, I should think, the company of the lowest *vulgar*, and that which is to be met with among the most fashionable assemblies, for any continuance, would, to a man of real good breeding, genuine politeness, sound intellects, and an improved understanding, be equally intolerable.

A man of sense, certainly, cannot think of mixing with either of these departments in life; only now and then, in order to see what the *bogs* or the *monkeys* are about.

As to the peasants, common mechanics, and the ordinary people in general; I am positive, the advantage, with respect to the entertainment you might hope for from either party, is much on their side.

Nature appears without disguise, among the lower class of mankind; and it is there you may acquire a knowledge of the human passions.

Education, and the advantages of study and reflection, teach us to conceal our failings, and appear under false colours: But, among the *vulgar*, you see the human heart in all its native deformity. — Grief, joy, terror, pity, rage, and resentment, with the whole train of the affections, discover themselves, indiscriminately, immediately as they are excited in the human breast; and you may see in the company of handicraftsmen, the genuine workings of the passions, exactly as they are affected, by the particular circumstances of controversy, or any thing which may engage the attention: while, on the contrary, in our politer assemblies especially, you can perceive nothing but a parcel of noddling mandarins, cut out of wood, and perched upon pedestals, acting in state, exactly like a set of ill dressed puppets, put in motion by the monster (FASHION) behind the scenes.

This

This creature of a foreign growth, leads out *apes* of quality into the most astonishing absurdities, both in words and actions, imaginable; and, so far from your prying into their souls, in search of their passions, I defy any man in England, to find out, by their deportment or conversation, whether they have any or not.

As to their carriage towards each other, it is a species of the most ridiculous buffoonery under heaven: for they sit smirking, and grinning at one another, without any meaning at all in their faces; and *he! he! he!* and simper so delightfully—and then they bob up and down; and throw themselves into such unnatural attitudes, that you would imagine, there was a parcel of little invisible animals, eternally pricking them upon the breech, or elsewhere, as a punishment for their manifold misdemeanors.

O! how charming it is to see a snug party of about a dozen males and females of the macaroni breed, *showing off* with all their various tricks to please and delight each other.—

The figure of the women exactly corresponds with what the ladies are fond of calling each other: and therefore I may venture upon the word *FRIGHTS*.—As to the men, if such they may be termed, look at any of our print-shops, and you will be satisfied.

However, the dress of each, is by no means more frightful, than their vile, unmeaning, unnatural distortions, of face, limb, and body.

It is grown polite to *hobble*, and you must *totter*, to *lisp*, and you must *ape* it, to *snuffle*, and you must do it; and then you must be always upon the broad *grin*, *gape*, and *stare*—with hardly any shoes to your feet—no waistcoat, except the bottom

tom of your sister's fringed petticoat braced round your body.—But for breeches—the Lord have mercy on us ! so large and so wide, that you appear all —, and so thin, that you might as well put on your wife's muslin apron only, to keep you decent in the company of modest women.—But I suppose our *macs* are not men—or, rather that they wear *bandages*.

Be sure that you sit forward upon your chair, with your back bent double—your coat skirts, if you have any, thrown behind—your left ankle, upon your right knee—thus making as much of your *bottom* as you can, for the amusement of the ladies, you may pat your leg—stroak your chin—twitch up your cravat—show your teeth, if they have escaped the *p—x*—and jabber over a parcel of court phrases—a mongrel dialect—an abominable mixture of French and English—disgraceful of all utterance—which you will easily get by heart—and then you will be a complete *fine gentleman*, as those phenomena appear in these our glorious days.

Our first-rate beaus and belles, may well be said to have a language of their own, unintelligible to other people : For it is an absolute fact, that they require no articulation at all ; as they do not mean to understand each other, but just to keep up the rattle of ungraceful, and insignificant sounds, as they pass from place to place, and go through the common forms of ceremony, which have been taught them by long experience in the folly and parade of the fashionable world.

I positively declare, that I have sat an hour together, listening, with all the attention I have been master of, to the conversation of an excellent lady and gentleman, in the court style, and could

not,

not, for the blood of me, gather any thing from it, though they talked as fast as possible, but a few trite phrases, which I happened to understand, but by no means their application; and which I am sensible they threw in, not to illustrate the subject, but to fill up a space of their conversation. And then at the close of every speech, they were not at the pains to find proper language, or puzzle about the manner in which they should express themselves; for if common words, or rather half words, did not happen to drop in the way, they concluded the sentence with a very uncommon dialect—a composition of *nods*, and *hums*, and *baas*—which, instead of embarrassing the orator, was the pleasantest, and most considerable part of his speech—and which the opposite party returned with so many assenting *hums*, *nods*, and *baas*, &c. that I was perfectly convinced, they understood as much of one another as they desired; and that they were so happy, as to be able to talk, without thinking, words, or language of any kind, full as well as with either, or all of these usual requisites put together.—So that, upon the whole, I rather think it would be the finest thing in the world for our *superiors*, to drop the scraps of French and English, which they have got; and which are of no use to them; and fall into the *humming* manner of conversation, totally and without disguise.

In such a noble project, they have my best wishes, and in hopes that they will take my advice, I will leave them for the present, and go on with the story of the *nightingale*, if nothing should happen to carry me still farther out of the way.

C H A P. XXXI.

IT is very well known, that some of the greatest *geniusses*, that have astonished mankind, are remarkable for an irregularity in their compositions. Their minds were too extensive to bear restraint; and those punctilios, with which the critics keep their understrappers in awe.

Now, as *genius* is, of all things, the most to be wished for and admired, and every man thinks he possesses it: it is extremely pretty to see the whole tribe of *paper-scratching* coxcombs, aping with all their might, the above defect of a vast mind; just as you will find a silly blockhead damning himself into detestation, by imitating the stupid practice of swearing, which he has observed predominant in some notoriously wicked, sprightly, clever fellow.

The foregoing excellent remarks, *Gentlemen*, I mean as a satire upon myself.—For because others have treated the reader with disrespect; nay, even contempt; by beginning a story and never ending it; running through a parcel of idle digressions; trifling with him, teasing him, and keeping him eternally on the rack, without the least prospect of a crisis or a conclusion; so, you see, I must be talking, ever and anon, about a foolish story of a nightingale; which, as I hope to live and prosper, I do not at present see any probability of its being finished: For I positively affirm, that I am, at this present writing, got no farther than seven miles out of the sixty, which are to complete my journey; and if incidents should still occur, and reflections arise, as fast as they have hitherto done,

done, I will leave it to the impatient reader to determine, whether it will be possible for me, to make an end of the matter, in any reasonable time.

—There is something very shocking to me in a straight-forward long-winded story.

If I were obliged to set about writing histories of distressed damsels, under such charming titles as —“*The Delicate Embarrassments—The Tears of Sensibility—The Indiscreet Connection—The Precipitate Choice—The Involuntary Inconstant—The Affected Indifference—The Fault was all his Own—Female Frailty,—&c. &c. &c.*” I should be like a boy sent upon an errand which, of all things, he would wish to avoid—I should loiter dreadfully, upon the road, and rather go any other way, than that which was pointed out for me.

—It is very distressing, is it not, ladies? to be forced to a thing, although one has no real objection to it.—

Now, whenever I take up my pen, in order to proceed in this unfortunate story of mine, which I wish I never had begun, I do assure thee, my sweet, good natured, forbearing, patient reader, that I start at the bare recollection of “where I last left off:” and that it is necessary I should “resume the thread of my discourse:” and that I should go on as quietly, peaceably, and soberly as a pack-horse; without ever thinking of the fields, the hills, the woods, the lawns, and the beauties that surround me.—O! horrible!—I am disgusted in a minute:—and, like a froward girl, that will do any thing but what she is bid, I jump over the boundaries that would keep me in my path, and fall to work, helter skelter, with every individual trifle, but that which I ought.

Take

Take care, good reader—don't let me cheat thee into a belief that I possess a *genius*—or that I want to make thee think so.—Many are the artifices which authors use, in order to deceive thee; and none more frequently, than this of affecting to be so heedless, whimsical, comical, and desultory.

Men who possess great minds, are very often too indolent to undertake any work, that would require much of their attention:—But in every thing, which may be said, only to escape from their pens, you may discover their powers, and what they are capable of, if it so please them to exercise their talents.

Try every writer, oh! reader! by this very standard, (if thou art able, honest, and impartial) and thou wilt never be imposed upon, by false pretenders to merit, nor affected retailers of nonsense.

—Fare thee well.—

C H A P. XXXII.

TO preserve our beings, is certainly the first of all our cares.—Health then must be invaluable; exercise must be absolutely necessary; and walking, as it is the most simple, I apprehend, it is likewise, the most salutary in its good effects upon the constitution.

I wish some of our young fellows, who cannot bear fatigue, and yet are very fond of good eating, would but walk only fifteen miles a day, for a week together, and I'll promise them seven such feasts as they never enjoyed before.

What can possibly induce the indolent to labour, but something extremely sensual? And I am sure they

they will be amply repaid in the gratification of every appetite to which they are prone, if they will only border upon intemperance ;——for should they launch into excess, their very exercise, as it helps them to increase the load of gluttony, will hasten their dissolution.

—There are some particular periods in our lives, when the mind has exulted in its own enjoyments, which are fixed upon our memories for the remainder of our days.——These rapturous moments are always recollected with excessive pleasure, and give a gust of self-satisfaction inexpressibly glorious.

What a fine thing is a good conscience !——

What a hell upon earth, a bad one !

Amongst the various incidents of my life, none do I call to mind, with more delight, than some of these walks, which I have taken, with a friend, purely for the pleasure of them.——

—To hit upon a scheme of this sort in a moment, put it instantly in execution, and take up your staff and walk !——oh ! heavens ! how should you know any thing of joys which you never experienced ?——Why, Sir, as soon as you get out of town, and are marching along the lane, I'll lay you a wager, if you were with us, and could rightly enter into the relish of it, that, at every corner, or turning, which gave you fresh prospects, and fresh hopes, you would not be able to keep your spirits, from flying into extacies, that would make you stand on your head, kick up your heels, hop, skip, jump, laugh, cry, roar, hoot, and hollow, like the veriest madman that ever escaped from bedlam : and yet you should be quite in your senses, and always remember the scene, as one of the most rational, and pleasing amusements in your life.

Two or three persons at most are a sufficient number to enjoy a jaunt of this sort ; more would change the scene, and make a riot of that which is meant only as a rational contemplative *perambulation*.

—P-x take that long word—I hate it. —

You fix your country, before you set out, and the road, as far as about six or seven miles ; but no farther than the first stage. Afterwards, let chance take place ; and you will find every step of your journey produce that novelty which we are so fond of. —

O ! ladies ! ladies ! ladies ! all your charms will not prevent us from longing after fresh matter. —

Prudes and pedagogues, I say that nature has stamped upon us this hankering after novelty ; and that you, with all your prayers and preachings, will never erase it from our hearts. —

What the devil is the matter with you ? — a man can't speak what he knows is a fact, but in comes a parcel of orthodox saints, sinners, impostors, and scoundrels, who will buffet him to death, because he is too honest to stifle the truth, and too much of a gentleman to tell a *lie* !

Every man has his business, and his cares, such as they are ! — Now, you no sooner set forward upon your expedition, than you get rid of these troublesome companions. — Your walking whets your appetites ; your refreshments give you joy ; and immediately after your repasts, and an exhilarating glass or two, you set a talking, and laughing like a parcel of fools. — You are so full of the fields, and the woods ; the sweet recesses, and the gurgling rills, which you have passed ; that you cannot digest your thoughts. — You fly from one thing

to another.—You are too impatient to wait for replies, or attend to them.—“ But that was a fine field! the other was superior!—and then how enchanting the lawns! the groves! the fountains! the grottos! the shrubs!——O! what a charming, sweet, delicious girl we met in the park!——Did you smoke the old fellow waddling after her?——O! he’s a *liquorish* old dog!”——

Thus you run on like mad, for a short time.—The storm of rapture, however, is soon over; and you dissolve in reciprocal good will, sociableness, and tranquillity.

In this temper, you will perceive all your powers alert.—Your head will be clear; your heart open; your fancy brilliant; and your soul inspired.—Your passions will tremble at the slightest touch.—You will burst into rage, or melt into tears, at the name of a villain, or the intimation of an orphan.—Still you will be happy, and wish the world so well, that were you a god, you would make gods of men, as surely as God made you.—

We shall be gods!—by jove we shall! we are so godlike in our natures, when divested of our earthly, our grovelling concerns, that it must be so—indeed it must—do believe it, my friend—it will make you happy here, and stir up such noble principles in your blood, that you will be worthy of a glorious eternity.

Sweet delusion!—balmy consolation!—flattering hope!—come, sprightly *fancy*, with these thy exquisite companions, and once more lead me into the mansions of the blessed.—But do not leave me—support me in thy wilds—let me trace thy unfrequented paths—and bring me safely to this world below.—Preserve my senses, gentle *nature*; —attune

—attune my strains to honour thee, and scourge the vices that debase mankind.

—I cannot help laughing at myself when I get upon stilts.—I shall turn mad poet if I proceed, and mount a pegasus that will break my neck.—I shall hurry the astonished reader into scenes that will disturb his intellects, and make him curse my nonsense and temerity.

C H A P. XXXIII.

SITTING in a large inn, over a pipe, after great exercise, listening to the hurry of the house, affords sufficient entertainment to a speculative Rambler.

Every face is full of business.—The rosy-combed landlord is stuffed with strong beer, content, and awkward civility:—and the good lady is so *vainly* polite; so excessively *flustered*, and fatigued:—and *Nanny, Molly, and Betty*, are running here and there—up and down—while your lascivious eyes pursue them, with roguish desires and designs.

Add to these, the amusements of the kitchen.—The lounging post-chaise-boys,——some eating their crusts in the corner;—others, lying with their heads upon the *dresser*,—sleeping, and making pillows of their arms.—The hostlers, fat and dirty, move slow and sullen; and the sneaking bootcatcher, the fag-end of all fag-ends, looks conscious of his baseness.

A group of drunken peasants you will perceive on one side, boasting of such feats as are shocking to humanity; swaggering over their fancied independency, and insulting their betters.

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The busy, impatient, furious cook, with a face, like fresh cut horseflesh, hot, greasy, and inflamed, drives every body before her with a vengeance.

The peasants feel the effects of her power, and stagger to their brother brutes in the sty, or the fields, where they fall into that sleep, which, like the death of the wicked, will raise them to the pains of the damned.

On the other side of the kitchen, sit the exciseman, the parish clerk, the country schoolmaster, and the squire's butler, steeped in strong ale, and deep matter; profound, knowing, and self-amorous.

My lady's maid frisks by them, pert, mincing, quaint, and foolish; while her mistress in the parlour is enjoying her tea and sir John.—

The tall, lank, greyhounds, and the faithful spaniels, saunter about the fire—look wistfully at the smoking fire, advance cautiously towards the fragrant scent, and snuff it with sweet delight, and fruitless expectation:—while the pitiless attendants ply them with those kicks, cuffs, and stripes, for their impertinence, which would be much more properly and deservedly administered, to the hulky rascals, and bitter vixens, who are so forward in bestowing them on these harmless and obsequious animals.

In the bar is placed my good lady, with her tavern loungers.—The gill-drinking, news-reading, vacant-headed, good-for-nothing, hanging-on loiterers;—those pests to all good company—those blanks in life—those moving incumbrances, that are always in other people's way, and continually minding every other body's business but their own.

Among these worthies, you often find some, that nobody knows what they are about,
nor

nor how they live. They shuffle on in a strange manner, without any visible means of a maintenance. They spend much out of *nothing*—they are *gentlemen*, and mighty clever fellows.

The cocks and hens in the yard, give place to the coxcombs that are alighting from their steeds; while hostler ! hostler ! hostler ! stuns your troubled ears, from every quarter.—The landlord bows—his guests look big—madam courtesies—Molly shows them a room—and the hostler, whistling, d—ns his blood if he cares a farthing for any man in England.

The rattling of carriages draws you to the window.—The maid, mistress, and old fat-sides, attend with humble submission their *honors*, and their *ladyships* :—while you are looking sharp after the legs of the lasses, as they wantonly step out of their coaches.—

Strangers meet strangers—eyes meet eyes—and contempt flies from party to party, as quick and as piercing as the rays of the sun.—Good God!—that we should be so much ashamed of each other, or so foolishly fond of ourselves, as to think nobody is worthy our regard, but those we are acquainted with.—

For my part, when I see a beautiful face,—a penetrating, soft, bewitching eye—I know not how to glance at it occasionally, as if I should offend it ; I am transfixed with admiration ; and ill betide the fair-one that would sneer, or frown at me for my devotion.

The women can never mistake adoration for impertinence—they know better—the language of the eyes they are versed in—the heart lies very near those interpreters—and it is as impossible to deceive them, at first sight, with affected civilities, as to obtain

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obtain from them, after obtruding the rude, unmannered *stare* (that certain indication of a *scoundrel*) those delicious returns—those kind looks—those gentle languishings—those sweet, complying, half-dissenting contests, between bashfulness and approbation, with which they oftentimes charm us, when they perceive they are admired.

PRIDE plays the devil with a fine woman.—It drives away the darts of Cupid from her eyes ;—the laughing loves that wish to sport upon her countenance ;—the graces from her deportment ; and stamps upon her front, the horrid effects of *distance*, *dislike*, and *disdain*.—We look at her as Pygmalion did upon his statue. We admire the uninformed, stately mass ; and pray to the gods that it might have a soul.—We see an inanimated lump of perfection, while we sicken at the view, and retire disappointed and in pain.

Smiles, eternal smiles, should dance upon the lovely cheeks of a beautiful lady.—Humility, and lowliness of spirit, which seem to press you for protection, charm and enslave us ; while haughtiness and frowns produce no effect but contempt and aversion.

So—now I am got upon the women, I shall overrun my portrait of the inn.

—Pray, Mr. Reader, did you never, when you were going very seriously about your business, meet a lady in the street, who chased every idea out of your head, but the lovely image of herself ?

—Did you never, in staring like a fool at her, as she passed by you, get an unlucky trip from a stone, which sent you stumbling and blundering, a most ridiculous figure, for ten yards together ?—Have you not perceived on this occasion, the spectators, but particularly the wicked baggage who was the

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cause of your disaster, laugh at your folly, with much comfort and satisfaction?—I am sure I have, to my great grief, met with such an accident many a time; and many an impudent slut has been made happy by my distress; and skipped away exulting and tittering at the very mischief she produced.

Now this is the case at present.—For no sooner their ladyships jump out of their coaches, than away they hurry me from my sober and lawful employments, and send me a wild goose chase after their incomprehensible concerns.—

But egad! I am generally even with them:—for though I love and admire them more than any man in England, yet I can tell them of their faults—and pretty freely too.—In spite of all that adulation, which they are accustomed to receive, from every writer, I will not only out-swear these complaisant gentlemen, that they are the sweetest creatures imaginable, but seriously expect that they shall be rational beings.

The ladies are commonly treated as we do children. They are flattered, caressed, and spoiled:—and this makes so many of them so exceedingly childish all the days of their lives.—But enough—or I shall grow saucy—I like them so well, after all, that I cannot bear they should be any thing less than invincible perfection.—

—But now for the inn.—

I have frequently observed a vacant wretch, in the midst of a busy scene, which affords the highest entertainment to a speculative mind, saunter about, without one idea to keep his spirits alive, or sleeping for want of better employment, at the time when the various characters of men, call forth the particular attention of every individual.

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I know nothing which excites more agreeable reflections, upon the manners of mankind, than the universal struggle for superiority and importance, which fires the breasts of the most insignificant blockheads, when they get from home, and mix indifferently with strangers.

You shall see a 'prentice boy, who, every week, is severely disciplined by his master, strut, and call about him, at an inn, like the veriest tyrant imaginable.

A poor devil, who dares not say his soul's his own, before his wife, will damn the waiters, attempt to kick the maids, abuse the mistrefs, bully the master, and swagger, like an emperor, at an inn.

A stupid lout of a farmer's son, who, like a scoundrel cur, generally drops his tail, and skulks about the fields of his father, will put up his horse, with a pitiful effrontery, and in the company of his superiors, discover an awkward pride and self-sufficiency, too glaring to escape the notice of an idiot; and much more diverting than Hob in the well, or the peerless affectation of the party-coloured miscreants.

—These animals have a diverting way with them, of hanging down their heads.—They appear conscious of their meanness, and seem afraid to look a gentleman in the face; but are prone, upon all occasions, to insult and abuse him.—They exhibit a lurking, distant insolence—a vile species of *blackguardism*, more abominable than the Billingsgate kind, or any other, in which our common people are so exceedingly expert.

It is very pleasant to take notice of the manner, in which, almost, every person puts his best looks on at an inn.—

O! it is inexpressibly delightful to observe the *small gentry* strut down the yard to feed their horses.

What an air!—

—And then they call out for the hostler, with such fury planted upon their dreadful visages—that you cannot help being rather frightened—though the devil of any hostler takes the least notice of the matter, until it happens that he has nothing else to do.—And then, if they presume to roar at him, for his impertinent delay, which is frequently the case, he will execute their commands, in such a lazy, growling, slovenly, indifferent, contemptuous way, that these haughty, important folks, are commonly worsted in the contest; and get nothing by their presumption, but convincing proofs, that nobody mistakes their characters, but themselves.

—The *real gentleman* is known at first sight.—His commands are given with the marks of solicitation and request.—The servants make way for him with pleasure and submission;—while no one seems more obliged, more humble, nor more satisfied than himself.—He looks every person full in the face, with an aspect of benignity and goodwill.—He neither stares with impertinence, nor turns his face away with that offensive air of pride and low-breeding, so common among the *upstarts* in life.—His heart appears in his eyes, honest, open, and liberal.—He seems ready to do you service; and assured that he deserves your esteem.—While the false pretender to this glorious title of the *real gentleman*, skulks away as if fearful you should ask him a favour; and seems ashamed of himself or conscious of some crime.—

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For my part, when I see such a *distant* carriage as this, in a man of fortune, I look upon him according to his appearance, and take it for granted, that he is a RASCAL.

C H A P. XXXIV.

HUNGER discovers the worst side of human nature.—We grow brutish as we become starved; and, when driven to very pressing necessities for food, we are terrible savages indeed.

It is a shocking and disgusting matter, to ruminate upon with a full belly, that men when deprived of meat, should gnaw their own flesh:—Or that when a number of the human species are ready to die with hunger, they should glance at each other, with jealous eyes, and craving appetites, with ardent wishes to plunge the dagger into the breast of a fellow-sufferer, and feast upon his body.

These are melancholy facts, which history and tradition prove:—but, more particularly, our own experience among voluptuaries, or those who are fond of *jolly doings*, will render this seemingly *paradoxical aphorism*, *delectably perspicuous*, *incontestably evident*, and the *paragon of positions*.—

—There's a close—zounds!—

It is a cruel thing, that when a man begins to reflect upon good eating and good eaters, an alderman must immediately pop into his head—and especially a London alderman.

Moralists have been so accustomed to set up within the *bills of mortality*, that every thing they write savours of the *town*:—all their ideas are
hackneyed.

hackneyed in the same stile from the *Spectator* down to the very dregs of literature, in the *poets-corner* of a news-paper.

Now, I'll venture to affirm, that the parish officers in the country are superior in their avidity and delight over a feast, than the whole court of the city-aldermen put together: and discover more of the savage temper in them, hinted at above, than was ever proved to exist in the others, notwithstanding they have been so scandalously abused.

Nay, sir,—I'll take but a few of the country constables, overseers, or church-wardens; and mix them indifferently, with some hearty shopkeepers, to the number of about forty; and set them before a plentiful table of substantials; and they shall make such havock with the good things of this life, that were the aldermen of London present at the entertainment, I'll answer for it, they should not only be entirely put out of countenance, but tremble for their own carcases.

There is something extremely terrible in the appearance of a large company, in a great room, at an inn, just as dinner comes upon the table.—

The anxiety of mind every person is in, lest he should not get a good place—lest the best dishes should not come near him—lest the venison should be eaten while he devours the fish—lest, by swallowing the pudding, he should lose the pig,—and so on—stamps upon his face such a savage and vicious look, that forty people with the like horrible countenances, are enough to terrify a band of gladiators, a gang of cut-throats, or forty-thousand executioners.

Wolves over their prey cannot be more voracious, nor appear more dreadful to a spectator, than

than a number of the middling sort of people at a feast; to which, each individual pays an equal proportion, and where, in consequence of it, all restraint is totally laid aside.

—The eagerness with which every man helps himself—the reluctance he discovers in assisting his neighbour—the keen glances which he darts from one end of the table to the other, fearing the best things will be gone before he has emptied his plate—the hurry this, consequently, puts him into—together with the jealous and malicious looks which flash from the eyes of all around him, denoting the general wish, that every man's next mouthful may be his last—puts it past a doubt, that HOMER himself could not find a simile bold enough to paint to the life, such a crew of ravenous and insatiable monsters.

I remember a story of a club, which a facetious old gentleman used to tell us, and swear to the truth of it, that will, if some of the *merry jesters* have not laid hold of it, illustrate and corroborate my assertions with a vengeance.

The members of this society exerted their voracious and savage natures, at their quarterly feasts, to such a degree, that none of them ever escaped without several dreadful cuts upon the fingers:—and such were the ardour and close attention of these heroes to business, that one day in particular, a gentleman, in plunging his knife into a *giblet pie*, took a finger from his opposite neighbour—which fell, and mixed with the *giblets*.—The opponents were too much engaged to *perceive*, or *feel* the misfortune immediately—and the conqueror filled his plate with the usual dispatch. But, as he was gnawing and sucking, and rolling about his mouth, a *giblet*, as he thought, the mutilated

tilated hero on the other side, observing the matter, roared out—hollow!—G-- d--n your blood, you have got my finger in your mouth!—

—This accident threw the company into some consternation—they grew rather serious on the affair; and thought it high time to come to some wholesome regulations respecting the matter.—

They elected the unfortunate combatant president for life, as a compensation for his loss—and gave him all the honours due to his intrepidity and patience.—They unanimously voted that the fingers of the members, for the future, should be cased with TIN at their feasts, in order to prevent the like calamities—and that for ever afterward the society should go under the denomination of the TIN FINGERED CLUB.

C H A P. XXXV.

THERE can be no true happiness in Society where there is RESTRAINT; nor any real felicity, without DECENCY and GOOD MANNERS.

The last of these positions is sufficiently exemplified in the preceding chapter; and the first may be proved by a view of the polite world.

In that great circle, civility and complaisance, are refined into parade and slavish compliance; while, on the contrary, among ordinary people, freedom and independence, border upon impertinence and brutality.

In order to bring these things to a speedy conclusion, I must own, that were I an absolute monarch, I would punish the *petit-maitres* of fashion, with Bridewell and flagellation; and make impudence felony without benefit of clergy.

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There is certainly something extremely grateful to a good heart, in acts of benevolence and complacency;—in yielding up many desires and inclinations, for the advantage or pleasure of others: but when this becomes habitual, upon every trifling occasion, as in the great world, a man must lose his sensibility before he can be easy; and grow callous to the importunity of his feelings as fast as he improves in the character of a fine gentleman.

It is impossible to give up one's own liberty, with pleasure, without some cause equal in consideration to the disagreeableness of the effects.

I would give up many things for the company of a fine woman, who was sprightly in her conversation, and happy in her disposition, which I should be sorry to do for every girl I meet.—But, in the polite world, if you would cut a figure, you must be all submission—you must be at every body's beck, and never presume to do any thing for yourself.

There is a propriety of manners, much boasted of among the people of fashion, which they never lose sight of; and which, I am fearful, is all they can set against the want of sociableness, friendship, hospitality, and ease.

As the great business of this life consists of eating and drinking, let us take notice of some of the requisites, to appear properly at a polite gentleman's table, at dinner, in contradistinction to the club-entertainment, where this propriety of deportment takes place of every other consideration.

The principal concern here is not WHAT you shall eat, but HOW you shall eat—according to certain rules which are as sacred as your creed;

and which, if you offend, worse than excommunication will be the consequence.

Now, the manner of eating, or HOW you shall eat, is, whether it must be done with your elbows pressed close to your sides ; or kept at a convenient distance, so as to enable you to do justice to yourself, without annoying your neighbour.—This last is a very good rule, and ought to pass—for it is highly absurd to see a country looby, sitting about half a yard from the table, with his arms spread like the wings of an enraged turkey-cock, and at every mouthful thrusting his elbows against the ribs of another.—

And then you must take care what you are about—for perhaps there may not be a dish upon the table, but what is disguised in such a manner, that you will be totally ignorant of its contents—so that when you are politely solicited to have any thing, you may be poisoned by your consent ; or discover such a foolish face of perplexity, as will rusticate you for ever among the great.—

Besides, if you are not over clever, what will you do when a lady desires you to send her something, which is before you that you don't understand?—You must cut a charming figure in such a situation:—all your philosophy, and reasoning upon the insignificancy of the matter, will avail you nothing here. Though you might send the dish, with the whole contents, to the lady, without doing her the least injury ; yet not all the anxiety to please, which you may discover in the act, will save you from contempt and derision.—

Don't cast too many wishful looks at the banished sirloin, upon the sideboard, nor make too free with it—for this will discover that you are not
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used to dainties, and sink your reputation for ever.——

You must not drink much table beer, nor porter, though you have been a foxhunting; for that savours of the clown, and will ruin you.——But you must call for “two glasses of wine,” with as many of the company as your consequence will admit of—and drink with every body that asks you, though it be ever so much against your inclination.——

Take care how you erect, for God’s sake; and especially be mindful of the servants:—for if you are not of much importance in the house, they will take no notice of your wants—and to bawl for assistance will put the table into confusion.——

Never clap your hands upon your plate, when the party-coloured gentlefolk attempt to snatch it away from you—for it is better they should deprive you of what you like, than you should commit such an awkward outrage upon decorum.

There is a manner of drinking to the ladies and gentlemen present, which I am afraid it will be difficult for you to acquire;—don’t speak loud by any means—it is better if you can catch their eyes, to bow and say nothing.

If a *lord* be your host, don’t bellow out—my lord—your lordship’s good health;—but mince the matter, and say,—my *lad*—I have the honour to drink your *ladship*’s good health.——

Don’t make too free with the *desert*, if you are not sure of your hand—for should you pop some *ice-cream* into your mouth, without knowing it, what a shameful thing it would be to behold you, suddenly clap your hand against your chops, as boys do when they swallow hot pudding.——

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Take care when the cloth is drawn, to observe the method of drinking—Don't call for any ale, though you prefer it to burgundy—and be sure you drink the “good health and friends” of every person separately—though the repetition of it in a large company makes it odious, futile, and absurd.

When this ceremony is over, which I have given you but a slight touch of, and you get into the regular train of toasting, your heart will be at ease; as there is little difficulty in the matter—only I would have you, when you address a person, never speak plain, nor mind what you say, so it be done with a *grace*.—Avoid, of all things, the being clear and distinct in your expressions, or to the purpose in your ideas—for if that is the case, nobody will listen to you.

I would advise you to lay aside serious or improving conversation entirely—and whenever you have a mind to shine, you must assert, with a positive and consequential air, that *burgundy* is the prince of liquors—*champaign* is exquisite—and *claret* is tolerable;—but as for your *port*—O! daam me—shocking!—

If you would praise a wit in vogue, say he is a *monstrous* clever fellow—and you like him *amazingly*.—Pledge every assertion of such vast importance as the above, with your honour.—O! there is nothing like exclaiming—it is true UPON MY HONOUR!—

In short—if you would blaze out in high life, divest yourself of every thing you learned at the schools—all the ideas you have crouded into your mind, by a close application to the study of the classics, and copy the greatest fool in company.—For, to the honour of my country, I must take
leave

leave to observe, that chattering, insignificant, obsequious coxcombs, make the best figure among the GREAT—while men of sense are suspected, disliked, and forsaken!

Thus the whole art of arriving at fame, in the fashionable world, consists in a strict observance of CEREMONY—which is much better adapted to the talents of a monkey, than a man of understanding.—Let others make the inference if they please.—I shall only add, that however odious and ridiculous the behaviour of those may appear who chace every principle of decency and good manners from the festive board; yet they cannot be farther off the accomplishments of genuine politeness and good breeding, than the slaves of fashion, the dupes of ceremony, and the BABOONS OF MANKIND.

C H A P. XXXVI.

HONOUR has been said to consist of courage in the men, and chastity in the women.—Now it is ridiculous enough to hear a *coward* or a *whore* say, when they asseverate,—“upon my honour”—or more emphatically, (as *Stephens* has it) “*pon onor.*”—

There is something bold and forward in the phrase, and when spoken by a lady it appears, in my humble opinion, rather masculine—it shocks my delicacy, and puts me to the blush confoundedly.—A lady should never be more violent in her protestations, than “indeed and in double deed,” it is so, or so.—

Besides, if we examine a lady's honour, we shall find it a thing not to be spoken of—especially by herself.—

A lady's

A lady's honour consists in her chastity—chastity consists in (doctor Johnson says) “purity of body”—purity of body brings you to the part.—Is it the face, the neck, the bosom, the back, the feet, the legs?—take care.

It would be extremely absurd to say, madam, your face is very chaste—your back is very chaste—or your feet are very chaste—altho' they might be very clean.—

Now—your “bosom” comes nearer the matter—but that must be covered, or it does not prompt the idea of chastity—and even then it is imperfect. The legs of a lady, with short petticoats, puts you in mind of something, I'll grant you, exactly opposite to chastity—but never of her purity. So that the doctor must mean, in his definition of chastity, when he calls it “purity of body,” some part which the ladies have about them that is always covered, and never mentioned.—For I have gone, in naming the divisions of a lady, to the very brink of my ruin, and have not hit upon her honour yet.

There is something so perverse in human nature, that what we dare not speak, will ever be uppermost in our thoughts.—

I don't know how it is with the women, but, for my own part, whenever I hear a pretty lady say “upon my honour,” my ideas start as soon as the mischievous words are out of her mouth, and fly, skipping her neck, breast, back, feet, legs, &c. immediately to her HONOUR.

It is very odd—but I can't help it—nor will the reader of this chapter, I presume, get it out of his head as long as he lives—but whenever a lady exclaims “upon my honour,” or “pon
nor,” his thoughts, in spite of his teeth, will
— instantly

instantly fly to the very best part about her.—
There they will ruminate and perplex him to death
with a thousand impertinent suggestions.

The direction of our eyes, no more than our
thoughts, is not at all times in our own power.—
We cannot help looking at a beautiful object nor
even a disagreeable one, if there be any thing par-
ticular in either—and I dare say, if a lady's HO-
NOUR were exposed to view, we could not keep
our eyes off it for the universe.

So extremely whimsical is the operation of our
minds, that I make no doubt but there has been
a great deal of mischief done in the world, by an
injudicious correction of the morals of our youth of
both sexes.—Preach incessantly to a girl about her
principal virtue—chastity—and her ideas will be
constantly fixed upon her HONOUR.—Let the
child alone, and she will only think of it occa-
sionally.

It is very dangerous to be inculcating, and in-
culcating, the principles of virtue.—You fix the
attention eternally upon vice; and make those
crimes familiar to the mind, which otherwise it
would shudder at and avoid.

Suppose, for instance, a polite circle of ladies
and gentlemen were playing at *loo*, or *Pope-jan*;
—their attention would be entirely engrossed by
the cards—how to cheat a little—and exult over
the losses of the unfortunate.—Suppose, in the
midst of this very innocent pastime, a gentleman,
by way of moralizing, should introduce a story of
an exceedingly virtuous woman, who withstood
the attacks of three different knights successively,
and came off without a wound.—The ladies would
be thinking all the while of their HONOUR, and
the gentlemen enjoying their confusion.

Our

Our moralizing novelists, who write professedly to secure the chastity of our virgins, have such a vast quantity of it in their compositions, that a girl who delights herself in reading them, is never easy until she jumps out of her chamber window, into the arms of the first young fellow who will undertake the care and management of her HONOUR.

Thus, you see, it is a bad thing to be over wise and cautious.—Let the mind range without restraint, and it will fix its attention upon nothing in particular.—Take a girl who has been suffered to run up and down the town, mixing indifferently in every innocent diversion, and lock her up for the sake of her HONOUR; you set her immediately a poring over it—shamefully—and she will ruin herself, without redemption, the very first opportunity.

C H A P. XXXVII.

“—T H A T all this world's a pageantry.”

I remember hearing a fat fellow sing a song, with the above line in it, which I should certainly have prefixed as a motto to this chapter, had I not been so often poisoned with the indiscriminate use of them.

Since we have just been upon the subject of CEREMONY, I cannot help paying my respects to a species of animals, with which the earth abounds, that, to be sure, will be scandalised at my taking the liberty to rank them among the BABOONS OF MANKIND.

I desire the reader will not let his ideas run too fast—for it is twenty to one whether he fixes them upon

upon the right set of creatures, in this case, until I honour him with an explanation.

We have to do now with something above the common standard.—I am not going to divert the reader with the *petit-maitres*, alias *macaronies*, nor the wicked women of the land; but with the *grave*, the *sedate*, the *serious*, the *important*, the *sensible*, and the *wise*.

What wonderful reputations have been acquired with a small stock of knowledge, very moderate abilities, but with a strict observance of those common arts in life, by which a very weak man frequently imposes himself upon his neighbours, as an extremely respectable character!

There is a sort of men remarkable for never doing any thing wrong—or right.—That is—they have a way with them, which excludes every idea of error or rectitude.—There is nothing in their deportment, out of place; and yet there is nothing in place.—They are so absurdly ceremonious, that they appear at one and the same time, both anxious for the ease and comfort of every individual in their company; and so careless of any person's fate, that you may be assured they would see you hanged without the least emotion.—They won't sit down in half an hour after they enter a room, for fear of disturbing the very people they would send to the devil for a penny.—They inquire with much civility, after the health of every individual, when it would not give them the least pain, if the whole company were infested with the p--x.—They are very complaisant, in particular to the ladies—with whom they are sure to ingratiate themselves, without the power or inclination to do them the main service.—They tell the time of the day with much solemnity; and talk

talk of the weather in a very masterly manner.—They will run over a *cock* and a *bull* story, for an hour together, and be as circumstantial in trifling matters, as you would be in the private anecdotes of Peter the great, or the grand Seignior's seraglio.—They sit in an exact position; and never offend your sight with unseemly stretchings, yawnings, and the like.—They are seldom heard to laugh—but they will “smile and smile, and be the villain.”

Men of common intellects, and few ideas, with store of patience, are, in general, pleased with the company of these monsters.—For they never offend by violence of any kind;—but go on, with one silly tale or another, as slowly and as regularly as the clock.—Their language is neither high nor low.—There is nothing in their subjects, either to elevate or depress. No flights of wit to make you laugh; nor any thing which borders upon indecency to shock the imagination; but you have a continued monotony of sounds and sense—a lullaby humdrum series of joyless matter, cloathed in trite phraseology, and perfectly adapted to the GAPERS and SWALLOWERS of mankind.

Whenever I am so unfortunate as to be drawn into the company of such people as these, I find myself absolutely fixed in the stocks—for you cannot move an inch, without being looked upon as a slovenly indecent fellow.—The first symptom of distress, I feel in this deplorable condition, is a violent pain in my back—attended with sinkings, and lowness of spirits.—I sigh dreadfully; groan inwardly; and think of the dissolution of all things.—I never listen to a word that is said, for three hours successively—but I have oftentimes been relieved, by watching the sprightly countenance
of

of a beautiful female, who has been stitching in one corner of the room.

These are excellent fellows at the game of whist—at which they will pore incessantly, and never feel the pangs of disquietude.

—From dinner till tea, and from tea till supper, they are always the same.—They will eat by rule; drink so many glasses of wine; and do what is more than all the rest—they will sit *stock* still half a day together.

Should a vagabond of a young whelp, one of those sprightly spirits just started into life, who thinks himself the finest, and most clever fellow in the universe, burst in upon a company of such men as I have been describing, and seat himself, with his usual air of indifference among them—spreading his legs, lolling his arms, and staring at every person, with his face of vacancy and brass; what, in the name of G—, would they think of him? or what would they do with themselves?—In fact I don't know—the decorum of a private house never admitting of such liberties; and, as to the public, these gentlemen are seldom seen in mixed companies.

These are the very beings, that gain the general character of GOOD SORT OF MEN.—Their seeming apathy prevents their giving offence, while their complaisance ensures them good will:—And, without one real good quality of either the head or the heart, they are sure to make their way in the world, feast upon the good things of this life, and leave the witty, the sprightly, and the truly sensible, to enjoy their jokes over a *cold shoulder of mutton, and warm potatoes.*—

—I'd

—P'd rather it were a *knuckle of veal and bacon*
—for, thank God! I am not entitled to the *mut-*
ton.

C H A P. XXXVIII.

IT is said that the mind of man, uncultivated, is a very nonsensical affair.

Now, upon my word, I am of a very different opinion.—For take a youth of two and twenty, and examine his acquirements, you, perhaps, will find them amount to little or nothing; but appeal to his own judgment, in the case, and he is the summit of all perfection.—He will never have so good an opinion of himself, as at the time when you say he ought to be the most humble and submissive.—

—Pray who should know best—he, or you?—It is very odd a man cannot tell what passes within himself better than another person.—

This self-conviction is the standard by which we ought to judge—and whenever I perceive a man, especially a young one, think himself clever, I take it for granted that he knows more of the matter than myself, and respect him accordingly.

Besides, it is a plain thing to me, that the world hath been in the wrong ever since the beginning of it; and will continue so until this chapter makes its appearance for the benefit of mankind.

It has been always looked upon, that we are fools at twenty-two, wise at thirty-five, and philosophers at sixty.—Upon my honour I have taken vast pains in my researches, and find it quite otherwise.—For, according to the present mode of improvement, I am thoroughly convinced, that from
the

the first period to the last, we move retrograde.—We are all perfection at twenty-two, rather silly at thirty-five, and quite foolish at sixty. Or, in other words, more emphatical, we are *terrible devils* at twenty-two, *poor devils* at thirty-five, and *miserable devils* at sixty.

Now let any man gainsay this if he can.—If he does, I'll place him in the company of a parcel of *young devils*, whose conversation shall have such weight with him, that he dares not say his soul's his own—so full are they of conviction.

Why, I never heard a doubt uttered, nor even insinuated, by a *young devil*, but that he was acquainted with every thing upon the face of the earth; and that every man, more advanced in years than himself, but especially an old man, was an arrant blockhead.

You cannot find, among our *terrible devils*, the least want of knowledge or capacity. It would be as much as your life is worth to offer them advice.—The least shadow of a pretence to detect them in error, would incur their vengeance; and draw upon you the feelings of the whip, the terrors of the horsepond, or some pungent apprehensions about your nostrils.

They are so sure of the rectitude of their morals, their compleat acquaintance with every thing of moment, and the impossibility of their committing mistakes, that they are extremely decisive in their determinations. They are as quick as thought—nay quicker—for they outstrip it—and will never brook the least imputed impropriety in their actions.

Pray do you often see in a young man, any marks of diffidence? any apprehensions about him, that he, probably, may expose some imperfection?

on? does he look as if he were in pain for himself?—or does he not look in general, however he may appear to you, quite satisfied and convinced, that all his parts are fair, sound, and in full vigour?—

To be sure your shamefaced, bashful dogs of two and twenty, cut a ridiculous figure enough, in comparison with the others; and may grow wiser the longer they live; fill up important stations in life, to the credit of themselves, and the service of their country; and die lamented and revered:—but as for the TERRIBLE DEVILS, it is evident that their mighty and despotic reign, however brilliant, is but of short duration.—They certainly (which is the basis of my argument) travel backwards.—They flash away like lightening, bellow like thunder, and are the finest gentlemen in the land at two and twenty—but towards thirty the storm ceases—at thirty-five they sink into a kind of oblivion—and, if they escape the rot, they fill the easy chair at sixty—dose away the contemptible remains of a meer existence—and fall at last, like the dregs of polluted matter, among the miserable relics of a church-yard—

With

HERE lyeth the body of TIMOTHY TIMMOUSE, who departed this life the 27th of December, 1774. Aged 65.

Ye Children deer, and Pearents all,
Take heed, for JETH takes boeth grete and smal.—

C H A P.

C H A P. XXXIX.

STRIP the mask off the monster, and lay him open to the inspection of mankind, and the *fox* will prove a *lamb*, the *wolf* a *sheep*, and the *lion* an *ass*.

What a droll figure a physician would cut, if he were to visit a patient bald-pated; especially if he were *prick-ear'd*?

—Now it is reckoned a beauty, in an *ass*, to be *prick-ear'd*—and I cannot find out the reason, why these ornaments should be in such disrepute among the *faculty*, that they should cover them with such a monstrous heap of *horsehair*.

I dare not say any thing of the parsons in this case, because they have an exclusive right to shield the *typical* part, as well as they can, from the observation of their flock.

The trappings of science, like the furbelows of a courtesan, appear comely in the eyes of the spectator, but cover a deal of gross matter and pollution.

—A man entered in the list of the learned, wears the decorations of the order, and is wise by prescription.—

I wonder what we should do with half the professional gentry in the land, if we were to oblige them to produce any other right, but that of a nominal one, to a pre-eminence in knowledge or abilities.

—PRUDENCE is a glorious thing!—Let a foolish doctor of divinity, law, or physic, seat himself in his chair, with the trappings of science hanging dangling by his side, and his reputation is fairly

fairly established—But if he has not prudence enough to hold his peace; and if his evil genius should prompt him, in some unlucky hour, to lay bare his deformity, the *brayings* of the *ass*, and the *bleatings* of the *sheep*, will attend him with sorrow to the grave.

I have often been diverted with the extravagant veneration, which the GAPERS and SWALLOWERS of mankind have expressed for such of the *litterati*, who have had just adroitness sufficient to dazzle the multitude with the solemnity and parade of superior powers, and prudence enough never to bring them fairly to the test—at the same time I have been sorely concerned for the profound and aspiring among the *wise*, who have been so silly as to quit the sure hold of imposition, and by an ill-favoured effort of genius, lay themselves open to the derision of their adorers.

These are the gentlemen, of all others, whose province it is to turn CRITICS.—Men who cannot write are the dread of authors; and the standards by which those who can neither *read* nor *write*, judge of the merits of the *paper-scratchers*.

—Pardon me, *messieurs reviewers*—I don't mean you.—I do assure you, upon the word and credit of a gentleman, I will never begin first—but if you should be uncivil, why—perhaps I may do you the honour to—(inclose you in a parenthesis.)—

C H A P. XL.

CRITICISM is a noble art in the hands of the truly learned and ingenious.—It is a science that requires not only the highest degree of knowledge and capacity, but a greatness of soul superior

to

to the influence of interest, or prejudice; resentment, friendship, or affection.—It is the province of a demi-god to judge of the writings of men; where individuals alone are concerned; and where they may be so materially injured by the abuse of a power, which should never be trusted or relied upon, but when it is in the possession of men of known and approved abilities, honour, and integrity.

A man may lash the vices and follies of the age, until his heart aches, without doing either good or harm; or being attended to in the most trifling degree: but there are men enough in the world, who will greedily devour private detraction, and feast upon the imputed failings of their betters.

There is not, in any profession whatsoever, so great an open for abuse, as in the accounts the learned may take upon themselves to give of new publications.—

Setting aside the necessary qualities of the true critic, with respect to his head, the greatest danger lies about his heart—if that is not something more than honest, as a human being, it will certainly influence the other, and warp the judgment to the vilest purposes.

Let us suppose, for instance, that there could be in nature, such a vile set of reptiles as garreteer critics, who made a hackney trade of this science, and dealt out praise or blame just as it agreed with their common interest: and let us, at the same time, imagine a country so lost to every sentiment of honour, as to devour the invectives of such vermin:

With respect to false praise, there is nothing so easily detected.—We are backward in admit-

H

ing

ing it, even where it is really due; and where it is unmerited, we soon perceive the cheat.—But we have, God help us! excellent stomachs for censure.—We stand with half-cocked mouths, ready to receive it—and down it goes like the food of a *shark*—It is no matter how gross or fulsome—how false or absurd.—So it be censure, and that of a private nature, it is enough.—We digest it with as much comfort as we do roast-beef and plumb-pudding; and enjoy the reflection of it with the same degree of self-satisfaction.

Praise indeed we will admit, and give it where it is not due, when it is obliquely aimed as censure against the present object in view.—If a man knows you have excellence, or that you are a candidate for fame in any art, he will certainly cast his eyes upon somebody else, and praise the greatest blockhead upon earth for the meer sake of your mortification.

Thus, with such appetites, how easily may we be imposed upon!—What excellent food are we, in our turn, for the abandoned in literature, to feast upon!—And with what facility such monsters as I have been only supposing to exist, might mangle every production of genius!

Is a work of merit to be censured—how easy to find faults!—Give the worst part of it as a specimen, and the man is injured.—But if this won't do, make nonsense of it by unfair extracts.—*Point* it to your purpose, and close a paragraph in the middle of a sentence.—Then make use of some trite sarcasm, and the business is over.

But as this, you will say, may be going too far, unless you are sure to damn it by such means, and prevent, by stopping the sale of the book, a detection; pick out some blunders with respect to grammar

grammar or expression, which, wherever the fire of genius is concerned, will often happen, and swear it is all of a piece.—

Get some jolly fellow who is used to punning in a porter house, and cast off a squib or two of his, as occasion may suit, in order to make the folks laugh.

Then play upon the author's own words, which, by warping and stretching them a bit, is the readiest thing imaginable—and force them by some means or other, no matter how, into ridicule.

O! you might tear *Addison's Cato* into a thousand pieces by these means, and with as much tranquillity too as a critic would dispatch a mutton chop.

However, if it should so happen that you really cannot make much of it in the way I have advised—send it to the devil in a lump.—Pick out some emphatical phrases from *Smollet*, who was a good hand at a three-word criticism, and dispatch it at once.

This method of doing the business will save a world of plague and trouble.—For when you get into a labyrinth, and are posed, perplexed, and cursedly out of humour with the best book in England,—announce to the public, with the insolence of an upstart critical bashaw, that it is

“Senseless and spiritless—utterly void of meaning, sentiment, and diction—low, pitiful, and absurd.”

Poo! Poo!—this is enough for a *folio*—half as much will do for the generality of authors now-a-days—though I believe there are many tedious ones in the world.—

Tedious!—That's a special hit—and perfectly in the style of *true* criticism.

Of all the species of authors, never spare a satirist—Level all your rage and detraction against a writer, who, if he were suffered to live, might produce another DUNCIAD.

There is nothing like catching *insidiously*, at an author's own words in order to condemn him :—and I would lay a wager, that if such a band of critics as I am now addressing, really flourished in the land, and that this book, and particularly this very part of it which I am now writing, was the finest satire in the universe, they would snap at the above sentence like mad dogs, and give it to the world as a just and competent criticism upon the whole of my performance.

They might, perhaps, annex a sling at my advice to them, never to suffer a satirist to live a moment for fear of another Dunciad ; and pronounce, by way of prognostic, that, instead of my writing one, I should cut a very respectable figure in it.

By Jove ! I think I should make an excellent critic myself—in the *small* way.—I should like to get into a good squabble very well—where I could let loose a confounded deal of spleen—and try my skill at invective :—But, hang it, it is dirty work. It is better to be at peace with all mankind.

—I am glad our *reviewers* are so TAME—so unlike the picture I have been drawing—and such well wishers to every effort of merit, as to prove the indulgent parents of so many hopeful children.

They have been known to the world for five and twenty years—and each individual of them, I dare say, hath produced numberless specimens of his own particular merit, exclusive of his criticisms, in order to establish his right to such an extensive dominion over the works of other men,

as to presume to decide their fate in the opinion of the public.

These great *geniusses*, whose *persons*, as well as accomplishments are so universally known and admired, possess such a goodness of heart, that they cannot be *rancorous* or *ill-natured*—for the rascals, my supposed garreteers, would say of them by way of compliment, that their CENSURE appears only as a *flea-ordure* upon a *lady's-smock*; while their praise is perfectly proportioned, in *style* and *delicacy*, to the composing strains of

CRITIC JOBSON'S SONNET.

- “ Down by a crystal river's side,
 “ Where little fishes they do glide—
 “ Where tender lambkins sport and play,
 “ And throistles whistle all the day;
 “ There I EXAMIN'D *Isabel*,
 “ And found she was more blithe than *Nell*;
 “ More fragrant than the blushing rose,
 “ Or *Peggy Polecat's* red-clock'd hose;
 “ More coming far than *Cockburn's* cow,
 “ Or *Jeff'ry Slathem's* wayward sow,
 “ When *Nancy's* bull, and *Betsy's* boar,
 “ Do frisk and grunt, and rant and roar.”

C H A P. XLI.

WHEN I cast my eye upon some of the foregoing chapters, where I affect to be so exceedingly merry, it puts me in mind of those stories which the tellers of them say, will make you “ all die a laughing :”—but, unfortunately, like many of our novel writers, where they attempt to break every body's heart, the effect turns out quite contrary

trary to the author's expectation:—For, peradventure, the novelist finds the reader laughing, ready to crack his sides at the most shocking part of his history,—while the listener to the merry story-teller is in tears !

When I look over the former pages, wherein I exclaim against the folly of our youth, who turn their convivial meetings into the most ridiculous buffoonery imaginable, it brings to my memory many of those scenes which I have been a witness to, when graver heads than mine, notwithstanding my apparent gravity and taciturnity, have assisted in a conversation and deportment, altogether unworthy the character of rational beings, for the meer sake of keeping up an *idle laugh*, at the expence of common sense, and every motive which should urge the mind to more sublime and respectable entertainments.

I have often heard it mentioned, under this degradation of the human faculties, that it were a pity but some person behind the curtain, had taken a literal copy of our expressions and sentiments, in order to present a glass before us fraught with our own depravity, and in which we might discover a retrospect to shock the imagination, and restrain the senses in future from wallowing in such filthy matter.

For these very cogent reasons, I have thought proper to produce my chapter of CHOICE SPIRITS—or, if you please, my chapter of OMNIS-es, alias OMNES-es, alias OMNI-*asses*—which I desire the hypercritics and grammarians, will take into their most serious consideration, and write a FOLIO to prove the absurdity of a man's attempting to carve a *pudding* who cannot cut up a *goose*—to write *English* without *Latin*—*Latin* without *Greek*—*Greek* without *Hebrew*—or *Hebrew* without

out a perfect acquaintance with the language of the
PATAGONIANS.

I honour the really learned, and truly religious as much as I despise the affectation of science, or sacerdotal purity—therefore I have been free, very free, with the impostors in both cases.

I have been severe upon the women because I *love* them; and I have ridiculed the macaronies because I *hate* them.

I have levelled all my rage against that CEREMONY which seems to be the whole business of our *polite* men of fortune, and their silly imitators, because it has always appeared to me hateful in the sight of every man of taste in the kingdom:—and I have stigmatized the brutality of the middling sort of people at their festivals, purposely to put them in mind that they are *human* beings.

I have been rather violent in my censures, because I am of opinion that mildness mixt with irony, and wit at a distance, will hardly reclaim one culprit upon the face of the earth.

—We are too much engaged in the flimsy coverings, and quaint conceits, of a *milk-sop* satyrist, to improve by the latent moral of his song.—

I have been extremely general in my strictures upon vice and folly, that I might avoid the imputation of *personality*:—and I have written like a *drawcansir*, levelling all before me, in order to maintain the dictatorial infallibility of an author:—but my heart would be ill at ease, if there were not good men enough in the world, of all denominations, to counteract the bad, and to support the dignity of human nature.

—Inspired by this glorious conviction, my *nightingale* shall sing among the WILDS. of FANCY,
the

the WORKS of NATURE, and the MANNERS of the *wise* and *virtuous*.—

C H A P. XLII.

IF any sagacious person, prone, like the wife of *Lot*, to look backwards instead of forwards (which, by the bye, has a very suspicious appearance in a lady) and this sagacious person, being a man, were to take a retrospect of his actions, he would find in them a train of inconsistencies much of a piece with the wanderings of the *Trifler*. He would perceive, among his pursuits thro' the former part of his existence, much to blame—something to commend—a great deal of nonsense—some sense—much irregularity—and very little order:—and if he were not, upon the whole, a most incorrigible knave, he would be tolerably satisfied with the picture.—But if he were, like the *Trifler*, well disposed, he would resolve to amend his life; and endeavour, with all due deference to the rules of decorum, justice, equity, candour, politeness, urbanity, and a thousand more of the best words in the English language, either synonymous or otherwise, to steer his course, for the future, divested of his past faults, and replete with as many of the virtues, as he could conveniently, and without loss of time, cram into his knapsack.

Now, as I am a great nature-monger, and would not, for the world, attempt to be more perfect than my neighbours, I rejoice in this exact semblance between the first parts of my existence as a writer, and the lives of most of my contemporaries: and happy is it for me, that I have
hit

hit upon this salvo for my various and manifold mis-doings.

This being premised, it behoves me, out of pure love and esteem for the reader, to give him some little account of the manner in which I intend to proceed, and what all this fuss and rambling is to end in.

The latter part of the story, I am afraid, will be a difficult task to point out—as I can scarcely divine it myself.—But, in order to give him some small satisfaction in the matter, I must advise him to strive with all his might, to pick out a plan amidst that chaos of things exhibited in the foregoing pages: and should it be proved, at last, that there is, really, a consistent process amidst such a medley of various sights, whims, conceits, and caprices; how must the benign reader take shame to himself that he did not discover it before!—Or, rather, how much must he be delighted to perceive a pleasant and open path for him to travel in; without the least danger of losing his way!—a path replete with the most charming prospects: hill, wood, and valley, all conspiring to animate his soul, and make him bless the author of his happiness.

But, as even the curious reader will probably be too lazy, or rather too indifferent, as to the main scope of this work, to give himself trouble sufficient for such a wildgoose investigation; as that of pointing out any shadow of a scheme in the former part, I must lend a helping hand in the business, and put him in mind that the title which I have given this incomparable production, is, the *Trifler*.

That I have, as every author should keep his eye upon his title, trifled in good earnest, until we

come to the story of the *Nightingale*; then, and not till then, the first dawns of a plan appear:—but as it was, even then, necessary to stick to the *Trifler* as a title; so, the weighty transactions that were offered to compose a continuance of the work, consist in a sixty miles walk, which two trifling fellows took, for no other purpose than to listen to the wild and melodious notes of the *Nightingale*.

Thus you find, gentle reader, how exactly our intentions correspond with our title; and in the execution of the business, so far as you have seen of it, we will venture to assert, that you are thoroughly convinced, that, in the strictest sense of the word, we merit the appellation of THE TRIFLER.

Now the reason why I did not choose to open my designs before this, so fully as perhaps I ought to have done, was the apprehension I lay under, that the grave and the important part of my readers, those, I mean, whose ideas cannot stoop beneath the contemplation of the spheres, or some such sublime speculations, would be scandalized at the bare proposal; and treat with ineffable contempt the story of a *Nightingale*, notwithstanding they themselves may bear a principal part in the burthen of the song.—For if the reader will be pleased to look into the 28th chapter of this work, and trace the reflections that arose, meerly from the trifling circumstances attending the *Club-adventure*; he will perceive that few characters are likely to escape the author, and that those already depicted, very naturally sprung out of the subject.—He will find a regular chain, however diversified, of reflections, characters, and pictures exhibited, where-
in

in proud men, polite men, wise men, foolish men and critics, are spoken of with much freedom, some vivacity, and, we hope, with great truth.—So that notwithstanding the story of the *Nightingale* may sound rather insignificantly in the ears of the profound; yet we are well apprized, that much weighty concernment will be drawn out of it for the emolument of all our readers—even from the philosophers to the *fool*.—And as the travelling of only seven miles, with the incidents and reflections that occurred in consequence of it, has filled nearly half a volume; so we may venture to promise, that, by the time our sixty miles ramble is described, there will be volumes enough published to make this work, in *quantity* at least, a very respectable production.

But although the reflections that occurred, and the pictures that were drawn, in consequence of the *Club-adventure*, exhibited in the 28th chapter, branched themselves out, upon various matters, to the 41st; yet we do not mean to be so diffusive with our own cogitations, as to lose sight of our main design for the future; but to adhere more closely to the active part of our description; or the different characters and occurrences, flights and vagaries, we met with in our ramble, until we close the scene with the wild and melodious notes of the *Nightingale*.

Thrice happy, gentle reader, must it be for us, upon this occasion, that our goodly plan of operations, falls in, so exactly, with the verdict of that awful tribunal, before which we have been arraigned:—a verdict the most flattering to a recreant knight of an author; and which we would not change, even to be proved the *imitator* of the illustrious

illustrious *Yerick* :—for if dulness is the *devil*, surely then it must be *godlike*, to exhibit “lively pictures of manners,” and make “sensible and sprightly remarks.”

C H A P. XLIII.

BEFORE I proceed in my expedition, let me make a few casual observations upon the different species of writing, as exhibited by those authors who have been esteemed the best : and, in particular, I must take notice of that peculiar relish, among our critics, or what is called the *best judges*, for the mediocrity of style ; which never soars to the sublime, nor sinks to the vulgar : but travelling on at the rate of six miles an hour, without variation, without stumbling, without leaping, bounding, galloping, or walking, sets you down at last, amazed at the evenness of the road, but hurt and fatigued with the uninteresting sameness of your journey.

Whether critics, or what we call the *best judges*, spring out of this class of writers, and approve, as congenial spirits, of the jog-trot lucubrations of their old friends and acquaintance, I will not presume to determine : but certain it is, that we are refining, through the particular bent and encouragement of these gentlemen, in our language and sentiment, to such a degree of purity, that nothing characteristical seems to mark the various authors of these times, from the *fair* novelist to the experimental philosopher.—All appears to be executed in that even, pleasant, irreproachable, chastity of diction, which is as easy to be acquired, as to be approved.

A man

A man must learn to write, according to the present mode of scribbling, in the same manner as a *joiner* learns to make a table—from a pattern before him.—He must not look within himself for his resources, but cast about for the opinions of other people—and when he has attained the established forms of expression, turns of thinking, and correctness of method, he may commence poet or philosopher with impunity.

I do not recollect at this present moment, and I am sure I would not consider the matter another for a mighty sum, about two out-of-the-way fellows of genius, who durst launch forth from the beaten track, and assert their own prerogative; and they were shouted at, by the critics and the populace, until, through the irresistible power of genius, the *best judges* were obliged to give way, and the multitude were taught to admire.—

—*Churchill* was battled, but was victorious—and the laughing, *hawdy Yorick*, is now the peculiar favourite of his most inveterate foes.

Comedy, which should represent folly in all her wanton vagaries, it is said, is lost in our theatrical exhibitions; and a *sentimental*, enervated, preposterous, nothingness of character substituted in its room.—If this be true, it is strange—for not any of the days of our forefathers could possibly furnish a more ample field, for the comic muse to range in, than the present—attended with all her laughing, leering, gibing, jocund train.—And it must be still more strange, that a people who are such mighty adepts in every species of actual luxury, folly, and obscenity, cannot bear the representation of either upon the stage.—That a meer imaginary display of gluttony, should shock the glutton, folly the fool, or indelicacy the debauchee,

chee, to such a degree as to incur every mark of displeasure which one should hardly expect from a saint, is a paradox, which however easily accounted for, I shall leave to those to investigate, who have more leisure and inclination for such curious researches, than I have upon my hands or in my mind at present.

All I intend to infer from the playwrights and their patrons, is, that if nature, in her lowest and most ridiculous freaks, is not suffered to be characterized, either upon the stage or in books, before those who stand in so much need of her admonitions; then we may bid adieu to every effort of genius, and get book-makers and play-makers, in the same manner as we employ tailors and shoe-makers—not to furnish us with clothes that fit us, but cut according to our own ridiculous and preposterous fancies.

Genuine strokes of nature are attended with many faults, with respect to a regular detail of writing.—They are sudden and transitory; and when lost are scarce ever to be recovered.—So that the author who is determined to listen to all the inspirations of Nature, is sure to offend in point of plan, regularity, and even diction:—but the writer that pays his court, principally, to the process or management of his piece, will be so apt to reject her advances, when she smiles upon him, because she appears, probably, at improper seasons, that she will soon be weary of her attendance, and shun him, in return, when he mostly wishes to embrace her.

As a proof of the above most excellent remark, I must tell the reader, that the word *comedy* popped into my head, immediately on my taking up my papers, in order to resume the subject of this chapter;

chapter ; and before I had time to recollect, or look over the former part of it, down went the observations upon the degeneracy of the stage, together with the *genuine strokes of nature*, without ever considering, whether they could possibly appear as appertaining to the theme I was upon.— So that if I had been more careful of adhering to that propriety in writing, so much admired by the critics and their slaves, than of listening to the voice of Nature, or, more properly speaking, to the first thoughts, which strongly impress the imagination ; I should utterly, and for ever, have lost them, or have piecemealed them out more horribly in some future disastrous chapter.

These observations, seriously speaking, and without any reference to my own feelings, account for some of the flights of genius, in the most sublime authors, to have been misplaced ; and the reputation which criticism, in consequence of it, has acquired in the world.—But as every thing, in the extreme, is apt to destroy its opposite, so now that we are blessed in this country, with the most and the best critics in the world, it is said we have the worst authors in the universe.

It must appear somewhat odd, that where criticism flourishes, genius is proscribed :—and yet it is certain that genius and criticism are ever at variance ; the former detesting restraint, and the latter having no other merit but what consists in shackles.—

To be sure *Longinus* was a fine writer as well as critic—and *Pope* asserts that a man ought not to set himself up for a judge of writing, before he has distinguished himself as an author :—yet I rather apprehend he must be mistaken :—for though, as I said before, we have plenty of excellent critics,
yet

yet the devil of any authors we have got, according to their own accounts, and most pathetic lamentations, worthy a perusal.—

Now, as these critics of ours are ever deploring the decay of fine writing; and they must know, from their finding fault, how it should be done, and consequently, how to do it themselves; I wonder they don't set about some works of Genius, and recal the vagabond from his banishment.

But I only mean this as a *hint*—and hope they will not be *angry* with me for my presumption, in pretending to think that such exploits would be more reputable, more profitable, and more for the advantage of literature, than their present illiberal occupations.

I am sure I would heartily join my penny, with all the poor devils of authors now existing, that can *afford* it, as an encouragement to the critics in their search after Genius; if they will but take the trouble: and I will offer up my most fervent prayers, with the rest of us, for the success of their enterprize; and that they may be fortunate enough to find the fugitive.—I will likewise join with my brethren in the most cordial wishes, that the critics may *know* the gentleman when they see him, and not bring home some paltry scoundrel in his stead—for that would be a terrible disappointment to his old friends and acquaintance.

It is true, I should not have surmised such a thing, as a possibility of their mistaking the gentleman; only, that they were such a long while before they discovered him in the possession of *Yarick*: who carried him in his silk breeches to France; and, it is said, he has never been heard of since.

Many

Many things are talked of, in the country where I live, about this poor wanderer.—It is said the critics have a mortal aversion to him; and wherever the poor young fellow pops in his head, they are sure to give him a knock on the pate, or otherwise, maul him most confoundedly.—It is likewise said, that whenever he gets the upper-hand, he is sure to be saucy; and, in particular, to play the devil with the critics: So, if these things are true on both sides, it is no wonder, that as the critics are at this time, so numerous and powerful, Genius is expelled the country, and obliged to take shelter in some more hospitable clime.

Thus Genius being banished by the critics, we are refining, under their patronage, in our manners respecting literature, so exquisitely, that all distinguishing characteristic is polished away, and lost in the smoothness and elegance of our style.

—Diction so correct and inoffensive—manner so sweet and delicate—periods so smooth, languishing, and mellifluous; that you are led through a folio as delightfully, as if you were drawn a thousand miles naked upon the surface of the finest satins!—grief is so softened—joy is so tempered—rage is so becalmed—and fear is so animated; that a description of all these opposite passions together, appears as if there were none of them concerned; but like a tale of two calves, and a flock of sheep, going from the field to the fold!—

—The sublime style is now reckoned the bombastical—the simple is the vulgar—but the feeble and the flowing is the beautiful.

If you would presume to write now-a-days, you must not explore the warm emotions of a female breast, because you may be *indelicate*—nor describe
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the artless manners of the common people, because you may be guilty of *vulgarity*.—If you attempt either of these, you must not offend the rules of decorum ; but soften your expressions so cautiously, that your description will do for a *plumb-pudding*, as well as a *beauty* ; or for my *lord* as perfectly as for *Humphry Horfeshoe*, the blacksmith.—You must not set the seas a roaring, the tempests raging, the billows foaming, mountains nodding ; for then you will be bombastical—nor must you melt to soft music among the Arcadian nymphs and swains, nor by fountain side, nor purling stream, sweetly bemoan the absence of your love—for then you will be

“ Some simple swain, more silly than his sheep,
“ Which on the flow’ry plain he used to keep.”

In these cases, and a thousand more, you must shun nature, and follow the *MODE* :—a ridiculous, arbitrary, contemptible monster, under whose patronage you can alone be sheltered from literary damnation.

But as Genius is banished this country, and the people seem perfectly reconciled to the loss of him ; the only method to be taken is to learn to write according to the present fashion. For an improved, good understanding, without genius, will always be plausible and correct—You will commit no absurdities—no blunders :—every thing will be feasible, proper, and in place. But you will produce nothing to strike with astonishment :—no grandeur of thought or expression :—no charms to enrapture the soul, and to waft it into the regions of imagination : nor any touches to inflame, to assuage, or even to excite the passions. But, at the same time, you will escape those whims, inconsistencies, and even follies (so inseparable to

to genius) which the critics feast upon, as flies do upon every filthy thing they meet with.

I have not time, or it would be as easy, as well as curious, to trace the different degrees of Genius, according to the above account of him, as exhibited in the works of our best authors. But I must drop the subject, with the following hints only upon four of them for a proper investigation, and seriously proceed with my story of the Nightingale.

In *Pope* you are fatigued with perfection.—In *Shakespeare* you are charmed with, and astonished at his sublimity; and sometimes smile at his folly.—In *Swift* you have a strong, masterly, even run of irony: while *Sterne* pleases you as much by his nonsense, as with his more delicious touches of the pathetic.

—Genius borders upon frenzy and folly, but makes ample amends by the magnificence of his exploits; while Judgment corrects his extravagancies, but is apt to doze upon the bed of serenity and inanimation: and it is rare that both Genius and Judgment meet in an individual.

Pope and *Swift* were raised by Judgment upon the confines of Genius: but were never suffered to range through the realms of the inspiring God.—*Shakespeare* towered aloft, the sole monarch of the empire of Genius; while Judgment, as his Mentor or Prime Minister, seldom neglected his duty.—*Sterne* mounted his Hobby-horse, and ambled at his ease, either forwards or backwards, straight-ways or cross-ways, this way or that way, within the frontiers of the domains of Genius.—He cared not a pin for his prime minister, Judgment, but kicked him, caressed him, rejected him, or made use of him, at his pleasure.

C H A P.

C H A P. XLIV.

PHILARIO, the gentleman who accompanied me in my ramble, is a person of a most refined taste for rural enjoyments. A taste so exquisitely polished, that at the same time it admits of every embellishment Art can possibly bestow, yet it never loses sight of Nature, as its sole guide, or northern star, to which every idea of elegance and simplicity is as invariably directed as the needle to the pole.

The *finest* gardens in the world, filled with the most stately trees, planted in *exact* rows; Fountains, with their Scorpions, Dragons, and Devils, spouting their waters in the face of the astonished spectator; Walks, branching themselves out at Right Angles from each other; Parterres, or Flower-plats, placed like *minced pies, tarts, or cheese-cakes*, in regular progression; Yew trees cut into Statues, and Statues into Yew-trees; together with all the various improvements frequently to be met with in pleasure grounds; have no other effect upon *Philario* than to excite his contempt and indignation.—Amidst the most profuse expence, magnificence, and grandeur, exhibited to captivate his heart, and dazzle his intellects, he sighs for a green field or a meadow, and curses the mistaken prodigality of the designer.

Philario hath the penetrating eye of a surveyor; and if it fall upon your gardens, or your pleasure grounds, it will be able to blast or wither, all the laurels you may fancy they contain.—But you may be sure he will do justice to your merit.

He has the dignified manner of a senator; which strikes you with respect for, or aversion to his character,

character, just as you may be qualified to judge of human nature.

He possesses a sprightly fancy, which, upon sudden occasions, surprizes you with the most brilliant remarks; and his sayings, in his convivial hours, are so striking, that they are constantly recorded by his friends.

To be sure, he is apt to be ludicrous, whimsical, and absurd—for which rare qualities, you will say, he is an excellent companion for the *Trifler*.

Having been bred in the country, *Philario* possesses an irreconcilable aversion to towns and large assemblies of men: and often ridiculously asserts, that horses and cows are much more respectable animals than the bulk of mankind.

As to the women, he is a most true, a most cordial, and a most unfortunate lover of the sex; having had as many engagements and overthrows among the fair-ones, as any gentleman of his standing.

Whether it be that *Philario's* dignity of carriage, which is merely habitual, is mistaken by the women for a contempt of their mental faculties, I cannot say; but I'll answer for it, there is not a gentleman in the kingdom has a more warm attachment to their corporal affairs, than *Philario*.

Philario is not a *Macaroni* in his habiliments, but rather inclining to the beau: and no man considers a suit of clothes with more circumspection, before he ventures to decide in their favour, or admit them upon his back.

He has peculiarities in his diet, that sometimes give rise to much mirth—and are laughable enough.—For he is what the women call a Cot: and if he has not received, from the cook, the ceremony of

of the *Dish-clout*, I am sure he has deserved it many and many a time.—He knows, to a turn, when the beef is roasted : and three turns, especially over the mark, will at any time spoil his dinner.—He is a mighty man for fish, partridge, hares, ducks and widgeons ; which he will contemplate, while preparing for the table, with infinite satisfaction : and when they are placed before him, he will devour his part of them with much glee, but great moderation : being, after all this parade, a very little eater.

He is as fond, as when he was a boy, of Tarts, Custards, Cheesecakes, Cream, Milk, Plumb-pudding and Fruit : and is extremely happy when he meets with these articles in perfection.

He has a great attachment to vegetables, particularly in the spring ; and will walk with you twenty miles, to dine out of fresh frying herbs and bacon.

If he can meet with a clean old woman, in the country, remarkable for making fat Pig's Puddings, he will whip half a dozen links of them into his pocket, and carry them ten miles with much premeditating delight.

Thus you have, Mr. Reader, the most remarkable strokes in the character of *Philario* ; at least, such of them as will answer my purpose, and account for some parts of his behaviour, which may fall under your notice, without any farther explanation.

In short, you have commenced an acquaintance with a gentleman, whom I hope you will admire : for, to sum up his character in three words, he is a very *nice* man, with *exquisite* feelings, and a *good* heart.

C H A P. XLV.

IN one of the finest mornings that ever blessed the month of May, *Philario* and the *Trifler* set off in pursuit of the Nightingale; there being not any of those delicious birds in the country where they resided.

High in spirits, health, and expectation, we walked with that exhilarating frenzy of delight, which frequently entrances those happy mortals, who can shake off the business of the world, and all its plagues and concerns, and fairly enjoy the present hour.

We were too extravagant in our felicity, to attend to any circumstance worthy the notice of the reader, until we had advanced seven miles upon our march: when we met with the adventure of the Club, as described in the 28th chapter of this work.

After having strictly scrutinized the operations of that momentous and ever memorable society, during its parade through the town, and escaped the dangers to which our temerity had exposed us; we entered the same inn, where a plentiful feast for the members was provided, and were kindly greeted by the facetious landlord of the *Cross*.

But as it was improper for the illustrious members of this club, to admit strangers to their annual feast, when such important business was to be transacted for their mutual advantage, as specified at large in the chapter referred to; we were ushered into a convenient private room, and very civilly assured by our host, that no hurry nor bustle in his house should prevent our being waited upon
with

with alacrity, pleasure, and thanks.—And, to do him justice, he was as good as his word; for he served us, immediately, with an excellent dinner.

Gay looks, significant strokes of humour, familiar repartees, nods, winks, and becks, adorned his attendance; and were very strong marks of his great sense, great prosperity, and of that inspiration, which his high office, as president of his club, had inflamed his imagination.

Philario, indeed, began to bridle at the free and easy deportment of our landlord.—His dignity was roused; and he swore he really thought the man was drunk: But I soon convinced him of the error into which he was running, by gravely protesting that the man was as *sober* as a judge—but as *great* as a king.

Our dinner being dispatched, and our landlord called, from waiting upon us, to attend upon his friends in the dining room; we began to talk over the singularity of our first adventure; and to congratulate ourselves upon the season of the year; as we should, probably, meet with various amusing exploits among the villagers, during the whitsun-holidays.—

—But soon we were diverted from these speculations.—The sprightly fiddle, the shrill pipe and tabor, and the enchanting hautboy, struck off, at once, a jig, in the hall, exactly in tune with our feelings, and those of every creature within the house and its neighbourhood.

Immediately the doors flew open—the people gathered in the street—the members of the club were vociferous—and the rattling of their clamorous tongues accelerated, in proportion as the nimble-fingered performers increased in the gaiety and velocity of their tunes.

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The servant girls and fellows, with the half-maudlin guests in the kitchen, got round the music.—The wenches simpered or chuckled, just as they were titillated by the sprightly strains of the enrapturing fiddles.—The fellows scratched their empty noddles; shrugged their brawny shoulders; and cast, what amongst them are called, *sheep's looks* at the girls.—The nymphs drew near the swains; and the swains advanced towards the nymphs; until they closed by mutual consent, and began to *feel* one another—or to

“ Melt to soft music in the flames of love.”

The people without doors shared in the general joy.—Heads were, in great plenty, fixed against the outside of the windows; while the owners of them feasted their eyes and ears with the sight and sound of the music.

Many a hearty laugh, and many a feeling slap upon the back, did the buxom country lass bestow on her favourite John; while the lout stood like a great fool, insensible to her charms or to her advances, staring, with his mouth wide open, at the croud about him.

The beautiful *Lavinia* walked gracefully by, leaning upon the arm of her generous admirer:—And so finely had love attuned her feelings to the sounds of music, that our little band touched the trembling strings of passion, and awakened all her wishes and desires.—A gentle palpitation fluttered about her heart—a sigh heaved at her swelling bosom—she squeezed, involuntarily, the supporting arm of her lover—looked with sweetness ineffable in his ruddy face—while two pearly drops, bright emblems of her melting soul, gushed from
I her

her humid eyes ; and told, or seemed to tell, soft tales of love and amorous delights.

—The youth perceived his conquest and was happy.—

And now it was, that the first gust of rapture, which immediately succeeds a hearty dinner, began to subside among the members in the dining room ; and that illustrious body were sinking into profound debates for the benefit of their society.—The performers too, in the hall below, were withdrawing ; after having played just as long as they were delighted and flattered by the general applause.—So that the doors were shut—the people in the street dispersed—and we were left to the mercy of about twenty drunken fellows in the kitchen, who, with oaths as black as death, and as horrible, strove to excel each other in professions of love and friendship.—

But notwithstanding their violent asseverations to the contrary, this extreme cordiality bordered as nearly upon Blows, as upon any other act whatsoever : for two of them quarrelled about which loved his friend the best ; and before they could settle the dispute, such mighty thwacks did they bestow on one another, that you would have sworn, you never saw the effects of hatred and detestation more aptly figured, than in the countenances and operations of the combatants.

It seemed to be a sudden gust, only, of rage and madness, which had seized these loving heroes ; so that the battle was as short as it was violent : but its effects had like to have brought on a general engagement. For whenever the Furies are let loose among the common people, one battle draws on a second, a second a third, and so on,

on, until the Bruisers, together with the Bruised, are as numerous as the company.

But as the transitions from Fighting to Kissing, among the vulgar, are frequently as sudden as from Kissing to Fighting; so, upon a merry wag's proposing to drink and be friends, the majority of the present wranglers instantaneously joined in the motion, and over-ruled every opposition to the god of mirth and tranquillity.

And now they laughed, drank, and shook hands, more cordially than before the rupture broke out. —Nothing but mirth, high glee, rapture, extacy, riot and revels, were displayed; until a little fellow in a black wig, set up the most horrid yell, by way of a song, that ever wounded the delicate ears of a musician.

It was a very long song, written in the style of Chevy-chace: which the performer graced with so many sonorous modulations of the nostril; together with such a powerful exertion of his lungs, at certain points of the tune; that you would have been convinced, the man was determined to sing by main strength:—and, by the force of his voice, if not by the melody of his harmony, to vie with all the *methodical* preachers in the kingdom; who are said to depend more upon the noise they make in their conventicles, than upon the weight or solidity of their arguments.—At the close of each verse he exhibited a Twang as long as his breath would support him; and it was so curiously wrought, and so exquisitely finished! that it would have been impossible for *Diogenes* himself, on such an occasion, to maintain his gravity of countenance; or to prevent the muscles of his face, from being forced into a dreadful grin of painful pleasure and abhorrence.—So amazing was the

effect of this cadence, that the company joined in the support of it ; and, as congenial spirits, groaned out, most horribly, the remainder of the song.

During this curious chorus, *Philario's* nerves were so affected, that I was apprehensive of his falling into a fit.—He was endeavouring to adjust the bill with the landlord, for whom he had been ringing the bell with great fury ; but so much did the songsters in the kitchen, which was very near our apartment, ruffle his temper, and destroy his recollection, that he took his change without knowing what he had received ; and sallied forth into the street, like a man bereft of his senses.—I followed him, receiving, at the same time, the acknowledgments of our host, who, sincerely speaking, is a very civil person ; and joined the distressed *Philario* at the end of the town, in order to advance, that evening, five miles farther upon our expedition.

C H A P. XLVI.

I Found *Philario*, after his bursting in a rage and distraction from the *Cross*, gazing at two beautiful damsels, who were laughing at him within the window of a neat little box, upon a rising ground, immediately on our emerging from the scene of the last adventure : and was pleased to find that the contemplation of beauty had such an amazing effect upon his passions, as to change them, in an instant, from the most dreadful emotions, to the tender feelings of a panting lover.

These charming creatures had taken such full possession of his soul, that, without perceiving the impropriety of the thing, he seized me fast by the collar,

collar, the moment I joined him, and, pointing eagerly to the ladies—there, said *Philario*, are those very identical goddesses, who struck us with such astonishment and rapture, on our overtaking them, some time ago, upon the road by the side of the delightful walks of —. And then he run on—don't you remember, that we were on horse-back?—that they were a-foot?—that, after walking before us for the space of an hundred yards, they turned into the woods and disappeared—leaving us upon enchanted ground, staring at one another like a couple of fools, until we were lost in a reverie of illusion?—Don't you remember, said *Philario*, in the most ardent manner imaginable—

But here, gentle reader, I was obliged to interpose—for by this time he was growing, in appearance, extremely rude.—He had advanced very near to the house, hauling me after him by the collar, and pointing with his finger to the ladies—who really began to shew signs of displeasure—and made me fancy that I heard the following odious epithets drop at intervals from their coral lips—Rude!—impertinent!—fellows!—

Don't you forget, said I, interrupting *Philario*, and resisting his motions, so as to make our attitudes the most delightful positions for the amusement of the spectators:—Don't you forget, said I to *Philario*, endeavouring to disengage myself from his grasp,—that you are behaving rude?—and that the ladies are offended?—

Offended!—exclaimed *Philario*—loosing me—how can they be offended—when, at this moment, I am in an extacy of admiration—and would fall down prostrate at their feet---and worship them with more real fervour, and sincerity, if possible, than a deluded

a deluded, happy, enthusiastic catholic does the virgin!--

Well but, said I to *Philario*---though I believe you, and am sensible of your motives for this outrage upon decorum; yet the ladies may mistake your feelings --and attribute these extraordinary manœuvres and gesticulations of yours, to the common impertinence of common men---which such people are too apt to exhibit, when they come within the sight or hearing of beautiful women.---

Why, then, these beautiful women are fools, said *Philario*, if they cannot distinguish between the common, staring, insolent rascal, who means to offend them, and the man of honour, who is lost in a reverie of rapture at the sight of them; and who would sooner die than give the least shock to their delicacy.—But they were made to be looked at—and by heavens, exclaimed *Philario*, I will enjoy that pleasure, at least, as long as my eyes will last, and there is one woman in the kingdom fit for the purpose.

Upon the close of this speech, which was spoken with much energy, he left me—not a little hurt by the interruption which I had given to his rhapsody: while the mere supposition, that it was possible the present objects of his admiration could be offended at him for his devotion, gave him as much disgust, as was sufficient to check the ardour of his passion in their favour, and cause him to look at them as he passed the window, with that sort of dignity and superiority, which a gentleman discovers, when he fancies himself degraded by too great a familiarity with meaner objects.

I followed him—laughing at the pain this trifling occurrence had excited in his bosom—and perceiving,

ceiving, to my great satisfaction, forgiveness and complacency fix themselves upon the brows of our charmers, as we retreated from their presence.

But *Philario* not being in a humour, after this abrupt check upon the violence of his imagination, to indulge me, immediately, with the history of his goddesses, I set about the recollection of the story.—And while he amuses himself in picking flowers before me, and in recovering the equal tone of his temper, or, until some other incident may call forth the attention of us both to more interesting affairs; accept, gentle reader, the history of one of the most considerable and delightful adventures, to be met with in this work, or any other upon the face of the earth.

C H A P. XLVII.

I REMEMBERED, perfectly, upon *Philario's* suggesting the matter, the affair he alluded to; and that it was a circumstance which gave us as much pleasure, as ever enthusiastic rambles felt upon any occasion.

We were returning from exploring the beauties of a delightful park, in the neighbourhood of the Walks he mentioned.—This park is the most luxuriant scene imaginable; and exactly adapted to raise in the mind the most benevolent and rapturous ideas.—

The strong, enthusiastic emotions of our own hearts—added to the enchantment of the place before us—it being one of the finest spots in the world;—these, together with the rural, *Arcadian* conceptions, which prevailed in the minds of a couple of the most ridiculous personages in this country; were

were more than sufficient to render the sudden appearance of two heavenly nymphs, in all their pride of elegance and beauty, totally, palpably, and to all intents and purposes, a delusion.

And to make it still more captivating—the manner of their appearance, and their gliding, imperceptibly, away from us—their being alone—and their not bearing the least token of any thing earthly about them ; were wonderful aids towards the raising of a vision. They were excellent helps to the Imagination to impose upon the senses ; and to carry the man into the regions of Queen Mab—or the fairy lawns which Fancy decorates so delightfully, when she leads you through the wild and extravagant paths of her own preposterous but most beautiful creation.

We were riding, near to each other, along a lane by the side of the Walks, as gently as a horse could move.—We were both of us busied in the contemplation of the objects we had seen, and those before us. The evening was calm—the sky, above us, was streaked with those charming, fleecy, transparent clouds, which form a painting, beyond the power of the pencil to imitate.—The sun blazed, immense, in the west—whilst his rays lit up the deeper clouds that hovered about him, and immediately covered his face—which, with their edges of gold, and their fascinating diversity of figure—their fanciful, gaudy decorations, of various, strong, and magic tints—together with the heaven, or the seat of the gods, which, to a warm imagination, so strikingly appear beyond them, and seem to verge upon their borders ; composed a scene the most intoxicating, that could possibly oppress the senses.

—We

—We drank at this rich fountain of nature—we took large draughts to the power which gave it to us—we were inebriated with extacy and delight—we adored the omnipotent maker of the universe; and chanted his praises, in every wild and lively expression which the warmest gratitude could inspire.—We were not Priests, we were not Fanatics—but we were men—and poured forth our souls in humble acknowledgments to our all-bountiful Creator.

In this situation were we, gentle reader, when from a path which issues from a wood, or copse, wherein are those delicious Walks I told thee of; suddenly and unexpectedly emerged two of the most graceful nymphs, that ever poet feigned, as the residents of the groves, the waters, or the heavens.

They stepped over the stile into the road before us—they looked back upon us several times—they stepped over the next stile into the grove again—they stopped and looked upon us—the bushes often intervened—they looked upon us through the intervals—they retreated—still observing us—until, at last, they totally disappeared, as rural deities, or woodland nymphs—leaving us in rapture, silence, and astonishment!

After a pause for several minutes, employed in gazing wildly at the woods, the sky, the sun, and his bright attendants, the fiery clouds—while the mind enjoyed the ravishing delirium, which the incident and the scene inspired—while Fancy played upon the senses, and hurried the man into the moon among the fairies—into the elysian fields among the gods and goddesses;—after a pause, in short, which turned every thing into enchantment, and which, to a man of feeling, is insupportable;

Philaria jumped off his horse, and walking to an adjoining gate, he leaned his head upon it and exclaimed---

“ Oh intolerable!--there wanted but this to
 “ complete me---I am ravished—I am ruined—I
 “ am enveloped in a wilderness upon fairy land.—
 “ The *Imps*, to plague us, have sent these graci-
 “ ous forms to drive us distracted with ineffable
 “ delight!”—

—Then, lifting up his face to the woods, and piercing their deep recesses with an eager eye, he cried——

“ But where are they?—sweet inhabitants of
 “ enchanted ground, from whence did you spring
 “ —and whither are you retired?—what happy
 “ recess do you grace with your presence?—are
 “ you sylvan deities, the protectors of the woods?
 “ —are you the dryades that inhabit the groves?
 “ —are you the followers of Pan and the fawns?
 “ do the satyrs revel in your charms?—do you
 “ lave in the limpid streams—and, mermaid-like,
 “ do you beguile our steps to destruction?—or
 “ are you the simple water nymphs, who blush
 “ and retire at the sight of man—too pure and
 “ immaculate for human embraces?—Oh! char-
 “ mers—Oh! excellent forms—whatever you are
 “ —return again, and bless our longing eyes once
 “ more with your presence.—We will fall down
 “ prostrate at your feet—we will strew your
 “ paths with the finest flowers—we will cut
 “ away the offensive sprigs that may entangle
 “ your flowing vestments—we will prepare the
 “ bed of roses—we will watch you in your slum-
 “ bers—we will prevent the rude approaches of
 “ men, and chastise the insolence of each officious
 “ observer—we will wake you to the notes of the
 “ nightingale

“ nightingale—we will woo her to regale you with
 “ her melody—we will silence the screech-owl—
 “ we will drive far away the yelping cur, that
 “ barks at the moon—we will prevent the storms
 “ from rising—the thunder from rattling—and we
 “ will prevail upon the chaste Diana, to shed her
 “ mild influence over you during the serene and
 “ melancholy night !”

While *Philario* was thus addressing the wood
 nymphs, I sat upon my horse, gazing at the set-
 ting sun, with all his brightened train of fascina-
 ting clouds: and so forcibly was my imagination
 fired with the resemblance of heaven, and the seats
 of the gods, among them, that I thought I heard
 loud pæans in praise of Jupiter; and fancied that
 the whole vaulted hemisphere re-echoed with the
 sounds.

Strange infatuation! said I—turning to *Philario*
 —who, upon finding all his solicitations to draw
 his goddesses from their retreat unavailing; and
 moved by the workings of his sprightly fancy,
 which had hurried his mind into an intolerable de-
 gree of phrensy; he vaulted upon his steed, like a
 phantom—set spurs to the willing creature—and
 vanished, like Pegasus, in a moment from my
 view.

Upon this the vision dropped—and I ambled
 after him at my leisure—blessing the supreme
 Giver of all things, who had endowed us with
 that inestimable jewel—SENSIBILITY.

Reader, if thou art a judge of the human pas-
 sions, as they influence the mind upon various oc-
 casions; thou wilt be sensible, that the sudden
 flight of *Philario*, was the natural consequence
 of the violent emotions of his heart.—If thou
 knowest

knowest nothing of the matter—turn *toothless* critic, and *snarl* at this chapter.

C H A P. XLVIII.

STRIP the mind of its sensibility, and reduce all things in this life to their reality, and you destroy every pleasure in it.

The goddesses we met with by the side of the woods, will, at this rate, be nothing more than a couple of simple girls taking an evening walk: and by their looking back so often, a fellow of gross conceptions would reduce them still lower; and swear that there was something meretricious about them.—He would express great wonder, that we did not leave our horses, and every divine meditation, and follow them into the woods, in search of meer earthly gratifications.

Foh! how filthy this!

I have often wished, on exploring the beauties of the most delightful pleasure grounds, where the most sprightly fancy has been employed in raising every part of them into scenes of enchantment—where every effort has been made use of to captivate the heart, and impose upon the senses—so as to lift the whole into the semblance of a perfect elysium; for the sudden and unexpected appearance of graceful nymphs, in all the rural simplicity of dress and manners.

How forcibly, in such recesses, would these charmers play upon the imagination of a man buried in contemplation, and who conceived the scenes before him to be the residence of the muses—the retirements of the blest—the seats of the nymphs and the graces; if such delicious objects were to
present

present themselves in proper places and at proper seasons, instead of his having recourse to such a violence done to the senses, as to turn the cold and inanimate figures of stone, which we meet with in parks, into the warm and luxuriant representations of life, pleasure, and immortality!

Statues, even of the naked and retiring Venus, are, indeed, beautiful, says *Philario*—who is an enthusiast in pleasure grounds—"but what are they to woman!"

"When she appears they vanish into air."

I am sure I never saw a fine woman in a rural situation, but I thought her a goddess—and never knew a man of feeling, that met any of the sex, in his walks through the most happily disposed parks for detaching the mind from earthly considerations, but what was struck with the very same idea—and lost every sensation, which he might have conceived from the justest arrangement of the most striking objects, when they appear as the emblems of poetical fiction, or the enchanting divinities of the place.

But here I am, with great pains, endeavouring to persuade the reader into that which he will look upon as self-evident. He will be surprised that I should make such a fuss about giving the preference to a fine girl, full of life and pleasure, when compared to her likeness in inanimated stone—and laugh at me for my absurdity. But I must desire the favour of this cavalier to take notice, that in the case we are now speaking of, it is totally different from any sensual or earthly view which the mind can have in the objects before it.

A park, I conceive as the representation of elysium—or some such fine place—not of this world.

---The

—The streams and the fountains are full of the naiades—the woods of the dryades, and all the sylvan deities.—The deep recesses and the flowery lawns are crowded with innumerable phantoms, the dreams of poetry and of fiction—and well supported by the strength of a warm imagination, while it wanders enraptured, over such delightful scenes.—Statues are placed in proper stations, in order to carry on the delusion—and which you are to suppose, in your reverie, not to be representations, but the real divinities, the protectors of the place—the nymphs that inhabit those retreats—or, in short, whatever the fancy of the designer has intended.—

Now, when you are seated under a dusky urn—with your eyes fixed upon the statue of a naked Venus, by the side of a dripping fountain, who is striving with her hands to conceal her charms; you are to divest yourself of every earthly consideration, and fancy it the goddess herself—not her figure in stone—and rather die than endeavour to pry into her affairs---but slide away with becoming modesty and respect.

In like manner are you to behave, in this situation, should three beautiful nymphs, of flesh and blood, in loose or flowing attire, or without any at all, pass by this Venus of stone, and dip at the fountain, or retire, instantaneously, among the trees.--You must imagine---nay you must positively believe, that they are the Graces, inviolably inaccessible---and not think a tittle about running after them, as three tight wenches that you would be glad to kiss and play with---

Zounds!---this, sir, would spoil all---and if you could not, upon such occasions, divest yourself of such groveling affections, you are not fit
to

to follow the *Trifler* through the *Wilds of Fancy*; nor to enjoy the sweet illusive pleasures of the park.

Thus, sir, are you to consider beautiful women, when they appear upon the enchanted ground of a sweetly diversified park.—And all I contend for is, that they are the most ravishing objects, which the imagination can possibly paint, when they are conceived as merely a part of the scene—in the same manner as its statues—as its wood nymphs—as its water nymphs—as its Venuses—or as its Graces—and not as partakers, like yourself, of the ravishment with which such scenes fill the mind of a whimsical spectator.

Thus it was, when our nymphs, by the side of those delightful Walks before-mentioned, imposed upon our wayward and extravagant imaginations.—They appeared to us as pertaining to the scene before us; and not as the simple partakers of the delicious delusion.—They were dressed in a manner the most ravishing to the eye of an observer, who was already prepossessed in favour of the powers of necromancy; and to whom every object seemed fraught with the fascinating charms of elysium.

They were arrayed in soft satins, as white as the snows of Zembla.—Their auburn locks played, in ringlets, upon their downy shoulders; and upon their throbbing breasts.—Their throbbing breasts gave a superior lustre to their dazzling vestments.—Upon their falling shoulders were erected pillars of polished marble; so completely fashioned to ravish the beholder; so inexplicably bewitching in their form and flexibility; that the heads, which they supported with grace and elegance divine, were the only objects that could draw the attention

tion of the gazer from his reverie of ineffable delight.—Their heads were the summit of perfection.—Their faces conveyed to the wretched spectator the idea of that heaven which he knew he did not merit ; and which he was assured he never should attain ; while his expiring soul sucked in delicious poison from their piercing eyes, until he fell a prey to the most excruciating despair.

A desirable beauty, where there is a sweet harmony in the features, you look at with inexplicable fascination. The sight is absolutely illusion—for you forget the resemblance as soon as you part from the object.—I never saw a face of this sort—particularly when my admiration of it bordered upon fondness—or that I was bit with something like a passion—or, in plainer terms, love seemed, for the time being, to have given me, not a mortal wound in the heart, but a piercing stab somewhat near the vital part—that I could ever afterwards recollect the features of the charmer, so as to call them into an ideal view before me, in the same manner that you do a remarkable face.

Now the nymphs we met with, by the Walks, were such as you could never forget : for they were tall striking figures—with fine aquiline faces—with piercing eyes—with flowing hair—with long polished necks—with falling shoulders—and with breasts that disdained each other, and the touch of man.—That is, they were *remarkable* beauties :—and, for a chance view, exquisitely adapted to create the surprize we felt in the beholding of them.—Their resemblance will never leave the mind, or be blotted out of the memory—but will last as long as recollection and fancy have any influence upon the senses.

C H A P.

C H A P. XLIX.

THE reader will be pleased to remember, that we left *Philario* picking flowers before us, after his last embarrassment with his favourite goddesses; and, at the same time, I was amusing myself with the recollection of the story of our charmers, as described in the two preceding chapters.

Now it so happened, that while I was deeply engaged in that delicious business, *Philario* had strayed away from me quite out of my sight. So that when I began to drop the thread of my story, and to think of joining him, no *Philario* was there to be found.

I mended my pace considerably, and, for a quarter of a mile, felt the disagreeable sensations arising from the folly or perverseness, which I conceived must operate in the mind of *Philario*, that could induce him to leave me so abruptly: and I began to sicken at the prospect before me; both with respect to the road, for I could by this time see half a mile of it in a direct line, but no *Philario*; as well as with regard to the pleasure of the journey; which, however highly we had estimated that pleasure, I perceived would not be performed without its alloy of pain.

Sad reverse! said I—shaking my head—Thus it is with all human transactions!—

It was upon a small eminence that I uttered the aforesaid moral sentence—together with the following immoral ones.

Strange! said I, where the plague is the fellow?—It is impossible he can be got so far before me as the top of yonder hill. Why that hill is
above

above half a mile off!—And (pulling out my watch) zounds! I recollect seeing him within these ten minutes.—Pshaw! Now this is nonsense.—He is playing me some foolish trick or other,—Nay, if you are at this! *Philario*, it is as good we turn back, and not think of proceeding in such a ridiculous manner.—You may think it fun, and fancy yourself vastly clever upon the occasion; but I think it all a parcel of nonsense, and calculated only to imbitter one of the sweetest and most incomparable pleasures in life.—No—said I, (looking up the road) I will not budge a jot farther—and (rising in my spleen) you may go to the devil, if you please, for I'll return to the *Crofs*.

Thus was I talking myself into a very peevish humour, and marching with great haste back again; when, just at the time I began to relent, and was thinking of making another effort to recover my companion; *Philario* came running out of a lane by the side of the road, and swore he had seen an enchantress—that he was bewitched—and that if I durst follow him, he would prove to me the truth of his assertion.

The moment I caught sight of *Philario*, my blood flew into my face—I was nettled—and should certainly have accosted him with some bitter expression or other, had he not prevented me by the sudden declaration of his pitiful plight. The thought of his having been bewitched, made me burst out a laughing—and I could not for the soul of me, think of distressing a man any farther, who laboured under the dreadful machinations of a sorceress.

However, I determined to let him have his way; and we scampered along the lane together in search of the wizard—for I really began to think,

think, that, as affairs had fallen out since the commencement of our journey, in particular to *Philario*; it would be much better for me to get myself bewitched out of the way—that we might be properly paired.

So I went with *Philario* to be bewitched.

But how came you, said I, (as we bustled along, and recollecting my own grievances) to leave me, *Philario*?

Why, said he, I often looked back—and finding you not disposed to join me—but seemingly very deeply engaged in cogitation, I suffered my Fancy to take me into her possession; and perceiving this lane to be a very pretty one, and likely to lead me into something new, I entered it, and found—but come along, for we are very near the place.

Hark! whispered *Philario*, vehemently, don't you hear her?—The blood, foolish as it was, rushed from my face, and I said, No—what is it you mean?—

Now it was a very calm evening; and the lane we were in was a bye-lane.—There was a falling ground upon our left, and a snug house, about twenty yards from the lane, imbosomed in a grove of trees—much like the habitation of a hermit, a wizard, or an enchantress.

Hark! said *Philario*, softly.—The leaves upon the elms by the side of the lane gave a sudden rustle, occasioned by a small puff of wind.—I started, and cried, What's the matter?

—But I was going with *Philario* to be bewitched—and the operation was begun.

Don't you hear soft plaintive music, said *Philario*?—No—said I—what the devil do you stare at?—

The

The leaves upon the tall elms, that cast a thick and melancholy gloom upon the lane, whiffled about as if desirous of quitting their hold, and of flying away from the mischiefs that were brewing.—

So was I—for my hair began to rise—my flesh to creep—and my limbs to tremble—

Follow me—said *Philario*.—Where? said I—zounds! I am all in a cold sweat.

There was a garden by the side of the house, surrounded with a thick holly-hedge, so impervious to the eye of the passenger, that it was difficult to find a place to get a view of the objects within it.—To a spot which *Philario* had found before, he rushed, impetuous and determined—and having fixed himself so as to make his observations undiscovered, he, with becks and other significant gesticulations, solicited me to join him.—I obeyed—but in the hurry and commotion of my spirits, I had liked to have overset him and myself among a bed of nettles in the ditch.—

Hush! cried *Philario*—don't you hear the Minstrel?—O heavenly! How sweet is this!—

So it was—for it dispelled all my fears—and put me instantly in mind of the Syrens—who, with their warblings, drew the unwary to destruction.—It had the very same effect upon me, as the songs of the enchantresses of old had upon the listeners to their melodious strains—which gave ease and comfort to the deluded auditor, when he was in his greatest danger, and upon the very brink of falling a victim to their perfidious snares.

Now, reader, blush at thy own want of feeling—at thy unhappy loss in being incapable of enjoying in their fullest extent, the PLEASURES

OF

OF THE IMAGINATION ; if thou canst not conceive that a young and beautiful girl, seated in a re-cluse harbour of roses and woodbines, and playing, all alone, most ravishingly, upon her guitar ; should catch the attention of *Philario* and the *Trisler* in such a manner, as to throw them into the enthusiastic raptures of admiration !

These are the Wilds of Fancy that I promised you, gentle reader ; and if you cannot relish them, leave me to my fate, with what epithets you please, and I will only say, in return for your contempt, that I am sorry for you !

The harbour of woodbines, jessamines, and roses, was whimsically wrought in one corner of the garden—and so retired, that it was difficult to trace the path which led to it.—It was by great good fortune that *Philario* happened to find a place in the thick holly-hedge, not only that he could see through, but from whence he could have a view of the harbour and the objects within it.

On a seat in this harbour was placed a young girl of about eighteen. She had a sweetness in her countenance, inexpressibly captivating---which, added to a melancholy air that she was playing upon a guitar, and a melancholy heart which accompanied her strains ; could not but rivet the beholder to her charms, and interest him immediately in all her concerns.

She was dressed in a green silk gown. Her head was fancifully decorated with sprigs, flowers, and brilliants. Her hair was perfectly in taste, but not preposterously fashionable. Her neck was of ivory. Her breasts told the wretched story of her heart ; and heaved and struggled with her sighs. She wore a white petticoat, fringed round the bottom. She sat,

sat, giving us a view of her in profile, with an inclination to her front. Her left leg, which was on the side next us, was turned over the right knee. The skirt of her green silk gown had fallen back ; and discovered the whole of her white fringed petticoat. — In the action of tossing her left leg over the right knee, she had tucked in her white fringed petticoat in such a careless manner, that her right leg, which supported the left, was visible to a considerable height. Her stockings were of the finest white, and of the finest silk : and her legs of the finest shape. Her shoes were of white satin ; braced with roses of green ribbon. — She held her guitar in an elegant position ; from the head of which depended a streamer of broad silk, that played most wantonly about her knees.

This love-lorn damsel, for so she was, had been sitting in the same position as described above, from the time *Philario* found her, until so long after my arrival at the place, as to give me an opportunity of making the minute observations which I have given the reader.

Her head was leaning rather on one side ; and her eyes were stedfastly fixed upon the ground. The air which she played was a continued melancholy strain ; and she accompanied each soft and dying touch with a sigh ! a tear frequently stole down her cheek, and gave every now and then, a trifling interruption to her music ; while she applied a white handkerchief to her lovely face.

Thus the gentle mourner was pouring out her soul in melting strains to her absent lover : — Whilst her new admirers in the ditch, under the thick holly-hedge, were receiving with open mouths, eager eyes, and attentive ears, every breath, look, motion, and note of the Syren.

And

And how do you find yourself, *Philario*?—O intolerable! It is the peculiar fate of our wanderings, to be thus distressed by our attention to those calamities in life, which are laughed at by the vulgar.—Poor, delicious, unhappy mourner!—Could we pour in the healing balsam to thy griefs!—But hush! she speaks.—

She laid her guitar on a simple table, that was fixed within the harbour: And, placing her right elbow upon one corner of it, she reclined her distracted head within the palm of her hand.

After looking wildly about her—sometimes knitting her brows, as if she felt the most excruciating pain; and then smiling beneficently upon the leaves and flowers that surrounded her; and could you, said she to the woodbines, serve me so cruelly?—Could you woo me to foster you in my faithful bosom, and then leave me to bewail your loss?—Oh! wretched *Almira*! Oh! faithless *Lysander*!—How could you wrest yourself away from me, after the pains you took to enslave me?—But you are gone.—You swore it was necessity and your fate that obliged you to retire.—You promised to return.—Ere this you promised to fly to my panting breast—but you have deceived me—you have betrayed a poor, helpless, abandoned maid!

—God Almighty hurl perdition upon the villain for it! exclaimed *Philario*—rising and snatching up his cane.—Hush! cried I, for God's sake don't be foolish.—*Philario* sat down again—and taking out a pocket handkerchief, he buried his face within its folds.

The wretched *Almira*, for so she called herself, soon found her complaints too much for her to support. A flood of tears suppressed her words; during

during which she gave way to the most incorrect and heedless deportment.

But there was nobody saw her—except the most chaste, and the warmest of her friends—*Philario* and the *Trifler*.

She fixed her right foot against the seat that went in an angle from that on which she sat.—She stretched out the other to a considerable distance. She raised her hands behind her head; and elevating the front of her body with a most violent exertion, a groan burst from the cavity within her inflated and protuberant bosom, that struck us into annihilation! We froze with horror! Our limbs and our senses were benumbed.

This exertion and sudden gust of passion, gave her a momentary relief. She seemed exhausted; and listlessly sunk down with her head upon the table. Her stretched-out limbs followed, involuntarily, the emotions of her heart; and fell into proper order and decorum.

She lay in this position a few minutes; while the convulsive motions of her body, palpably denoted the torrent that streamed from her eyes.—She rose and discovered such a face of woe—so bloated—so inflamed—yet so bewitching; that no expressions but those that were painted upon her distracted countenance, can possibly convey an idea of it.

She looked stedfastly for some time. Her face was directed to the place where we lay concealed. We were struck with apprehension. We inclined a little out of the direct line of our view.—We swore that we would sooner be assassinated, than she should undergo the additional pain of knowing that she was observed.

Poor creature! she knew nothing of the matter. She was buried in her own distresses!

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A dawn of comfort, however, seemed, at length, to lighten up her eyes. Her grief had its vent.—She wiped her face several times. Her hair was dishevelled: she perceived it; and attempted to adjust her tresses.—She surveyed her cloaths—placed them in proper order—and then dissolved in pensive contemplation.

Her passions, by degrees, were lulled into repose. She appeared to revive. Hope began to flatter her; and to persuade her things were not so bad as she represented them.—Her lover should return.—She smiled; and took a paper from her pocket—which, after kissing it several times, she laid up—on the table.

She looked very often at her cloaths—at the table—at the seats—and about the garden, as she sat—and seemed conscious that she had been extravagant in her grief, and fearful of an observer.

—We twitched one another by the sleeve, and held our breaths.

A chearful ray of pleasure lit up her frame.—She perceived that she was safe—and that she had not been watched—except by her guardian angels. She took up her guitar—applied her fingers to the trembling strings—and then, forcing out a slight cough, by way of preparative, the breath of which I would have given part of my liver to catch, she accompanied her instrument with the following song—which *Philario* took down in shorthand, as she proceeded.

“ Gentle breezes, fan my bosom,

“ Cool the flame within my breast;

“ With the tender faded blossom,

“ Waft me to eternal rest.

K

“ Go,

" Go, ye winds, and tell Lysander,

" Lost Almira mourns her fate ;

" Whisper to the faithless wand'rer,

" That she cannot bear his hate.

" Death in terror stands before me,

" All aghast I trembling lie ;

" See! the monster hovers o'er me,

" Poor Almira soon must die !

" Drive the fiend, ye gentle zephyrs,

" Raise Lysander to my aid ;

" Send the worst of all deceivers,

" To relieve a helpless maid.

" Come, O ! come, thou dear betrayer,

" To thy plighted vows be true ;

" Listen to my fervent prayer,

" For my life depends on you !

" When you're on my bosom lying,

" And intwin'd we're closely prest ;

" Let me prove the bliss of dying,

" To revive supremely blest."

Poor *Almira* ! The winds, alas ! and the breezes
are as changeable and as faithless as thy lover !

I thought there was something prophetic in her
song.—Nothing could allay the torment of her
heart. She was deeply wounded. The dart was
fatal. The agitation she had undergone, and the
ray of comfort which gleamed upon her before she
began her song ; were now changed into a deep
melancholy.—Her heart was heavy—her spirits
were depressed—they were sunk to the very ebb of
life.—All sad and wretched she rose from her seat.
She tottered—and caught hold of the table to sup-
port herself.—She cast a hopeless eye about her—
then

then lifting up her lovely face to heaven, she, in a tone that wrung my very heart-strings, exclaimed, "God Almighty help me!"—She looked towards the house, as desirous to find some place of rest, and not knowing how to dispose of herself.—Her head ached—It was distracted—she pressed the palm of her hand upon it.—She came, pale and trembling, out of the harbour.—She turned into a bye path; still pressing her forehead with her hand.—My heart, my soul, and my life-blood, went with her.—She avoided the front door of the house—she must not be seen—real grief hides itself.—She turned, cautiously, towards the back of the house.—She vanished.

C H A P. L.

AND where are you going? said *Philario*.—

Now it so happened, that immediately upon the wretched *Almira's* turning behind the back of the house, we both of us rose from the bank under the thick holly-hedge; and without speaking a word to each other, we set off, instinctively, down the lane.

I had been distressing myself with the dismal catastrophe of that lovely maid; which my imagination had pointed out as plain to me, as if I had seen her in all the different stages of her malady.

I thought, as soon as she had crawled into the house, that she had crept up stairs, and threw herself upon her bed. That her aged mother, missing her longer than usual, had been in search of her.—She was not in the garden—the servants had not seen her—the old lady grew terrified—she, at length, went into her daughter's chamber—and

found the lovely mourner all weak and trembling with her grief—*Almira* begged for a drop of water—she was feverish, she said.—The good old lady took her hand—she felt her pulse and her forehead—she desired to see her tongue—Her aged head shook with a redoubled palsy—The water swam in her eyes—she pressed them with the corner of her apron---she bid her daughter be of comfort—she left her to fetch some water.

The poor lost girl grew very sick---a fever had seized her—she was desired by her friends to be of comfort—*Lysander* should return---she smiled, and said she was happy—and soon should be perfectly at rest---the attendants, round her bed, could not stifle their groans---they were checked by each other.

---The dying *Almira* turns up her pale and faded face to her weeping friends, with a languid look of complacency and gratitude for their concern---she casts her swimming eyes upon her mother---she stretches out her hand---The poor lady is supported by her maids---she cannot speak---she puts her hand upon the pillow---she is let down till her face joins her daughter's---*Almira* clasps her round her neck---and struggles with her parting breath, to console her disconsolate parent.

The attendants, in this sad scene, look wildly at each other---they fix their eyes upon the dear object of their grief---they burst into tears and lamentations.---

And where are we going, said *Philario*?

Good God! said I, I am glad you have interrupted me---you have relieved me from a dreadful scene of calamity---I was attending the poor *Almira* to her grave. But I hope my prophetic imagination

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tion will be deceived.—Poor distracted maid !
What think you of her, *Philario* ?

Why I think her lover is a villain---and I wish my sword was in his heart's blood. I have been engaged in drawing his picture---and cannot help looking upon him as some light-hearted, foolish rogue ; who, for amusement only, or to flatter his vanity, has played upon the passions of that sweet, innocent, and unsuspecting maid, until he saw she was in love ; and then left her, with all the indifference imaginable, to struggle with a passion that will be the death of her.—But curses light upon the villain—and may the gods pardon me for the many rash expressions which the perfidious caitiff has drawn from my lips.—

—And from your heart too, *Philario*, said I—and therefore you shall be forgiven—but why not quarrel with the customs of our country---which will not admit of our going, immediately, and proving to the lovely mourner, that we pity her ?—perhaps such consolation might be of service.

You see, said *Philario*, there are so many rascals in this country of ours, that we should be immediately taken for a couple of the fraternity---and deservedly be sent about our business.

Deservedly ! said I---pshaw ! that is too much, *Philario*---but I see you are touched to the quick---and ready to quarrel with yourself, as well as with the betrayer of *Almira*.

Philario raised up his cane with a quick motion, and levelled it at a post which stood in his way---but, recollecting that the post was not the lover, and that he appeared ridiculous ; he desired, most earnestly, that we might drop the shocking story, for he could not bear it---and begged, for heaven's sake, I would be so good as to answer his first question,

question, and tell him where we were going—for that we were a mile out of the road, and still were deviating farther from it.

Upon my attending, at last, to this very necessary question, I found that we had set out from the side of the garden, the wrong way---and were really a mile from the great road. But on looking towards a mountain, which was near to the place we intended to lie that night; I perceived a very pleasant foot path, which seemed to lead to the mountain, through the most agreeable pasture-grounds imaginable.

Upon my pointing out the matter to *Philario*, he jumped into the propriety and pleasure of the scheme---so we continued our route through the pasture-grounds.

C H A P. LI.

THOUGH *Philario* had earnestly entreated that we might not talk of *Almira*, I found he could not help thinking of her, no more than myself; ---for we soon dropped into the same silence as before he roused me from my last reverie; and I will answer for it, that we were both of us most warmly engaged in the deepest anxiety for the welfare of the hapless maid.—I don't think we spoke a word to each other for a couple of miles; but walked, twenty yards asunder, through the most delightful meadows, where a variety of beautiful objects courted our attention, without their having the least effect upon us.—*Almira* was not to be shaken off so soon—nor so readily.

As melancholy objects were the most likely to affect us, we had an ample field for the exercise of

of our feelings in the story of an old clergyman, whom we found in a little garden by the side of a small chapel.

This chapel is in a pretty reclusive situation; just under the mountain before-mentioned. There were a very few houses to be seen near it—and the village to which it belonged, appeared to be but a trifling hamlet.

We saw the old gentleman in the garden, as we were reading the gravestones in the yard; and were struck with his appearance.—He seemed to be between sixty and seventy; and to have seen much of mankind: for he eyed us with that familiar, penetrating inspection, which denotes the man of knowledge---I confess I did not much relish his looks---for they seemed to carry him a great deal farther than I wished---I thought we lost ground in every attack he made upon us; and that he retreated with a very ill opinion of our intellects and our concerns.

He was dressed in an old dusky grey coat---but there was a neatness about him which indicated frugality subsisting upon the meer necessities of life---He appeared alert; and to have a sprightly turn of mind. Misfortunes had not depressed his spirits; but they had led him to survey every thing in this world with the utmost indifference.

I was hurt by the *sombre* tints which I fancied I perceived in the glances which shot from his eye---and said to myself, you may look as black as you please, or as disdainful---but I will lay you a wager, Sir, that I have hit off your character with more precision and dexterity, only with less asperity, than you have done ours---But, perhaps, said I, correcting myself (for I shudder at the bare suggestion of any thing that borders upon vanity)
perhaps

—perhaps you saw enough of us at first sight, and dispatched us at one view, as unworthy of any farther consideration.

During this sagacious self-expostulation, which had fixed me in a very attentive position, I thought a fly was continually buzzing at my ear; and I had several times given a flap, with the fingers of my right hand, against the place, in order to drive it away.—

Hah! exclaimed my old friend *Hipparchus* (bursting into a horse-laugh, and shewing me a straw with which he had been tickling my ear) how came you, in the name of wonder, in such a solitary place as this—and what is it you are contemplating?—

—The old parson, said I, (embracing *Hipparchus*) who is just stepping into that house—of whom I have conceived a very high opinion—and whose life and character I am impatient to learn—for surely there must be something extraordinary in both.

You are right, said *Hipparchus*—come along with me to the next house, and I will give them you, with a bottle of wine into the bargain.—So we called to *Philario*, who had got to the other side of the chapel, meditating upon the grave-stones, upon death, and *Almira*; and we went, arm in arm, without the least ceremony, to the lodgings of *Hipparchus*.

C H A P. LII.

“CLERICUS, the old gentleman that you saw in the garden, said *Hipparchus*, filling our glasses with the most engaging cordiality, is a pattern of the
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the sublime—of every virtue that can adorn human nature. The stings of malice, and the shafts of envy, have had no effect upon his mind. He has risen above the most tormenting plagues and misfortunes; and is now the most exalted being upon earth.—He is the god of his own breast; where nothing is suffered to enter, but what shall contribute to the ease and comfort of his declining age.

“ *Clericus* was early initiated in the schools of science ; and made a proficiency far beyond the utmost efforts of his cotemporaries. His parents were poor ; and stretched their little all, to the verge of distress, to make their beloved son a parson.—As soon as he had gone through the rules of the college, where he had exhibited a sprightly train of juvenile exploits, which had drawn him into manifold distresses, and had made him the dread and envy of the drones of the place ; he obtained a curacy in a populous town—it is no matter where ---and astonished the inhabitants with the excellency of his sermons.

“ His delivery was easy, flowing, and nervous—but, to make short of the business, he was an orator.—Without entering into the knotty points of religious doctrines, which tend only to raise doubts, instead of clearing them, he taught his congregation MORALITY. He placed the fair goddess, virtue, before them, with so many charms about her, that they were struck with her appearance, and became her votaries; while the monster, vice, was painted by *Clericus*, in such deformed and horrid colouring, that they trembled at the misshapen demon of their crimes, and went away determined to amend their lives.

“ To rouse the seeds of virtue in the mind—
to convince, by solid reasoning, that the way to
K 5 heaven

heaven would lead his flock through the most delightful paths of this life; was all that *Clericus* could do—and all that was incumbent upon him to attempt.—If they listened to his instructions with admiration—if they saw, and were convinced of the harmony and happiness that awaited the pursuits to which he urged them with so much warmth and sincerity of heart—and afterwards fell into their abominations—what was it to *Clericus*?—he had done his duty, and they were to answer for their crimes.

“Whether the inhabitants of this populous town were the wiser or the better, in their actions, for the persuasive elocution of the young curate, we will not pretend to determine—but the charms of virtue appear so captivating, when they are artfully displayed before the worst of men, that, for the time being, if not any farther, they will operate like wildfire upon the affections; and are sure to draw the immediate attention of mankind upon the person, who is found able to hurry their imaginations into the roseate bowers of present and eternal happiness.

“*Clericus* felt the sudden effect of their admiration, in his own person. The incumbent of the church, of which he was curate, dying, he was invested with a living of five hundred pounds a year; and maintained the dignity of his station, and the reputation of his oratory, together with his character as a clergyman, unimpaired for several years.

“But so much merit, and in such a precarious situation as that of a clergyman—a character so obnoxious to the aspersions of the malicious, and so liable to be mistaken by the credulous and the undiscerning—could not pass unmolested in this wicked

wicked world, without the most artful attempts to level it with the dust.

“ *Clericus* perceived the secret workings of his enemies ; and that pains were taking to withdraw the love and esteem of his parishioners from him, by the most cruel and inveterate falsehoods.—But he no sooner saw all this, than he despised it all—and considered it, as it might affect his own character, with the most serene indifference : but as a crime which affected the morals of his people, he punished it with the utmost severity from the pulpit :—and many have trembled at his lectures who were stabbing him in the dark for his virtues.

“ *Clericus* had a very sprightly turn of mind—he loved a glass of wine, and a chearful companion. His genius would frequently (which is always the case with men of genius) lead him into extravagancies. He could not bear a villain—and a known one, of whatever rank he might be, was sure to meet a severe chastisement, if ever he fell in the way of the parson—which was not unlikely—for the parson visited most public assemblies.—He knew the duties of the sacred office—he endeavoured to reclaim in the pulpit, and to enforce his doctrines, by his example and severity in society.—He would not preach over his bottle, nor in an assembly-room—but, with the most poignant satire, he would, upon all occasions, put impudence out of countenance, and make villany blush at its own deformity.

“ This conduct, which was just in itself, no man can support in life, without raising an accumulating force of enemies, that will burst in upon him, from day to day, until, with united energy, it overwhelms him in destruction.

“ *Clericus*

“ *Clericus* saw this, but he despised it. He was resolved to keep vice in awe of him, as long as he had it in his power ; and he cared not a farthing for the rest.—He was an enthusiast in virtue—he knew his heart was good, and his steps were upright—and therefore he disdained the machinations of his foes.—There was a certain dignity in his virtue, which made him look upon it as the worst of crimes to suppress his sentiments, when they tended to correct mankind. Hypocrisy, with *Clericus*, was the meanest and the most detestable of vices.—He carried his idea of an open mind, and an open heart, to such an extravagant length, that he was not fit for this world—and on that most excellent bias of his soul, hung all his misfortunes.—This generous and noble turn of his disposition, laid him open to every kind of misrepresentation which the malice and the cunning of the wicked could suggest.—He knew of no sin but actual sin—the appearance of it he did not reckon of the number. In short, he was much too incautious in his conduct for a clergyman—but he was without a vice.—He would mix in all genteel companies ; and in every innocent diversion, he would lay bare the gayest of all hearts—for it was good. He knew that a chearful mind, and a liberal enjoyment of the blessings of this life, were the most acceptable returns to an all-bountiful creator.—To be a niggard in rational pleasures, he would say in his convivial hours, was a proper preparation for a miserable eternity.—To sum up his character at once, he was an Epicurean in principle—but far from the common acceptation of the word :—For he partook of the pleasures of the world, only as they conduced to his health, to his happiness, and his eternal salvation.

“ Such

“ Such was *Clericus*, when the envious and malicious were straining every nerve to blacken his character in the opinion of his numerous admirers.—They represented him to the superstitious, to the ignorant, to the credulous, to the *Gapers* and *Swallowers*, as a libertine—unfit to have the care of so many pious souls.—Don’t you see, say these vipers, that he follows the sports of the field?—That he loves hunting and horse-races? That he will sit and smoke his pipe for hours together, until his face is as red as scarlet? That he often staggers home as drunk as a beast? That he loves a wench?—Nay, that he keeps one in his own house?—

“ Good lack a day! say the *Gapers* and *Swallowers*.—It is certainly true—say the credulous.—The superstitious shake their heads and groan—and the ignorant bless their stars!

“ How does it look, continue the enemies of *Clericus*, to see a clergyman in a bob wig—with dirty boots, and a lashed whip, galloping along the road like a huntsman—when he should be in his closet, meditating on a future state?

“ Very true—say the *Gapers*.—

“ Don’t you see, proceed the impostors, that he looks as sleek as a young roe—that he frisks about like a ram—and that he is as lascivious as a goat?—Where is the gravity of a divine, that strikes one with so much awe? Besides, has he not offended us?—Does he pay us any respect?—Does he not fly in the faces of those who got him his living? And has he not insolently affronted the first Gentlemen in the country, upon all occasions where he has had an opportunity?

“ O shocking! exclaim the *Gapers* and *Swallowers*.—We’ll take our *Salvations* of it, declare the

the credulous—while the ignorant and the superstitious lift up their hands to heaven, and shudder at the monster !

“ By such mean artifices as these did the enemies of *Clericus* impose on the bulk of his parishioners—so as to make them, at least, doubt of the virtues of their beloved parson.—And sorry I am to say it, that the generality of mankind are very easily led into the belief of the most false and absurd accusations against any individual.

“ They were, however, more successful with the patron of the benefice ; and prevailed upon him to believe that *Clericus* had publicly reviled his character :—a circumstance which the unceremonious behaviour of the parson might seemingly corroborate—for he was the most heedless fellow upon earth, respecting the common forms of the fashionable world—though he was as genuinely polite and well bred as any man in Europe.

“ To make short of the matter, the enemies of the devoted *Clericus* raised a posse, with the deluded patron of the living at their head, (who otherwise was a very worthy creature, and gave the parson the benefice purely on account of his merit) and foisting up a long catalogue of complaints, they, with great sorrow in their deceitful countenances, and the lamentations of the crocodile in their accents, delivered it to the bishop of the diocese.—The bishop, like a good old woman as he was, shuddered at the misdemeanors which were laid to the charge of poor *Clericus*—and, falling into the snare, he was prevailed upon, without farther ceremony, to send a severe remonstrance in writing, requiring a reformation of manners, on pain of being expelled from the sacred office

office of a priest, to one of the best men and one of the highest spirits, nature ever formed.

“ *Clericus* received the mandate with a settled countenance—and, reading it over with great attention, he exclaimed when he came to the end of it—Gracious God! what have I done to merit this?—Then, laying it upon the table, he cried—Thou supreme searcher of all hearts, if thou knowest a crime of which I have been guilty, fix it upon my conscience—for to nothing but that monitor, and my God, will I make my appeal! so saying, he snatched up the mandate hastily—set out immediately—and delivered it to his patron, with these words:

“ Sir, you have been deceived—you have been led into an error, which will cost you, for I know the goodness of your heart, many a sad and melancholy hour of penance.—For my own part, it is totally indifferent to me whether I am the rector of a fat living, or the curate of a poor chapel. In that mandate from the good bishop, whom heaven preserve from all human failings! I am required to amend my life, on pain of being expelled from my sacred office.—In my own heart, I find, upon the strictest examination, not the least cause for such censure, or such admonitions. Therefore, as I cannot hold my living any longer, without a tacit acknowledgement of guilt, I spurn at the base suggestion! and leave you and the paper with this last and only request, that you will get me released from all engagements in this country, and immediately supply my place with another.

“ *Clericus* did not wait for a reply.—He went home, and prepared himself for his departure.—In a few days he settled his affairs—for they were
always

always kept in strict order—and leaving a faithful friend to transact such business as he could not do himself immediately, he left the country with a gay heart, and as chearful a countenance, as he wore when he came into it.

“ Another person, who had been very active in promoting the fall of *Clericus*, was inducted to the living—and proved a plague to the inhabitants by eternal encroachments and quarrels about his dues.—The patron died the most unhappy man on earth.—The enemies of *Clericus* lived to be hated and reviled by the rest of the parishioners; who, at this day, revere the name of their beloved *Clericus*.

“ Our hero went directly to London, where he resided unnoticed and unknown for many years. It was a manner of life that pleased him—for as he had, with very great reason, conceived a very ill opinion of mankind, and yet liked the company of men; he could, in London, enjoy society, without having any connections with the world.

“ *Clericus* pursued this way of life, with much happiness, until his finances, which arose from what he had saved out of his living, began to fail. But as he suffered nothing to disturb the repose of his mind, and was the most ready man alive at expedients, when the present would hold out no longer, he went immediately into the country, in search of some bye corner—resolving to end his days in solitude and peace.—Chance has brought him hither—he accepted of the curacy of that little chapel—and proves a striking instance, that the mind of man may support itself with dignity in every reverse of fortune.

“ *Clericus* was happy when he was the rector of a fat living—but not so happy as when he was ruined,

ruined, and obliged to subsist upon his shattered fortunes in London—nor do I think, at any time of his life, was he so perfectly at ease, as at this present moment ; after spending every shilling he had in the world.

“ Thus has *Clericus* arrived at the superlative degree of happiness, along that perilous road of misfortunes, which plunges the generality of mankind into all the horrors of despair !

“ It is not stoicism, nor an apathy, which prevails in the mind of this great man ; and enables him to look at his own distresses with indifference. No human being has a more generous heart—nor revels with more delight among the finer feelings. He will dissolve into the most pathetic lamentations for the misfortunes of others, without suffering his own to irritate his passions.—I look upon it to be the pride of virtue that animates his spirit—an elevation of sentiment which looks down with contempt upon the trifling incidents of life, so transitory and uncertain—and when he is affected with the losses and disappointments of others, it is compassion that makes him weep with the broken-hearted—well knowing that mankind is constituted differently ; and that very few are possessed with strength of mind sufficient to support them under their afflictions.

“ It would delight you to be in his company and hear him talk.—When I had obtained the history of his adventures, I took the liberty, one day, to ask him how he could, after having lived so long and so luxuriously in the world, relish so composedly such a retired situation—such a dearth of the good things of this life—and the total deprivation of chearful and exhilarating companions.

“ He

“ He answered me, with great benignity, that his disposition had altered with his circumstances.—That he was grown old, and began to wish for the solitary shades of retirement. That little supplied his nature at this time, and that little which he now possessed, was sufficient.—Then, says he (with the fire sparkling in his eyes)—as for companions, any old woman in the parish will do for a battered old fellow, much better than the greatest philosopher upon earth.—When she burns her shrivelled nose, in poking the sooty bowl of her pipe in the fire, to light it; I join my head to hers, and, with my own pipe, as brown as the good old woman’s, I draw in the flame to animate and amuse the fleeting spirits, while they hover on the brink of eternity.—She tells me of her complaints—of her sorrows—and of her hopes in the Lord to relieve her from all her griefs. I suit my voice and language to her tremulous accents, and her lack-a-day expressions—Lord bless you, Sir, you are a good gentleman—I have such a pain in my hip—but the Lord have mercy on me—and take me into his bosom—for Jesus Christ’s sake!—Ay—ay—ay never fear—goody!—Thus we go on, until we have talked our pipes out—and then we join heads, noses, and pipes, and poke the latter in the fire again.

“ ’Tis true, continued *Clericus*, I have made no provision, in a family, to condole with me in my last hours—but if I can judge from what is past, I shall need none.—When I was a man of consequence, and was surrounded with numerous enemies, I had always a few faithful friends, who almost distressed me with their assiduities.—but now that I am grown too old and insignificant to have an enemy in the world, I am sure that the whole

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hamlet will attend upon my last moments, and lament the loss of *Clericus* !

“ And so they will most sincerely, said *Hipparchus*—for he is the guardian angel of every family—and the delight of the country people.—He has been here about two years.—He shuns the opulent, and is not known by them.—I came here about a month ago, for the recovery of my health ; and with difficulty got admitted to his presence. But, some how or other, he took a liking to me—and seeing, as you did, that there was something extraordinary about him, I learned the story of his life ; which I have endeavoured to give you as concisely as I could—notwithstanding which, I am fearful I have been very tedious.”

Philario thanked *Hipparchus* politely—while I assured my old friend that we were much indebted to him for the entertainment he had given us.—And after having mutually enquired into each other's present pursuits, and the past occurrences of our lives since we were last together ; I shook hands, most heartily, with *Hipparchus*, and proceeded with *Philario*, on our expedition.

C H A P. LIII.

TH E R E seems to be something in human nature that will not bear a division in our affections ; for between the two stories of *Almira* and *Clericus*, we could not properly attend to either, for the present, so that we were excellently prepared for fresh adventures.

Besides, the prospect before us, and the arduous task we had to perform, were quite sufficient to expel all other considerations ; for we were now at the very foot of a mountain which towered up to the

the verge of the sky; and so steep was its ample side, that it forced from us, as we surveyed it, a dreadful sigh!

But men of resolution, and an enthusiastic turn of mind, are ever stimulated by difficulties; and tho' the courageous may groan at the onset, yet their ardour encreases with danger, until every obstacle operates only as an incentive to fresh encounters.

Thus was it with *Philario* and the *Trifler*, in their ascent up the mountain; for though we managed at first tolerably well, and rather hopped and skipped up the steep, as up a pair of stairs, yet our limbs soon began to lose their elasticity; and a pain across our thighs intimated to us, that we were nothing better than a couple of poor, weak, debilitated mortals.

But we were not to be daunted by trifles: we plunged and pressed forwards with the most astonishing perseverance: every effort inspired us with fresh resolution; every obstacle with fresh vigour; until, O sad reverse! through the violence of our struggles with the mountain, we were laid prostrate and breathless on its side.

After panting strongly for some minutes, and fuming, and puffing, and laughing at our desperate situation; being then, as it were, stuck upon a point in the mid regions of the air; the world appearing as a wonderful abyss below us; and the mountain still towering above us, immense and tremendous; we renewed the attack: and with plodding, slow, and uneven steps, taking the advantage of a sidelong process, and of every mean which presented itself for our ease and comfort, we gained upon the summit.—But our knees ached dreadfully,—our breaths flitted terribly—we tottered

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tered miserably—groaned horribly—and sunk down exhausted and distressedly upon the ground.

But soon recovering upon every overthrow, we not only looked upon the arduous enterprize with contempt, but with the most rapturous delight we surveyed the charming prospect of the world below us.—O ! astonishingly great is such a view ! too much to bear without inconceivable transports ! and too much to describe without rhapsody, bombast, madness, and confusion !

Good God ! said I—as we sat panting and trembling just beneath the summit of the mountain—see the little tract of earth which has composed the scene of this day's adventure, when compared to the wind expanse of country which is now displayed to our view ! There, said I, is the town where the plebeians were so merry ! There is the house where poor *Almira* wastes her fleeting existence, in fruitless lamentations after her lost and villainous betrayer ! and here, immediately under our feet, resides old *Clericus*, smoking his pipe with a withered, aged, and decrepit woman !

What a reptile is man ! said I—darting my eager eyes round the wide horizon—what a being is that which has produced such a glorious scene ! a scene how striking ! how magnificent ! and yet, alas ! how trifling, when compared to the universe ; or as seen by that eye which could survey, at once, not only the whole world, but the rapid progress of the spheres, the various purposes of the stars, together with infinite space, infinite suns, infinite planets, infinite—Oh ! distracting !—It was not, surely, for man to pursue the tremendous progression !—And yet how exquisite is the imagination of a human being, which enables him to trace in thought

thought such a vast connection, such grandeur, and such omnipotence!

I laid my head upon my hand, and endeavoured to collect my ideas, and bring them down to the objects before me, as subjects within my reach, and which I was born to contemplate and be acquainted with.

How noble, said I (raising myself, and recovering my wandering spirits) do yonder hills, as far as my eye can reach, appear! and what are they but the haunts of flocks and herds, with peasants as ignorant and as stupid as their cattle! What are those populous and mighty towns, whose turrets and public buildings, whose towers and churches, rise so gracefully among the surrounding woods and lawns, but the scenes of business, noise, dissipation, hurry, folly, and confusion! See! how sweetly diversified is the country immediately before us! how exquisitely fascinating are the fields, the meadows, the corn-lands, and the pasture-grounds; which seem cut into various forms, of various hues, as if they were designed for nothing but to charm the eye of the gazer!—And yet there is scarce a creature, in possession of these delightful abodes, who has an eye to see, an ear to listen to, or an understanding to enable him to perceive or relish, the beauties that surround him!

And what am I (correcting myself) but a vain, silly animal, who is just got a little above the world, merely by the advantage of ground, and thus pretends, as a superior being, to despise the human race?

O vanity! vanity! said I,—there is a great deal more in getting upon a mountain, than I was aware of when I was at the bottom.—

—But

—But I write to express my feelings, upon all occasions, gentle reader, and, of whatever complexion they may be, you shall have them honestly, fairly, and without disguise.

C H A P. LIV.

THANKS to the gods, exclaimed *Philario* (making a last and violent effort which had raised him upon the top of the mountain) that we are safely arrived to the summit of our wishes. Come on, said he, while I was grappling with the steep and slippery turf—lend me your hand, for here are new worlds upon worlds bursting upon my view, and overpowering my senses.

Very well—said I, struggling and panting,—up I go—up I go—O Lord! I am glad I am with you.—How horribly I perspire!—Sigh upon sigh burst from my breast—while my hat was thrown upon the ground—my handkerchief applied to my face—and my limbs and my body stretched forth to welcome the fanning zephyrs.

As soon as I had recovered my breath and spirits, so as to be able to look about me, the sudden appearance of such a vast expanse of country dilated my heart so violently, that a joyful shout, as loud as my voice could utter, expressed my glorious feelings! which *Philario* accompanied, waving his hat at the same time, with the most rapturous exultation.

This was our ejaculation upon the mountain.—It was a song of triumph to the deity, more expressive of our gratitude and our adoration, than all the songs that ever Solomon penned.

Too

Too prodigious was the wonderful scene that surrounded us.—Too numerous and various were the mighty objects on all sides to engage the mind, without hurrying it into confusion and distress.

Great objects soon cloy our feelings, and compel us, when we are upon mountains, to long for green fields, meadows, and peaceful and solitary shades.

And soon we were drawn from the amazing, diffusive, and uncertain examination of the far distant hills and mountains that skirted the wide horizon, to the contemplation of a delightful park, that ran down from the side of the eminence on which we stood entranced, to a small village on our right, where, imbosomed among tufted trees and shrubs, was an elegant inn for the reception of travellers—and where we intended to sleep that night.

We found that we had ascended the mountain up the steepest of its precipices, and that it declined in an easy regular slope, through the park, to our sweet evening retreat by the side of it.—We could not help reflecting, as we were looking at the house, upon the happy state of leisure and competence: by which a man may ramble over the country at his pleasure, and command such excellent entertainment as at the inn before us—making himself, in a moment, the master of the family, every creature of which is solicitous to please him, and ready to attend upon all his injunctions.

While we were amusing ourselves with these, and such reflections as the scene before us inspired, we observed two ladies and a gentleman, who had emerged from the woods and lawns of the park, and were, with easy pace, and graceful attitude,

titude, gradually ascending towards the spot on which we stood.—The nearer they advanced, the more interesting they became—until, at last, which is always the lamentable case with us when women interfere, we could think of nothing else; but watched their motions with the greatest modesty and respect.

So much were we rivetted to these charming objects, that we took no notice of some gathering clouds that overspread the horizon on that side of the mountain which was secluded from the view of the sweet party, as the devoted creatures, unsuspecting and merrily, advanced up its mossy, smooth, and slippery breast.

But by the time they had arrived upon a level with ourselves, and were not above fifty paces from us, the clouds thickened apace, the sun darted his rays upon them, and caused the threatening vapours to lower with a most dreadful aspect. The wind also began to rise, together with the petticoats of the girls—the thunder to growl at a distance—and the lightning to dart across the deep and gloomy expanse.—Upon the whole, we were in a most terrible situation—and so sudden was the attack upon us, by the most shocking thunder-storm I ever beheld, that we knew not which way to escape.—It advanced upon us with such amazing rapidity, that it was impossible for us to get down to the park in time, or to any shelter that we could perceive.

We stood for some minutes in terrible suspense, staring at the two ladies, the gentleman, and the coming storm—while such horrid flashes of lightning darted along the skies, and upon the side of the mountain, that struck us with a panic, and benumbed our faculties.—The repeated claps of

L

thunder

thunder stunned our troubled ears, and excited in our breasts that wonderful veneration and awe of the Deity, which ever accompany the wars of the elements.

But there was no time to be lost—the poor girls began to shriek, and look towards us for comfort.—The gentleman clasped them in his arms, and was going with them he knew not whither.—Ceremony must now give place to necessity.—We flew to their assistance—we seized them on the opposite side to the gentleman, whom they hung upon with the most bewitching distress.—The dear girls clasped us likewise, and begged for God's sake we would save them, for they should die with affright—the thunder would kill them—the lightning would blast them.—We were moved with pity for their distress, and with indignation against the inexorable storm—but a dreadful clap of thunder, which was followed by fierce rain and wind, put an end to our expostulations. We flew along the top of the mountain—we supported the fainting girls in our arms—we braved the storm and railed at it.—Another clap of thunder, immediately over our heads, altered our tones.—We craved for mercy and received it.

A small cottage lay just under the ridge of the mountain, which encircled it in a kind of amphitheatre.—This delicious hut had been built by the noble possessor of the park adjoining, meerly as an object, under the denomination of the hermitage; but had been given to a poor family for their habitation.—To this place, chance, or rather the genius of the ladies, led us. We took possession of it with that violence which our distressed situation demanded, and found a good old woman

woman more than solicitous to administer comfort to the affrighted girls.

O! what tears, what sighs, what lamentations, gushed from the speaking eyes, the heaving breasts, and the faltering accents of the distracted nymphs, while the thunder rattled over their heads, the lightning darted through the cottage, the rain dashed against the windows; and while these woe-stricken beauties clung about us in all the horror of despair!—Every tone, attuned by nature in all her simplicity, agitated our very vitals.—Every motion, stimulated by innocence herself, overwhelmed us in unspeakable compassion.

The storm which threw into this little cottage five miserable objects together, was one of those hurricanes which frequently and suddenly arise in hot weather; and are as soon spent as they are spread over the fair face of the heavens, darting horror and confusion wherever they are whirled.

In a little time after we had plunged ourselves headlong into the cottage, the fury of the storm abated. The thunder, like the car of Jove, travelled with infinite velocity—the fiery meteors attended upon the vehicle of the god—the gushing rain followed the dreadful assemblage—and the uproar died away like the solemn sound of distant music, leaving us in peace, pleasure, and serenity.

Good God! said the ladies, but one room!—nay, said the gentleman, come strip, strip—here are none but friends.

Philario took his leave; for he wanted to get into the park—but for my part, I must own, I wished to stay with the women—and made very awkward attempts to retire—rather linger-

ing about the window, as if I would not go, but look another way.

Poo! poo! said the old woman, you are not wet through your shifts, ladies! you need only take off your handkerchiefs, and your gowns; and while I hang them before this fire of wood, which I have just lighted for the purpose, pray slip on these of mine and my daughter's.—To be sure they are coarse and old, but they are dry and warm—and if you don't catch cold, I cannot see what else you have to mind.—As to the gentlemen, one of them is fled—this here appears to be your brother, or something nearer to you—and as to that in the window (meaning myself) poor soul, he seems perfectly harmless.

Very true, said I, ladies—so I am—but I would rather die, than, by attempting to stay any longer, give the least umbrage to the delicacy of your natures—so—

Let us have none of your so's, exclaimed the gentleman, (catching hold of my arm)—you shall not leave us until we have thanked you for your concern and politeness.—My sister *Phillis*, and my *Lavinia*, are not such prudes as to be afraid of changing their gowns before a gentleman and a man of feeling.—

I bowed to the very ground.

The lovely *Lavinia*, for I now perceived it was the lady that passed by us, with this very gentleman, when we were at the *Cross*, invited me, by her smiles and complacency, to stay; while *Phillis*, who was a pretty little sprightly girl, exclaimed, O! Sir, don't run away—don't be frightened—and then burst out a laughing—for I perceived she was thinking more of what the old woman had said of me, than of her dishabille.

How

How soon, said I to myself, do the thoughts of death leave us, when danger is at an end!—how merrily disposed are these luscious little vixens, who, but a quarter of an hour ago, were screaming, most horribly, for their lives!—Nature, I thank thee, said I (turning again to the window) for this inconstancy in our dispositions—else how should we bear with the afflictions of this life, if the remembrance of them was to operate in the most trifling proportion, to their actual burthen.

I have often lamented the difficulty there is in obtaining an intimate acquaintance with desirable women; and have danced after them, at tea tables, for months together, without the least success.—All has been distant, formal, and in the most exact propriety of decorum—which, of all the foolish situations in this world, none can be more insipid.—And I have often rejoiced at a lucky accident, which has done more for me in the way of gallantry, than all my own most assiduous attempts put together.

This accident of the thunder-storm, was one of those sudden starts of good fortune, which brought me immediately, and most intimately, acquainted with two of the sweetest ladies, and one of the best gentlemen in the kingdom.—As we fell together in a thunder-storm, we became closely connected, as brethren in distress, in an instant. And, bashful as I own myself, I could not think of giving up, so lightly as *Philario* did, such a glorious opportunity.—But, hang him, he is park mad—and though he loves the sex, even to Quixotism; yet he would throw away all the women in the land, for a saunter, by himself, through the pleasure-grounds of a nobleman, whose

whose superior genius was displayed so exquisitely as in the delightful scenes to which the rural *Philario* had retreated with such precipitation.

C H A P. LV.

COME, Sir, said the charming *Phillis* (tapping me upon the shoulder, while I was making these sober reflections, and looking out of the window to avoid *seeing* any thing) you need not be under any alarm; for I assure you we shall not take off our gowns.—Thanks to this cottage and your care of us, we are only wet through our cloaks; which we have hung to the fire, and intend to stay no longer than till they are dried.—Do you want to be gone, sir? or will you continue with us a little?—We shall return to the inn at the bottom of the park—perhaps you may be going the same way—and I am sure we shall be glad of your company—and take a great pleasure in telling you that you have been very kind to us.

And do you think so, charming stranger? said I—then I will declare in the sincerity of my heart, that I look upon the thunder-storm as a peculiar blessing, since it has given me the opportunity of waiting upon you, wherever you please to command me.

This is mighty pretty, thought I, looking about for *Lavinia* and her gentleman.

Nay, Sir, said *Phillis* (observing me) don't be under the least apprehension on my account.—I won't injure you, *upon my honour*.—My brother and the lady are in the room, but they are lovers—and you will excuse their creeping into a corner.

ner. Most willingly, said I, if you will condescend to entertain me with your bewitching smiles—I have nothing else to do, said *Phillis* (adjusting her disordered habiliments) besides I cannot frown.

This delicious little girl seemed to be simplicity herself; and ill betide the man, thought I, that would lay a snare in her way, and impose upon her innocence to betray it.

There was a small *jet-out* at one corner of the room, with a window at the end of it—to which place the gentleman had drawn his *Lavinia*—so that this loving couple were concealed from our observation.—The old woman was busy in turning the cloaks, and fetching sticks to keep up the fire—and never, I dare say, was more happy in her life—such a pleasure is there with the good, in doing good—and particularly with honest old women; who are fond of seeing that going forwards, which delighted them in their youthful days.—*Phillis*, the captivating *Phillis*, was employed in repairing the confused state of her dress, and looking, every now and then, at me, with the insinuating eye of complacency and good will.—The rude and horrid uproar of the thunder-storm, had left us in a more than usual silence.—The zephyrs scarce played among the tender plants and shrubs, that decorated the little garden before us.—The sun shone clear and poignant.—The sky seemed clad in a deeper robe of the most distinct and perfect azure.—A few scattered fleecy clouds appeared as the remnants of the storm, and hovered in the midway towards the heavens, which looked like a rich and bending canopy, far above the regions of those vapours.—The cottage was recluse and totally screened from all observances.—The scene, of itself, was sufficient

cient to excite the warmest of our feelings, and *Phillis* was beautiful beyond expression.

This pretty creature had hung her apron, with her cloak, before the fire.—She had thrown a handkerchief loosely over her neck.—The skirt of her gown was rumpled by the dashes from the shower.—Her petticoat was red and fringed—and her legs were white and slender.—Her feet appeared as too little merry playfellows, that were ever at the game of *hide and seek*—while the laughing loves danced upon her dimpled cheeks.

—And pray, Sir, said *Phillis*, what is the matter? you seem to have lost something.—My button off the sleeve of my shirt, sweet lady, said I, looking about the seat in the window, and upon the floor.—God bless me! said *Phillis*, I am sorry for that—let me help you to find it.

She pried into every hole and corner, with the most obliging attention—and in stooping down, her handkerchief slipped off her neck.—From stupidity, or from some cause or other, I was too late in picking it up—she chid me, and said I was very dull; while she covered her bosom with the malicious cambrick.—

And have you really lost your button? said she.—Most assuredly, said I—and I suppose it went with the storm upon the mountain.—Then you lost it in my defence, said she—and therefore I will supply its place with a ribbon.

She put her right hand into her pocket, and placing her left by the side of it, to keep down her red petticoat, which was fringed, she brought out a neat little pocket-book—and with it some papers and odd matters that fell upon the ground.—I dropped, like a hawk at his prey, to pick them up, resolving not to be behind hand again—but *Phillis* was a match

match for me.—She caught at them at the same time—so that we both had our hands upon the things together.

Give me leave, said I, ma'am—inſiſting upon the matter.—O Lord! cried *Phillis*, what an odd affair!

Just as ſhe had uttered theſe words, which ſhe did in riſing, her handkerchief fell from her neck again—ſo that before I had half riſen from the laſt encounter, I was obliged to make another attack. ---But *Phillis* enjoyed theſe little accidents---ſhe tittered and faſtened upon the handkerchief at the ſame time I did, and we ſtruggled which ſhould get the poſſeſſion of it.

Nay now, my dear lady, ſaid I---I muſt---indeed I muſt---Well, ſir, ſaid ſhe, you are very good---take it then---So while ſhe opened her little pocket-book to look for the ribbon, I put her handkerchief about her neck---and would have kiſſed her, if I durſt, ſhe looked ſo wicked and ſo pretty.

We ſtood fronting each other in this manœuvre---and *Phillis* having opened the folds within her pocket-book, which was a kind of a magazine of all ſorts, ſhe pulled out a bit of black ribbon, and ſaid it would do---it would make a ſhift---So, taking me by the hand, which I held out for the purpoſe, ſhe began to apply her buſy fingers to the button-holes of my ſhirt, and to my wiſt---.

Strange feelings accompanied this buſineſs---Her touch, like an electrical ſhock, was conveyed in an inſtant, from my wiſt up my arm to my heart---It crept from thence down my body, through my liver, lights, midriff, and bowels, to the extremity of my limbs; exciting the moſt extraordinary ſenſations---I had a great mind to

rise upon tiptoes while she tickled my wrist with her little fingers---for I wanted to stretch myself---and then I felt the queerest lassitude come over me---I had a vast inclination to lie down.

Lord bless me! said *Phillis*, hold your hand still---I can't get it in for the life of me---the button-hole is so little, and you are so awkward.

'Tis true, I wished the operation not to be quickly over---so that by odd positions of my wrist, I had baffled her attempts several times.

What makes you catch your breath so, said *Phillis*---a'n't you well?---I don't know, said I, raising my hand up in order to stretch myself---for I could stand it no longer.---O la! O la! O la! ---see! you will have it out! you will have it out! cried *Phillis*.

She had, with difficulty, got the ribbon into one of the button-holes; from whence it hung, as I held my hand up in stretching myself, ridiculously enough.

Give me your hand, said *Phillis*---what did you do so for?---How comical you look!---I shall box your ears, just now, if you a'n't orderly.---

A bewitching arch smile accompanied these words.

Bless me! said *Phillis*---what a mouth you open!---you'll swallow me if you gape so!---

She burst into a titter---and with a sudden involuntary twitch, she whipt the ribbon out of the button-hole.

There! now that's mighty pretty, truly, said *Phillis*.---Well, if I don't manage it, never trust me.

She put her left foot upon the seat in the window, which was low, and seizing my vagrant wrist, she clapped it firmly upon her knee---then pressing

pressing it down with her left hand, she drew the wristband of my shirt to its proper situation---and with a violent effort or two, she forced the ribbon through the holes.---I durst not draw my hand away, and perceived that she would do the business too soon. I wished my hand to rest where it was, but then the matter would be quickly at an end.

See! said I, your handkerchief is fallen again. ---I don't mind that, said she.—How exquisitely shaped is that leg! said I.—she darted her eye upon it directly—loosed my hand instantaneously ---whipt her left foot off the seat---and with a blush as red as scarlet, she flung herself away from me.

So---thought I to myself, I have spoiled all.---

My dear lady, said I, (following her, as she turned about to avoid me) surely I have not offended you!---what nonsense! said *Phyllis* peevishly---now do let me fasten the ribbon quietly---it is through the holes already, and only wants tying. ---You shall, my dearest good-natured creature, said I, holding my hand, with all the resignation in the world, while she tied my wristband with a bow-not, without any more ado.

We seated ourselves in the window---I turned myself towards her---I took her right hand, and held it within my left upon my knee—she was on my right side—I placed my right elbow against the ledge of the window, with my cheek pressed within the palm of my hand.—I looked at her full in the face with the eye of contemplation—she did the same by me—and I perceived that she saw into the very bottom of my soul—and that we understood each other perfectly.

It

It was a conversation of the eyes, and was exceedingly grateful to us both.

After some time employed in this delicious conflict, and in a profound silence; a murmur issued from the window in the *jet-out*.—It was soft and sweet—the words were—now don't—now don't—fy! *Palemon*—you must not.—*Phillis* seemed a little confused at the oddity of the matter, and bent her eyes downwards.—But some fierce and eager smacks, as of lips, which succeeded the reiterated murmurs and sighs of *Lavinia*, were too interesting to be admitted, without congenial emotions on our part.—*Phillis* endeavoured to rise, but I would not let her.—I slid my right arm round her neck, with my left about her waist, and drew her gently towards me.—She was very willing to hide her face any where—and there being no where else half so convenient, she suffered me to conceal her blushes in my bosom.

C H A P. LVI.

WHO can help laughing at those sage philosophers, who, with their nonsensical cant, affect to treat women as if whimsical ideas never entered their heads, except when put in by the imprudence of men?—Alas! these notions, like the secrets of Free-masonry, are open to all the sex—and for the very same reason too—there being no secret at all in the matter.—

What stupid ignorance, pray, sir Preceptor, do you suppose women to be in, respecting the reality of things, that no Double Entendres must be made use of in their presence, for fear they should learn something, which, peradventure, they

they knew before much better than yourself?—Why, sir, you are making ideots of them—and, what is more ridiculous, your affected seriousness about such trivial affairs, would, if they were not much wiser than yourself, make these simple souls look upon every insinuation as a matter of importance, and determine them, at once, to search it to the bottom.

But, Mr. Preceptor, take this by the way, that there is not a girl of sixteen in the three kingdoms, who is not better acquainted by her grandmother, NATURE, with all those wicked things, which you are so fearful imprudent men should pop into her head, than your whole college of Conjurers put together!

It is very easy, *sage* Preceptor, to prove by very sound reasoning, that all your wary instructions concerning young women, can do no more, after all, than form a prude—a thing out of nature—with every desire, every wish, pent up, as within a chest—there to lie concealed, and corroding at the heart—which is imbibbered and tainted by the unequal conflict.

And what is this chaste lady in the extreme—this inanimate machine, we call a prude—this thing of your forming, Philosopher, but a very indecent creature?—She always puts you in mind, by her unnecessary precautions, of something which you ought not to think of.—If you meet her in the street, and she seems fearful she shall be taken notice of, something criminal is popped by her into your head directly.—If she seem over careful, in getting over a stile, of making discoveries, she intimates to you that she has gotten legs—which by no means ought to be admitted.—If she discover apprehensions, on the
entrance

entrance into groves, alleys, or bye-lanes, she certainly puts you in mind of an opportunity—— and she ought to be answerable for the consequences. If she ——

——But you don't answer me, said *Phillis* (as we were walking down the mountain, from the cottage, where we had left the old woman quite happy)——I want to know which way you came, and where the gentleman is gone that was with you.——And who we are, said I, and whither we are going?——O fy! said *Phillis*——you think me very rude.——

——Her right arm was within my left——I pressed her hand against my heart——and thought it did it a great deal of good.——

Philario, said I, the gentleman you saw with me, is now in the park——we came up the mountain on the other side, and are going to the inn below.——But, pray, said I, who is the gentleman with the lady before us?——I remember seeing both of them pass by the *Cross* at yonder town, about three o'clock this afternoon, but I did not perceive you at the same time.——No ——said *Phillis*, for I was at the other inn, waiting their return——from whence we set out immediately after, for this place.——That gentleman, sir, continued *Phillis*, is my brother——that lady will be my sister the day after to-morrow, when we shall have a wedding.——The gentleman's name is *Palemon*——and the lady's *Lavinia*——no doubt you have heard of them before.——

Indeed I have often heard a great character of *Palemon*, said I, and am happy in having had this opportunity of seeing him——but what a heavenly creature is *Lavinia*!——O! cried *Phillis*, she

is sweeter in her disposition, than she is beautiful in her person; and my worthy brother will be the happiest of men! she is of a good family, but she has no fortune——only that mind, and those accomplishments, which my brother, for he is rich, prizes above the mines of Peru.——We live at the Mansion-house, but twelve miles off, in the road to ——, and shall go there this evening.

That's the very road we are going too, said I, and we shall be at the King's-Arms, which is but a mile or two from your brother's delightful abode, to-morrow night.——

Then, cried *Phillis*, clapping her hands together, you shall positively be at the wedding of *Palemon* and *Lavinia*, if you can make it convenient to yourselves.

Any thing will be convenient to us, fair lady, said I, for we are a couple of very idle fellows, and are going sixty miles a-foot, upon no other business in the world, than to listen to the wild and melodious notes of the Nightingale.

O! how charming it is, exclaimed the little merry creature, jumping about the turf—I wish I was a man that I might walk with you.—How it will delight my brother when I tell him of your scheme—and that he may have the honour of your company as you pass!—But he is so deeply engaged, at present, with the thoughts of his approaching happiness, that you will excuse his not paying you the attention, which I am sure he otherwise would do.—But leave it all to me—you will be at the King's-Arms, you say, to-morrow night.—Most assuredly, said I—I know where it is, said *Phillis*—and you may depend upon hearing from us, at that place, in such a manner as will satisfy you of our most earnest wishes to make every

every thing agreeable to you:—Besides, we have plenty of Nightingales, and you will hear them, I dare say, to-morrow as you walk—so that you need not go any farther for that purpose—but stay with us and listen to those charming birds.

The generous frankness of this delightful girl, quite overpowered me.—I could not help pressing her to my heart with a fierce embrace—but with a respect entirely new upon such an occasion.

We were now among the close recesses of the park, and I placed her upon a seat, which kindly offered itself, with a warmth of expression in my looks, and in an attitude, that bespoke unutterable adoration.—Dearest angel, said I, while I held her in my arms, you are too good—you are too captivating.—I may be a ruffian for ought you know.—Your confidence is imprudent—and I tremble at the idea of such innocence ever falling a prey to the cruel designs of some artful betrayer.—

Lord bless me! said *Phillis*—you have the appearance of a gentleman—and your behaviour, from the first moment I saw you, has proved it beyond the possibility of a doubt—otherwise you would have found me as reserved as a prude, and much more inaccessible.—Indeed, sir, continued the smiling cherub, I had nothing to fear from you—for one attempt beyond the bounds of the strictest modesty, would have whirled you from my sight, for ever—a rejected, wretched, and detestable thing.—Besides, my brother has all along been near me—and is now no farther off than the temple on the other side of yonder tuft of trees.—He is a security to me superior to armies,

mies, or whole hosts of legions, in all the dreadful array of battle.—

Pardon me, sweet lady, said I, for such a crude, unprecedented observation—but you are lovely beyond the power of words to describe—and it was the sudden consent, and conviction of all my senses in your matchless excellence, with my anxiety for its preservation, that urged me to a commit a folly, which would render me contemptible in the eyes of the world.

O! hang the world, said *Phillis*—but you must come to the wedding of *Palemon*—will you promise me that?

—But we are strangers——said I.——

Pshaw! said *Phillis*, you are rural gods, and our most approved good friends.——You are the only beings that will do honour to the feast.——When my brother knows your characters and your pursuits, he will bless his stars, for the favour they design him in your company.——You will find all the nymphs and swains of the country, ready to entertain you with their smiles, and their innocent merriment.—It will be a rural wedding, in a more lovely situation than the boasted plains of Arcadia, and more beautiful than the poetical descriptions of elysium.—My brother is the deity of the country—and is resolved to have his votaries about him on the day of his marriage, in honour to his beloved *Lavinia*—who has promised him to undergo the fatigue of a ceremony, which will be superior in elegance and propriety to every thing of the kind we have ever read of among the ancients.

—Then I will go to the wedding of *Palemon*, said I—and I sealed my promise upon her pouting lips.

—But

—But where do you live? said *Phillis*—you'll pardon me.—

I told her, concisely, every thing concerning me and my companion.—I just mentioned the adventures of the day——particularly some pathetic touches in the story of *Almira*—at which she was much affected.

She looked me stedfastly in the face, with humid eyes, quivering lips, and the aspect of esteem and distress.—I do think you have a good heart, said she—nay, I am sure of it.—

I felt something rise in my throat, but stifled the pressing emotion, with an affected laugh—for it must be horrid to see a man cry.—

Your deep concern, continued *Phillis*, for a distressed and forlorn young lady, ruined by her faithless lover, renders you worthy of the most grateful thanks from us all.—I return them you, with all my heart, said the charming *Phillis*—laying her head upon my shoulder, and bursting into tears.—

But my dear enchantress, said I, lifting her up, and wiping the pearly drops away with my handkerchief—you mistake me—I am very cruel—and am always quarrelling with the women—and, in those quarrels, I say the most severe and bitter things of them.

It is all the same, said *Phillis*, sighing—yours, whatever they are, can only be the quarrels of a Lover—and every sensible woman in the kingdom will like you the better for them.

In this delicious struggle of the tender passions were we fixed, when a volley of the most dreadful oaths, which issued from the bottom of the wood before us, dissolved the *gordian* knot at once.—We got up in a hurry, and walked hastily towards

wards the spot—for, indeed, I knew the voice, and soon made my charming *Phillis* perfectly easy under this strange alarm.—As we ran along the walks, we saw *Lavinia* and her lover, at a little distance---who had been disturbed by the same accident---so we beckoned to them to join us, which they immediately did.

We flew, all together, to an elegant alcove, which is situated in one of the most bewitching recesses in this kingdom; and found *Philario* cursing and swearing, like a trooper, by himself, at some rascals as he called them, who had been cutting their infamous names upon the stucco within the alcove—thereby defacing the building, and abusing the generosity of the noble possessor; who permits strangers the privilege, equally with himself, of enjoying those luxuriant scenes of paradise, which had cost him so much pains and expence in their formation.

We joined very heartily with *Philario*, in the condemnation of the insolent practice of foolish people, who scribble nonsense upon the temples, the alcoves, the seats, and the trees, in a park; which should be sacred to the muses—and not be profaned by the unhallowed pencils of vulgar block-heads.—We took him in our hands, careffing him all the way for his generous indignation, to the inn, by the side of the park—where we found a post-coach and four fine hunters, ready for the reception of *Palemon* and his lovely companions.

It was growing late—and *Palemon* had twelve miles to convey his charming burthens that evening.—He took a hasty, but a friendly leave of *Philario* and myself—and stepped with his adorable *Lavinia* into the coach.—I handed my little *Phillis* to the same place—who, in putting her foot upon the
the

the step at the entrance, turned her head back upon me, and with an eager whisper, accompanied with the inviting smile of a Seraph, she bid me remember the wedding of *Palemon* and *Lavinia*—You shall certainly hear from me to-morrow night, said *Phillis*.

The coach drove away immediately—I followed it with my eyes—and *Phillis* sent me a parting nod, as it disappeared.—

It is astonishing, said I, looking upon the ground, that such little things—such trivial incidents—should have engaged my affections so warmly, as these have done to-day.—But they are light strokes of NATURE, perfectly applicable to the genius of a *Trifler*—and while the Young and the Fair, can witness to the facts—said I—(turning with a hop and a skip into the house) the whole crew of the Critics, the Sages, and the Philosophers, may go to the devil, for ought I care one farthing about the matter.

C H A P. LVII.

HEYDAY! exclaimed *Philario*, as I followed him into the parlour, and fixed my hands upon his shoulders, with an attempt to fly over his head—what's the matter now?—O! you lucky dog, said I, taking him by the hand, I have an invitation for you, from my dear little *Phillis*, to go the day after to-morrow, to the wedding of *Palemon* and *Lavinia*.

The wedding of my —, said *Philario*.

The grossness of the expression, and the contempt with which it was uttered, struck me all of a heap in a moment.—I turned to the window without

without saying another word ; and employed myself, as an idle man does, in reading the curious scrawls upon the glass ; while *Philario* stalked about the room, whistling a discontented lullaby to the tune of his disordered affections.

What a saying, said I to myself—how horrid would it appear if it were recorded !—and yet how expressive of his contempt for my proposal !—how conclusive and satisfactory !—a hundred words would not have done the business half so well—it was coming to the point at once—and pardon me, ye delicious, *maidenly* critics, said I, if, through the sincerity of my heart, and the duty I owe to nature, in all her vagaries, as well as to real facts, I am forced to set down the abominable phrase, with all its appurtenances thereunto belonging.

Well, sir, said I to *Philario*, turning suddenly about---I think, after the toils of this day, we may venture upon some brandy and water, and a pipe—I think so too, said *Philario*, whistling.—Suppose we order supper, said I, eagerly.—As you please, said he, indifferently.—Pshaw ! said I, ringing the bell, furiously.

We were within an inch of a quarrel.—About what ?—Nothing !

We walked hastily, backwards and forwards, from one end of the room to the other—with our arms folded—our brows knitted—and our eyes darting flashes of resentment upon the floor—upon the chairs—upon the tables—and, now and then, upon one another.

What would you please to have, said *Fanny*, entering the room.—To have ! child, said I.—Yes, sir, said *Fanny*. Did not you ring the bell ?—O ! I cry you mercy, my dear—bring some brandy

brandy and water, and some pipes—and let us know what we can have for supper.

The brandy and water, with the pipes and tobacco, were placed upon the table, and supper was ordered.

And who were those pretty lasses, and that gentleman, whom you parted with so cordially, just now? said *Philario*—puffing out a monstrous cloud of smoke from his pipe, with the very quintessence of indifference in his manner.—No matter, said I—and I had like to have retorted his vile phrase upon him—but the extreme delicacy of my nature rebelled against the shocking expression.—You are angry, said he—looking me full in the face—Not I, indeed!—No—no—said I—you mistake me quite—knocking the ashes out of my pipe, and reaching the tobacco, in order to fill another.

Curse those fellows, said *Philario*, for they have spoiled that delicate building in the park, by scrawling nonsense and their infamous names all over it—and I own it has thrown me out of temper—will you excuse me?—Curse them again, said I, for they have given an interruption to the heyday of our pleasures, and for which I really think they richly deserve to be hanged.—Rot 'em, said *Philario*—let us think no more of 'em—let us pursue our pleasures—I have nothing worth relating to you—and you have much to inform me of—pray be so good.—Then you will go to the wedding of *Palemon*, said I, dryly.—Wherever you please, said *Philario*, eagerly.

—We shook hands, and were the best friends in the world.—

I told *Philario*, hastily, every thing I had learned concerning that charming party—and I dwelt particularly

particularly upon the extreme kindness, and easy affability of my delightful *Phillis*.

I think, said *Philario*, oddly, she was very kind indeed!—and I must acknowledge that I think it as extraordinary to find you so suddenly attached to this sprightly little damsel.—You! who always seem as if you had deserted the women, or were deserted by them.

Appearances, said I, are very deceitful.—The greater bustle you make about women, the less you have to with them in reality.—*Phillis* suited my taste—and were all women as ingenuous, as affable, and as artless as *Phillis*, I should be ever prostrate at the feet of the whole sex.—But the ways of the world are so confined, and so contemptible, that the intercourse between the sexes is nothing more than a ridiculous parade; divested of every thing that is natural, and surcharged with prudery, coquetry, and folly.—

Besides you know, *Philario*, said I, that I am bashful and reserved in my nature—and dare not push myself into any company, much less into the ladies—before whom I stand with as much reverence, as a bare-headed friar at the altar.—So much, indeed, do I stand in awe of the women, that the artless and good-natured confidence of *Phillis*, made me fearful she was growing too fond—and urged me to insinuate such a suspicion, in an observation the most shocking and contemptible.

You had some reason too—said *Philario*, smiling.—

Nay, nay, nay, said I, you are jealous, *Philario*.—*Phillis* has been bred in the country—she knows no guile—she thinks of nothing but of nymphs as innocent as herself, and of swains as harmless as I am.—Her imagination is full of the
approaching

approaching bliss of her beloved *Pulemon* and *Lavinia* ; with some natural struggles and wishes concerning her own happiness.—Her soul being in perfect harmony with the music of those murmurs, and soft languishing expressions, which she is ever witness to in the lovers she attends ; it is no wonder, when we preserved her from the dreadful storm, like deities descended from above, that she should consider us as of the number of the gods, and receive me, without the least hesitation, but with the greatest joy and gratitude, into her open and benevolent bosom.

Into her ! exclaimed *Philario*—bursting into a horse laugh.—

Into her !—aye—into her open and benevolent bosom—said I—what would you make of it but a-kind and civil return for my services ?

Very civil, indeed, said *Philario*.

Look you here, *Philario*, said I, warmly—I have given you a description of *Phillis*.—I think her as chaste and as lovely a girl as ever the sun shone upon.—If you think she was too free and too open (*Philario* dropped his pipe) and you will have it that there are flaws in her character, not warrantable according to the shackles with which we hamper her defenceless sex ; I must tell you that Nature, or the Deity, or what you please, formed her—“ thou can’st not say I did it”—and therefore, I can have no farther concern in the matter, than to draw my portrait of her according to the original.

—Not what you—or any critic in England, may think *Phillis* should have been, or how she ought to have acted—but what she was, and

and the manner in which she really conducted herself.

This is my province, sir critic, said I—and I desire you will take notice of it for the future.—Your makers of characters spoil nature to gratify the delicate and feeble taste of the times—but that shall not be my fault.—Rough or smooth—coarse or fine—high or low—you shall have my characters faithfully depicted according to their originals—so far, at least, as I may be empowered by my knowledge of the subject.

What the plague are you talking about? said *Philario*.—To whom are you addressing this strange rhapsody of characters and originals?—

To nobody—said I.

C H A P. LVIII.

THERE are two gentlemen, said *Fanny*, as she entered the parlour, would be glad to be admitted, and to spend the evening with you, if it may be agreeable.

What say you? said *Philario*, turning to me.—O! with all my heart, said I.

—But my dear, cried *Philario*, we would much rather have your company.—O la! sir, said *Fanny*,—simpering—I dare say not.—Egad, said *Philario*, rising, you are a pretty girl—and I must—indeed I must—Nay, nay, nay,—don't make a fuss about it.

For shame! sir, said *Fanny*.

And pray, my dear, what is your name? said *Philario*.—They call me *Fanny*, sir.—*Fanny*!—A mighty pretty name, indeed.—So, my dear

M

Fanny

Fanny—Pshaw! now—prithee—What a little obstreperous baggage!—

Fy! sir, said *Fanny*.

What say you, *Fanny*, to a walk in the park?—O! sir, it is too late—and I have been there already.—You have been in the park!—I wish I had found you in the grotto.—I was there this evening, said *Fanny*, laughing—for I am very fond of that enchanting place.—It is an enchanting place, indeed, said *Philario*,—and in honour to your taste, you little rogue, I will give it the name of

FANNY'S ENCHANTING DELL.

O dear me! said *Fanny*, blushing,—But, sir, the gentlemen are waiting—do let me go.—Who are they, and what are they like? said *Philario*.—We don't know who they are—they are travellers, and very grave looking gentlemen.

Philosophers—by this light, cried *Philario*.

Well, *Fanny*, you may—but come, come—once more—once more—and then—(Lord! sir, said *Fanny*)—you may give our compliments to the gentlemen, *Fanny*—and tell them that we shall be glad of their company.—Yes, sir, said *Fanny*.—And O! cried *Philario*, don't be in such a hurry, child—tell the gentlemen what we have ordered for supper.—and desire them to make what additions they please—I will, to be sure, said *Fanny*—pinning her tucker, and shutting the door after her.—

Very well—said I—now, I hope, *Philario*, that your temper will be entirely cleared of every irascible particle in its composition. By my soul, I think you have had more kissing, in five minutes, with this little shy slut, than I got from the free and generous *Phillis* in an hour!

I don't

I don't know that—said *Philario*—but this I know, that I'll match my little nimble chamber-maid with e'er a *Phillis* in England, for fire and spirit.—Egad! she is a delicious witch.—Now, I like your little girls the best—for they are as light as feathers, as full of vivacity as frolicksome kittens, and so handy withal, that you may toss them wherever you please.

But they will scratch, and spit, and swear sometimes—wont they? said I.—

Ah! that's the devil—said *Philario*—but it's Whitsuntide—it's kissing time of the year—I like it vastly—and I'll have some more of it too—even at the hazard of my nose.—But so—here come the philosophers.—

Philosophers indeed!—for they were as grave as judges, as sententious as pleaders, and as conceited as coxcombs.

We saluted them at their entrance with politeness—they received our compliments, not as the emanations of our own urbanity, but as a duty we owed to their superior characters.—We began our conversation with remarks, as usual, upon the weather.—We declared it was very fine.—They contended that it was disagreeably hot and fulsome—that there was no abiding it.—We stared with surprize, and winked at each other.—We asked them if they had been in the Park—they did not know that there was such a place in the neighbourhood—We dwelt upon its beauties, and the delights of the spring.—They paid not the least attention to our observations.

But they were philosophers—and above the common feelings of humanity, in this charming season of the year.

M 2

Philario

Philario bit his lower lip, until it was inflamed.—I saw he had a great mind to kick the horrid prigs—but he turned away from them, and filled his pipe, with a contempt in his countenance, which I would not have been the object of, for the universe—it was so merited and so poignant.

These strangers—for strange they were indeed! soon let us into their characters—for they ascended at once so far above our conceptions, that we could not perceive a glimpse of the regions to which they aspired.—One of them, we found, was a *chymist*—the other an *experimental philosopher*—if any difference there be in these denominations—for we must honestly confess they were both equally unintelligible to us, notwithstanding these sons of science endeavoured to elucidate the intent and meaning of their professions with a circumlocution, and a group of technical terms, sufficient in length and number, to have described, with the utmost perspicuity, the grand revolutions of the planetary system.

We found that they were adventurers in the prosecution and publication of some new discoveries in natural philosophy—and that they were travelling about the country in order to make themselves known to society—and to propagate a belief among mankind that they were the most exalted beings upon the face of the earth.

It is not surprizing, under this prejudice in favour of their own pursuits in life, that they should pay no regard to our concerns—and that they should be very communicative, in order to draw our attention from the fields, the groves, the grottos, and our delightful nymphs, to the
mighty

mighty world of wonders which was contained within their phlegmatic and disordered heads.—

Besides they meant to profit by their labours, and, by their travels, to recommend the sale of their commodities.

Under these considerations, which we soon found to be the case, we unbended a little, and listened to them with some attention—for all trades must live—and we were in hopes that the occupations of these ridiculous animals, might, like our own pursuits, be harmless at least—and we wished they might reap the common benefit, among other competitors for bread, of acquiring a sufficient quantity of the necessaries of life to make their existence comfortable.

We began to enter heartily into their affairs, and to converse with them freely—as far as our slender abilities would permit us.—But we were exactly what they could wish—we knew nothing of the subjects of their discourse—so that we listened, or seemed to listen, with that astonishment and respect, which often deceives a fool into the opinion of his being taken for a sage.

C H A P. LIX.

DURING the course of their observations, among which, (for like quacks they knew every thing) they talked of men, animals, and the various distempers that destroy the race of mortals; I accidentally complained of a giddiness in my head—which I, with great simplicity, attributed to a nervous disorder in my stomach.

But

But the *experimental philosopher* assured me it was no such thing—that it was owing to the grossness of our atmosphere, which was impregnated with too much *phlogiston* for the purposes of animal existence, and was the cause of all the disorders incident to the human frame.

He swore that he could *manufacture* air, out of any kind of earth, free from *phlogiston*, and combined with the *nitrous acid*, to such a degree of perfection, that it should be five times purer than common air; and, consequently, he could make air much better than the Lord had done it.

He said that there were only himself, his companion, another gentleman, and a mouse, that had tasted it—but that he was now resolved, for the benefit of mankind, to travel through the land, and render his astonishing discovery of that use to society, without which all improvements in the sciences were idle, vain, and impertinent.

He observed that the *phlogiston* in the common air which I breathed, rendered it too *inflammable* for the state of my stomach—that it caused those disturbances there, as well as in my bowels and head, which I complained of—and that I must avoid making use of it as much as possible.

For this purpose he told me he had a large jar full of genuine air, prepared out of the materials above-mentioned, wherein the *phlogistic* qualities had been *dephlogisticated* to such a superior purity, to the best sort of common air, which I could possibly meet with, either upon hill, in dale, through wood, or valley, that I need not doubt, by using it in the manner he should propose, but that I should recover my health, and be the happiest man alive.

You

You seem, sir, said the *experimental philosopher*, to be rather attached to your pipe ; which, though it has, certainly, too much of the *phlogiston* in it for your complaint, and is very bad for you ; yet when turned to the advantage I intend it, you will receive a pleasure, as well as a profit in the use of it:—for, instead of smoking *inflammable* tobacco, you shall smoke *dephlogisticated* air—which may be very easily done, by placing one end of a glass syphon, which I have prepared for the purpose, in the jar, with the other end of it in your mouth.

But though it be customary, and very necessary to puff away the fume of the tobacco, in your amusement of smoking, you must act contrariwise in the use of my *dephlogisticated* air.—You must swallow it at every inspiration, and at every expiration you must not puff it by the side of the tube, but straight down into it again.—Thus by its going upwards and downwards, backwards and forwards in the action of breathing, the *dephlogisticated* air will get into the stomach,—the *phlogistic* air out of it (for if one thing come into a place which is full, the other must, according to all the laws of motion, go out of it) and you will enjoy the pleasure of your pipe, with very little variation as to the manner of it, but with an advantage to yourself, seldom to be met with among our most favourite amusements.

The jar you may place upon the table, and your chair near to it—so that the tube may reach your mouth with convenience to yourself.—But as a great deal will depend upon how long you may be disposed to smoke at a sitting, it will be necessary to think a little farther upon the subject.—For in consequence of the air passing and repassing from the jar to your stomach, and from your stomach

to the jar ; in course of time the *dephlogistated* air in the jar, will be affected by the *phlogistic* air in your stomach, to such a degree, that it will become useless, and require a fresh supply.—It will likewise be spoiled for a future use of it, should you stop, as I may say, in the middle of your pipe—or before you have exhausted the virtues of the pure air in the jar.—Therefore I must bethink me of another method of furnishing you with my new *manufactory* of air, in small quantities, for the purpose of smoking as many, and as few pipes of it as you please, without any loss of time, or any part of the virtues of this invaluable discovery.

Suppose I fill you a parcel of small bladders, which you may call so many pipes ; and each of which will take about the time in smoking as a pipe full of tobacco would do.—These, which I can furnish you with, at a certain rate *per bladder*, will be made use of with infinite pleasure and satisfaction.—For as each bladder will be very light, so, when properly fixed to the end of your tube, you may toss it about—sit with it—walk with it—or do any thing with it, as comfortably as with the bowl of a tobacco-pipe.

When you are disposed to talk, you have nothing to do, but to clap the end of your thumb against the end of your tube—that the pure air may not be exhausted—and as you will have no occasion to spit, as you were wont to do with tobacco ; this action of the thumb will add a much better grace to your conversation, than the other of spitting, and give as necessary a pause to your periods.

When you ride or walk in the country, I would not have you trust solely to common air for your supply, though it be purer in the fields than in houses

houses or towns; but fix a bladder of my *dephlogisticated* air to your nose—so that by stopping up one nostril, and making a tube of the other, you may take a hearty sniff, now and then, for the benefit of your stomach and intestines. A little fungus matter, which I shall fix in the neck of the bladder, will be sufficient to preserve the air, and at the same time, admit of your sniffing it out for the purposes aforesaid.—As to the affair of your nose—how the bladders are to be fixed—and so forth—leave that to me.—The nose will admit boring as well as the ears, which may be proved by the practice of the Indians.—Then with respect to the grotesque appearance of a bladder dangling from your nose—it signifies nothing.—For as it will soon become fashionable to wear bladders as well as bags, every coxcomb in the kingdom will have one, although it be filled with the noxious and *phlogistic* effluvium, issuing from his own contaminated lungs.

I observe, sir, said the *experimental philosopher*, that there is something of the *phlogiston* in your nose—for it looks red and inflamed.—Now, if we may judge of the inside of a thing by the outside, I should imagine, sir, that your brains were affected by this damnable *phlogiston*.—Pray, sir, said the *experimental philosopher*, don't you find some strange whims and conceits in your head, which you cannot help plaguing your friends with, at certain seasons of the year?—

That's true enough, said I.—

O! sir, said the *experimental philosopher*, it's plain—mighty plain indeed!—These gross flatulencies are enough to drive us all mad.—But, sir, the use of my bladders of *dephlogisticated* air, will work a perfect cure in less than a month—for some

parts of the sniffings, which must be rather violent, as it will be like drawing air through a sponge, will go into your head, and the rest into your stomach—so that your brains will be benefitted; both with respect to your common giddiness, which arises from the stomach, and your uncommon vagaries, wanderings, and imaginary freaks, which proceed from the *phlogiston* in your head; and which have been, and are likely to be, so troublesome to yourself as well as to society.

The *experimental philosopher* making a pause with symptoms of self-sufficiency, and tokens of regard for my welfare, as well as evident marks of his astonishing sagacity; I thought it necessary to comply with his humour—and thanked him very cordially for his concern for mankind in general, and especially for his singular efforts to adapt his inconceivably meritorious *nostrum* to the purposes of my *phlogisticated* nose, brains, bowels, and stomach.—But I could not help, though with much complacency and diffidence in the manner of it, making a very great objection to the wearing of a pig or calf's bladder to my nose—and, in particular, I intimated a strong aversion to the boring part of the ceremony.

These objections, however, had no other effect upon the *experimental philosopher*, than to rouse his indignation—for I found, not to yield an implicit faith and obedience to the mandates of a philosopher, was as dangerous as to dispute the authority of an absolute monarch.

I was extremely surprized, upon my mentioning my poor thoughts of the matter, and lightly touching upon the more immediate effect, which I apprehended his genuine air would have upon the lungs in preference to the stomach; to see this immaculate

maculate son of the sciences, incontinently lay hold of the candle, wave it several times round his head, and if, through the velocity of its motion, the centrifugal force had not entirely overpowered the centripetal, so that the candle flew off, at a right line from the plane of it's orbit, into the middle of the room, thereby diverting the attention of the philosopher; I really think he would have sent it plump at my nose, as a token of his contempt for the *phlogiston* which it contained, and the consequences that might attend the refusal of his good offices in its favour.

Luckily, the candle, though a very small body to that of the philosopher, exhibited, upon this occasion, such a surprizing power of gravity, as to draw the monster after it; as well as to divert his rage from his patient to himself; for, after snatching the candle up with great haste, and placing it as quickly in the socket, he fell squat into his chair—set about biting his nails—scratching his head—fretting his periwig—pulling his breeches, scrubbing his legs, until, by the influence of all these extravagant motions of a man very much troubled in mind, he closed the scene with the finest *devil's tattoo* I ever saw performed by the most miserable fanatic upon the face of the earth.

After having rattled, with the heel of his shoe, upon the floor, for a considerable time, he cast his eyes, alternately, upon me and the candle—and seemed by his looks to meditate another attempt at my nose—but prudence, or something else, getting the better of such his savage design, his passion began to vent itself in something like invectives.—But at first, his sentences were so short and

and indistinct, that I could not gather the sense of them.—

What!—said the *experimental philosopher*, shall every puppy—blockhead—fool—idiot?—O! by Jupiter!—fine doings!—I! who am the admiration of the world, and the companion of the rich, the polite and gay!—inconceivably absurd!—abrupt!—impertinent!—ignorant!—senseless!—pragmatical!—saucy!—wretched!—mean!—detestable!—Oh!—torture!—distractio!—Oh!—

By this time the rattling of the *philosopher's* heel upon the floor, had gradually increased, from word to word, as he went on, to such an amazing velocity, as to be much superior to the best drummer's *roll* in the kingdom—and he exhibited a perfect scientific phenomenon.

He continued crying Oh!—as a passionate man does, when he cannot contain himself, and is afraid to burst into extremities, until the muscles of his face became risible; and he fell into a kind of half-begotten laugh. It certainly was a mongrel breed—for it was neither the effect of joy nor grief, jollity nor rage, singly—but a horrid mixture of all the passions.—

A certain monitor, ever at the elbow of a man of science, having whispered to our *experimental philosopher*, in the height of his passion, that it was ridiculous for so great a man to hurry himself about such trifles; he suddenly affected to turn the matter into a joke:—and, as this method of correcting me was the least dangerous of the two, he did not hesitate a moment upon the business.—But as he was still under the dominion of passion, as well as a contemptuous species of mirth; so, in his words and actions, he appeared

ed the strangest motly figure of fun I ever beheld.

Well, fir, said the *experimental philosopher*, and so you don't like to have a bladder to your nose——no, truly, you don't——no——no——no. And then you think my *dephlogistified* air is better calculated for the lungs than the stomach.——What! I suppose you heard of my curing a mouse of a consumption!——ha! ha! ha!——Zounds! fir——I tell you the stomach will be equally affected with the lungs, by my *dephlogistified* air——and that I lead all the people of fashion in the kingdom by the nose already.——But, I beg your pardon, fir——I had forgotten myself, fir——you are, perhaps, unacquainted in that great circle.——But——fir——really I admire your wonderful sagacity, fir.——How is it possible I should be so capable of applying the *dephlogistified* air, properly, who have made it my study for these several years, as you, fir, who never heard of such a thing in your life before?——O! no——it must be impossible——quite impossible——utterly impossible.——By G—, fir, it is provoking——curfedly provoking——damme!——zounds!——blood!——thunder!——fir, your most obedient——fir——it is mighty well——very pretty, truly.——Ay——ay——ay——ha! ha! ha!——O! how clever! how merry! how extremely jocose.——But, fir——do you know that my *dephlogistified* air will soon be a fashionable article in luxury?——Do you know that, fir?——hey!——Do you know, fir, that the finest ladies in the land shall wear bladders to their noses, in all public places of entertainment, that the noxious air which they breathe, may be qualified by a sniff, occasionally, of my article?——Can you see the advantage this will

will be to commerce, by the prodigious consumption of *certain machines*, which will do much better for the noses of the ladies, than for the vile purposes to which they are at present applied?—mark that, sir.—Can you see that, sir?—Can you see, sir, how pleasantly these bladders will operate as fans, in the exercise of dancing; and how sweetly, by their flapping, they will diversify the face of a fine girl?—Why, sir, you must be an idiot—palpably an idiot—if you can't understand this.—And then, sir, don't you think our wicked rascals the beaux will be foiled in their attempts to be rude to the ladies, by the interposition of these bladders?—will not these bladders keep the beaux off, as I may say, in spite of their noses?—but how will every fine gentleman be compensated for the loss of a lady's lips, by the delicious whiffs of my *dephlogisticated* air, which after every sniff, she will puff into the mouth of her admirer! thereby rendering it unnecessary for the men to wear their bladders at a ball.—Good God! sir, it is astonishing, even to cast a casual reflection upon the extreme utility of this sublime discovery! Can't you perceive, even at a distance, how the bodies, the minds, the houses, and in particular, the public assemblies of mankind, will be purified by it? Will not the playhouses and the operas, be the sweetest receptacles of health and longevity, for the nobility and gentry of the land to resort to, in consequence of my *dephlogisticated* air?—A commodity which I can *manufacture* in any quantities—and convey it into such places with the greatest ease imaginable—so as to purify the noxious vapours, which formerly infested them, to such a degree of excellence, as to render the ambient air more salubrious than the atmosphere of
Montpelier,

Montpelier, or the most favourite haunts of our valetudinarians. — Will not our stews and cells, those infernal regions of the profligate, and the wretched, become sweet and wholesome by these means? and will it not be a happiness for such a man as you are, who can hardly exist among the pestilential vapours that infest our common atmosphere, to be sent to a gaol?

This last observation being a capital stroke, stopped the career of the *experimental philosopher*. — A glow of self-approbation spread itself over his face. The delights of his discovery, and his future consequence seemed to have taken full possession of his heart. — He totally forgot the objections I had made — And, taking it for granted that I must be struck with reverence for his character, he smiled upon me with great benignity; while the faculties of his soul, and the whole train of his passions, were at once dissolved in the silent contemplation of his prowess, and his magnanimity.

C H A P. LX.

IMEDIATELY upon the *experimental philosopher's* beginning his lecture (if I may call it so) upon the virtues of his *dephlogisticated* air, the *chymist* was absorbed in a profound meditation upon his own affairs — which was very natural — for we generally find the philosophers too much engaged in the contemplation of the merits of their own pursuits, to listen to the concerns of other people.

He sat, sometimes twirling his thumbs — at other times placing his left hand across his forehead

head—looking at vacancy—or, seemingly, contemplating the lake which *Philario* (who was engaged in a mental ramble over the beauties of the park, and the sweetly perplexing recesses of the sprightly chambermaid) had made, in the action of smoking, upon the floor.

Whether this lake had suggested to the *chymist* the multifarious experiments he had been making, with his chymical preparations, upon water; or that he might catch the idea of water, in opposition to the word air, which he might, accidentally, hear his brother in the clouds utter, I will not presume to determine: But it so happened, that before the *experimental philosopher* had gone through half of his advice to me, the *chymist* began to be extremely restless—and, as if some extraordinary discovery had agitated his breast, he set a heaving, and sighing, and stretching, and yawning, until, being unable to bear any longer the workings of his imagination, he started up—ran bolt with his forehead against the cornice of the chimney-piece—broke his shins against the fire-place—kicked down two or three chairs—and, at length, after many embarrassments, which had not the least effect upon the muscles of his face, he sallied forth into the yard.

Philario, who, in his mental ramble through the park, had just got into *Fanny's* enchanting dell, knew no more than the moon what the *chymist* had been about, but very peaceably went on with his own business.

The *chymist*, however, soon returned, with a glass full of seemingly fermented liquor, together with a parcel of phials, and other apparatus, which he placed upon a side-table; and then very philosophically seated himself upon a chair,
directly

directly fronting *Philario*, with evident marks of some designs to draw that gentleman from his reverie, and engage his attention to some surprising discoveries in chymistry.

It happened, not unnaturally, as will be seen hereafter, that the *chymist*, in consequence of some business which he had been transacting in the yard, had totally forgot, very much like a philosopher, to re-establish his galligaskins in the exact order which decency requires upon such occasions—so that he presented some things more laughable, if possible, than any of his chymical discoveries, full in the face of *Philario*.

While the *chymist* was hesitating how he should open his matters to *Philario*, and *Philario* was deeply engaged in *Fanny*'s enchanting dell, behold that heavenly lass, like a fairy, or like queen Mab, or like an angel, or like what you please, steps into the room—scarcely deigning to touch the floor with her feet—and, with the smiling face of sprightly alacrity, begins to replace the chairs, and adjust the tables for supper.—But, lo, at the instant the *experimental philosopher* had finished his lecture upon air—the *chymist* had pronounced the introductory word, Sir, to *Philario*—and *Philario* had cast an heedless glance upon the *chymist*—*Fanny* espied the inverted flap of the galligaskins, and the miserable plight of their contents.

Now whether *Fanny* was really moved with horrible or risible ideas, at this shocking spectacle, I cannot say—but she uttered, involuntarily, but with much vehemency, the tender ejaculation, “Lord bless me!”—and immediately ran out of the room.

The

The direction of *Fanny's* eyes, and her sudden emotion upon the occasion, immediately drew *Philario's* to the point in question—*Philario's* drew the *chymist's*, the *chymist's* drew the *philosopher's*, and the *philosopher's* mine—so that in a second of time, that vast multitude of conceptions, which flew so rapidly through the minds of the company, were concentrated, at once, in an UNIT.—*Philario* burst into a horse laugh, and began jumping and kicking about the room—the *chymist* cried *pox take it*, and rectified the mistake—the *philosopher* groaned—and I set out after *Fanny*, to consider with her the nature of the case unmolested.

C H A P. LXI.

THE affair of the galligaskins having afforded a pause to the important matters under consideration, and checked, for the present, the ardour of our philosophers, we began seriously to think of supper; and rang the bell for that purpose.

Fanny appeared, but somewhat disconcerted.—The blush of conscious innocence glowed upon her cheeks, which, at the same time that it informed us she was as innocent as a new born child, it indicated that she was as sweet as the fresh blown rose.

On being desired, with the contaminated leer of insinuation, to put the tables in better order for the reception of the supper, than the *chymist* had done his galligaskins for philosophical investigation; she obeyed—but such confusion, and disagreeable apprehensions, appeared in her lovely countenance, that I was in pain for the poor girl; and

and could not help cursing, very heartily, in my mind, that general, but illiberal inclination of fools, to shock the delicacy of decent female domestics, upon every ludicrous occasion.

From the very bottom of my soul I will positively swear, that although I have been incontinently accused of writing indelicately, yet, an indecent expression uttered in the face of an harmless servant girl, who cannot defend herself, by avoiding the brutal attacks of her adversaries, hurts me more than an invidious stab at my reputation; and is, in my opinion, the most detestable species of cowardice imaginable—a meanness, which, if it were punishable by law, I should hardly think castration an adequate atonement for the crime.

But to return to our philosopher.—

Nothing remarkable happening at supper, but a dearth among the tarts by the ravaging hand of *Philario*, and some awkward grimaces at *Fanny* by the parched up fire-eater the *chymist*, that son of the infernal regions began to renew his attacks in form upon *Philario*; while the *experimental philosopher* composed himself to sleep—and left me much more happily at rest, in the enjoyment of my pipe and my observations.

Sir—said the *chymist* to *Philario*—you have, no doubt, heard of the sublimer part of *chymistry*—by which the *alchymist* has been enabled to make the *philosopher's stone*.—Now, I will not pretend to say that this exquisite art is brought to its original lustre, by the arduous labours of the glorious sons of this first of sciences; for, indeed, the pursuits of the learned in this perilous business, have rather drawn upon them, of late, the ridicule of the vulgar—but this I will warrant at the risk

risk of my reputation, that more surprizing effects are produced by the toils of the *chymist*, than the transmutation of metals, or the turning of lead into gold!

By the help of fire, you see, sir, we can reduce every thing to its first principle—and by the admixture of the various analysis of different kinds of earth, air, water, fossils, funguses, and vegetables, we can make them assume whatever shapes we please, and invest them with any properties we like.—

Thus, you see, sir, we can make colliflowers of cabbages—mushrooms of turnips—peaches of potatoes—earth of water—and above all, sir, I can make *air* of *earth*—and so vastly superior in purity to the noxious atmosphere we breathe in, that, if this country will be ruled by me, and my sleepy friend there (who, nevertheless, is obliged to me for the discovery) the inhabitants of Britain may live and be happy to the days of Methuselah.

Philario grew very restless—he got up, and stretched himself—it was the yawn of contempt and abhorrence.—

Pray, said the *chymist*, running to the side-table, where he had placed his apparatus of phials, &c.—do give me leave to prove the efficacy of my art.—Taste that glass of liquor.

Philario put it to his lips.—How do you like it? said the *chymist*.—Not at all, said *Philario*—it has a brackish taste.—

O! sir, said the *chymist*, it is the finest water in the world.—None of the famous German spa's, nor any of our own baths, can produce half so good for the purposes of restoring decayed constitutions, and of clearing the blood and juices from every

every pestilential particle that may injure the circulation, or stop up the finer vessels of the body, so as to create the most dreadful distempers.—And this, sir, would you think it ! is done by changing the properties of one body by the admixture of another.—For out of a preparation of my own, which you see in this phial, I can with a few drops change ditch-water into spring-water, stagnated contagious lakes into clear translucent pools, muddy and stinking gutters into limpid and fragrant brooks ; and, what is more than all the rest, I can change common urine into the most salubrious medicine, for the benefit of mankind ; and which I am now travelling about the country, in order to vend, under the denomination of the *Chymical Doctor's* NOSTRUM.

Why, sir, continued the *chymical doctor*, vehemently, that very tumbler of liquor, which you have done me the honour to taste, is nothing more nor less, except a few drops of this preparation which I put into it, than some of my own urine, which I made in the glass for the purpose, immediately before I surprized the company, by entering the room with my breeches unbuttoned !

The devil it is ! said *Philario* ; then you infamous dog !—you *chymical* son of a whore—

But here he was interrupted by some nauseous risings in his stomach, which set him a coughing, and straining, until his eyes were starting out of his head.—You rogue !—You villain !—cried *Philario*, sputtering—Pll teach you to make your experiments upon me.—

The *chymist* stood motionless, with his mouth wide open—and *Philario* sent the glass of urine plump down his throat.—Then, snatching the powdered perwig of the miserable culprit, he boxed it about his

his ears, to the great diversion of the *Trifler*, and extreme terror of the *experimental philosopher*; who left his unfortunate brother to his fate, and flew out of the room in the twinkling of an eye.

But *Philario's* passion rising with the cuffs and blows which he most plenteously administered to his *patient* the *chymical doctor*, whose wretched countenance bespoke the utmost sorrow and contrition; I reminded my friend of the reptile he was punishing, and begged of him, for God's sake, to desist.

Philario loosed the frightened *chymist*---who, finding himself at liberty, at one spring gained the door, and at another vanished across the yard, like a thief escaped from the hands of the executioner.

C H A P. LXII.

PHILARIO rang the bell with the wildness of a madman in his visage.—*Fanny* entered the room with a rueful countenance—followed by the rest of the servants—together with the master and mistress of the house—who all stared at the fuming, fretting, and suffocated *Philario*, with the utmost astonishment.

What is the matter, gentlemen? said the *Landlord*.—Lord bless me! said his wife, I am frightened to death—I never heard the like before.—

G—d d— you all together, roared *Philario*, how came ye, you infamous miscreants, to introduce such a couple of infernal *quacks* to our company?—One of the rascals has just given me a tumbler of his own contaminated p— to drink; declaring, at the same time, that it was the most efficacious medicine upon earth to recover decayed constitutions:

constitutions :—and if I had admitted one drop of it into my stomach, and had unluckily suffered it to enter any farther than my mouth ; by all that's sacred I would have put him instantly to death, murdered your whole family, and set the house, stables, barns, and pigsties on fire with my own hands.

That would have been a noble exploit, indeed ! said the *Landlord*—turning out of the room.

O ! the vile, filthy wretch !—said the *hostess*—I'll have no *quack-doctors* in my house.—

No—said *Fanny*, putting her lips close to the ear of her mistress—for when I came into the room to lay the cloth for supper, the nasty dog, who has served the gentleman in the manner he tells you, had his——O ! as plain as ever you saw any thing in your life.—

Monstrous, said the *hostess*—fine doings indeed !—O ! Sodom and Gomorrah—that ever I should harbour such vile wretches—here Nanny ! Betty ! Molly ! John ! Thomas ! Hostler ! Bootcatcher ! Cook ! Scullion ! come hither—all of you come hither—and listen to what I shall tell you.—We have got in the house, by all the sacred powers ! two infamous, nasty, filthy—

The shocking word, caught like a flame carried with a whirlwind, and set the honest passions of the people in a dreadful blaze.

The kitchen company, and the neighbouring peasants, joining in the tumult, we began to tremble for the fate of the devoted *quacks* ; and, notwithstanding our own injuries, we assisted the *Landlord* to prevent their being immediately torn to pieces, through the misconception of poor *Fanny*, and her enraged and mistaken mistress.

But

But there was no stopping the fury of the people—down went the phials and the glasses of the *chymist* plump upon the floor.—His wig, which was lying in one corner of the room, all dishevelled, and in a frightful condition, was immediately sacrificed to the rage of the women—while the men, one and all, except the *Landlord*, vanished in a moment in search of the *philosophers*—whom they brought, pale and trembling, out of an inner apartment—loading the hapless wretches with the most opprobrious terms, and leading them towards the horsepond, in order to punish, with a vengeance, two innocent people, under the mistaken conviction of their being capable of attempting to commit a horrid and an unnatural crime.

By the most violent exertion of our strength and our oratory, in which *Philario*, entirely forgetting his rage and resentment, acted like an *Hercules* and a *Cicero*; we made a shift, with much ado, to save the culprits.—We got their horses out of the stable, and their bags out of their room; which the *Landlord* placed upon their saddles—for not a creature could we prevail upon to attend them, except to the horsepond or the gallows, notwithstanding our most pathetic asseverations that the *philosophers* were innocent; and what *Fanny* saw happened by meer accident.—No—they would not listen to us—to such a noble phrensy of abhorrence doth Nature, undebauched, revolt at the monstrous idea.—And, to the honour of human nature, let me add, that these philosophic adventurers chiefly owed their escape from death, or something worse, to their piteous lamentations—their piercing cries—their helpless, abandoned, and most disastrous situation.

This,

This, like a gleam of grace, touched upon the tender emotions of the women, worked itself into the breasts of the men, and prevailed upon the whole company to let them retire as they were, two of the most shocking spectacles that ever terrified a benighted traveller.

It was about ten o'clock in the evening, when the moon shone bright, and the *philosophers* were mounted upon their steeds.—They set off, under the influence of that goddess, in search of a more hospitable reception at a town about five miles distance.—They thanked us for their lives, and begged we would not let the company follow them.—The *experimental philosopher* had lost nothing in the fray, except his wits—and the *chymist*, only his phials and his periwig.—But we supplied his distracted pate with an old *grizzle* of the *Landlord's*—desiring him to remember the *chymical doctor's* *NOSTRUM*—and wishing, at the same time, it would work an everlasting cure upon himself and his companion.

After we had seen them fairly out of the reach of the incensed multitude, for it would have been imprudent to suffer them to stay all night, we retreated to our apartment—and immediately convinced our *Hostess*, and the affrighted *Fanny*, that all they had made such a fuss about, was a mistake—but that the chastisement the *Quacks* had received, they richly merited for their folly and impertinence.

C H A P. LXIII.

LORD! you surprize me, gentlemen, said our *Hostess*, lifting up her hands—I really thought they had been guilty—indeed I did.—

N

You

You thought ! said the *Landlord*—The devil's in the women, if they get any thing of this sort by the end, there's no stopping their mouths.—

Look ye, *Thomas Goslin*, said our *Hostess*, with a steady and determined aspect, I'd have you to know my mouth is as soon and as often stopped, upon these occasions, as any one's—but not by such a poor, sniveling, driveling, dry-livered, unfledged cub as thou art!—

O ! your servant—said *Thomas Goslin*—making a very judicious and masterly retreat into the kitchen.

An unfledged cub indeed ! and well might our *Hostess* say so—for she was as jolly and buxom a dame as ever you saw in the bar of a tavern—and he, poor soul ! was as beardless and meagre a husband as ever truckled to the domineering contempt of a wife, who, from her own experience and particular knowledge of the matter, was convinced that he deserved it.

I am afraid, said the lady to *Philario*, courtesying to the ground—for she seemed to eye him with no unfavourable aspect—that you will entertain a bad opinion of my house, from the accident which has happened.—But believe me, dear sir, that if I had imagined in the least, that these people could behave so—for we knew nothing of their being *quack-doctors*—No ! indeed ! we did not—exclaimed *Fanny*.—I assure you, continued the *Hostess*, smiling, that they should not have been suffered to enter your apartment.

I believe you, madam, said *Philario*. It is impossible you can be acquainted with the dispositions and occupations of your numerous guests,—and *we*, for ought you know to the contrary, may be as unworthy of your great condescension and complaisance,

complaisance, as the miserable reptiles who have been banished from your agreeable and captivating presence.—

O! dear me—said the *hostess*—advancing nearer and nearer to *Philario* as she said it—you are—to be sure you are—But really, sir, you are a noble gentleman.—I wonder how you could so soon forgive the filthy monster that offered you his own *liquor* to drink, and strive so greatly to save him from destruction.—Lord!—sir, it did my heart good to see your activity and strength, when you pushed away the croud, who were endeavouring to throw the *quacks* into the horsepond.—Bless me! how active you were! how full of fire and spirit! what a manly front did you discover!—Lord! had your favourite mistress seen you in the action, she would have died with rapture upon the spot.—For my part—O dear me!—whatever will come of it, I don't know—but I shall think of your godlike exploits to the end of my days.

So—said I to myself—here's a conquest, with a witness to it—and I looked at *Philario* significantly.

Philario smiled at my looks.—He seemed a little embarrassed—but suddenly recollecting himself, he desired of the lady to know what she apprehended would be the consequence of the fray, for she seemed to intimate something of the kind.

Why, sir, said the lady, you know that the *quack-doctors* were handled very rudely under the supposition of their being guilty—when it has proved that they were innocent.—Now, sir, may not such an affair as this, not only injure the reputation of my house, but can't the *doctors* commence an action against us all for an assault and battery?

O! the devil—said I to myself—*Mammon* and not *Cupid* is the God that inspires this lady with so much civility—her interest and not her love operates upon the present occasion.—

Philario eyed me, and understood me, as well as the nature of the case.

Why, ma'am, said *Philario*, they were handled very roughly no doubt, and had it not been for the insult and injury offered to me, which this gentleman can witness to, by the *chymical doctor's* attempting to make me drink a tumbler of his own urine, under false pretences, which his pride and conceit made him acknowledge afterwards, I don't know but some disagreeable effects might arise from your mistaking the matter, and raising a mob about their ears.—But be assured, ma'am, continued *Philario*, as soon as you hear any thing hostile from these itinerants, which I am perfectly satisfied will never be the case, that I will have them taken up as vile impostors; who, under a specious pretence of curing all distempers to which mankind is liable, spread disease and desolation among a credulous and ignorant people.

Well—said the lady—my heart is now at ease—you observe what the gentleman says, *Fanny*.—Gentlemen, your most obedient—any thing my house affords—I hope you will be free.—

For our money, no doubt, said *Philario*, as she shut the door after her—but not one jot farther.

—Why, what cunning and artifice there is in these sort of people—who know the world and its ways, from experience, much better than any *experimental philosopher* in the kingdom.—Why, the plague take her, said *Philario*.—I thought she was going to fall desperately in love with me, and it was her fear for the reputation of her house that

that made her so tender and complacent!—Oh she is a fly baggage—and I cannot help respecting her, because she was within an ace of making a dupe of me.

See the fate of the *experimental philosopher*!—Eye him as he rides with the *chymist* along the road—driven from his place of rest, and disappointed in all his hopes! then think of this experienced woman!—Blush philosophers!—Throw away your books—and travel with your brother in the fuds, to learn that which, by your studies, you never can acquire!

—But, come—let us resume our pipes, said *Philario*, for I am fatigued.

With all my heart—said I.—

C H A P. LXIV.

WHAT ignorant wretches, said I, after we had lighted our pipes, and drank a glass or two, tho' possessed of much low cunning, must have been the Innkeepers not many years ago, if our best Novel Writers have drawn their pictures from nature, and not given you a coarse, and almost unintelligible dialect, meerly for the purpose of raising an idle laugh at their expence.—Why, at present, I don't know any persons in common life more polite and well-bred—and who talk in more intelligible language.

The times are altered, said *Philario*.

I see no material difference, said I, between the dialect of an hostess of an inn, and a lady's chambermaid, or even the lady herself.—Nor do the *landlords* speak worse than the *'squires* they rent under—and as to the *'squires*, we know that
amongst

amongst the generality of those gentlemen, all rusticity is polished away, even to the very quintessence of urbanity.

It is partly as you intimate, said *Philario*, I must confess.—It would be absurd now-a-days to mimic any particular dialect—all degrees of people are so equally improved.—Nay, the dialects of a *Zomerzetshire* Clown, and a North Country Booby are grown so insipid by long use, that, like the Irish brogue, they can raise but a very feeble laugh at best.—Besides, I ever looked upon this method, which our authors have adopted, of giving pages after pages of rude and unlettered dialogues between vulgar people, as the very dregs of wit.

A touch of it now and then is well enough, said I.—

Lord bless me! said our *Hostess*, bouncing into the room—for I perceived she would be very free with us;—here is another strange character in the house that I forgot to tell you of.—He looks like a Parson, and a man of some consequence—for he is so exceedingly civil—and that I am sure is seldom the case with common people—but he has been very inquisitive to know what company we had in the kitchen—and on my telling him that they were nothing but the neighbouring farmers, he said he should be glad to be introduced to them, and spend the remaining part of the evening in their company.

Egad! said *Philario*, I like his taste.—The yeomanry of the country is the stability and support of the land.—I respect a farmer, as I love his occupation, and reverence the blessings which he prepares for our use.—Come, said *Philario*, let

let us join this honourable society—you have no objection, madam, I hope.

No—said the lady—clapping her hands—I wanted to ask you to partake of the fun—for the parson is just gone in, and is beginning to preach, I believe.

What! does he mistake your kitchen for a chapel, and the farmers for his congregation? cried *Philario*.

A *Fanatic*, by this light, said I.

Why there's the thing, said the lady, that makes me laugh—though he may be a gentleman for all that—for I assure you *Fanaticism* gains ground prodigiously among the better sort of people in this country.

You are right, ma'am, said *Philario*, to make the best of your guests you can—and therefore I think it a comfort that you will give us a good word when we have left you—if not for *our* sakes—yet, positively, for your *own*—my dear lady.

I perceived, by this observation, that *Philario* would needs let the lady know that he understood the world and its ways as well as she did.—

But to avoid any altercation about this important point, which I observed the lady preparing for, though she seemed to be rather out of her depth; I took her by the hand—desiring, at the same time, that she would introduce us to the farmers and the country people—and give directions for a fresh bowl and pipes to be sent after us.

We found the company to consist of the substantial farmers in the neighbourhood; who drank wine and punch in great plenty—and who chose to sit in the kitchen, because it suited their taste,
much

much better than to be boxed up, as they termed it, in a parlour.

These ruddy-faced votaries of health, pleasure, and industry, received us very cordially—and as they understood the nature of our visit, they were reconciled to it at once—and laughed with us at the oddity of the parson, who, with much gravity in his looks, was beginning to address his leering and attentive audience.

But we could not distinguish, at present, whether we were to have a sermon, or an oration, or what, in the name of wonder, the speaker was driving at; so mystical, so insinuating, so sly, and so cautious, was the manner, in which he introduced the subject of his discourse.

C H A P. LXV.

LET it be known to future ages, that the æra in which a part of the *Trifler* was written, a rebellion had risen in the colonies of Great Britain; excited by a disappointed and malignant faction within the very bowels of my country; and that *partisans* were extremely busy in their endeavours to poison the loyalty of a free and happy people.

Let it likewise be known, that it was impossible for the *Trifler* to travel, either for his pleasure or profit, in such an interesting season, without being much involved in politics: and although it is a subject he would wish to avoid as much as possible, in the prosecution of his work; yet as many of the adventures which he met with in his ramble, were political, he hopes the reader will think it but rea-

sonable, that such adventures should no more be excluded than any others, which chance might throw in his way.

Let it be likewise known to the latest posterity, that the *Trifler* was a king's man, and a friend to government; and that he openly avowed his sentiments, without caring a farthing who knew them, or what consequences might be derived to himself, from a conduct so perilous, so wonderful, and so magnanimous!

This being premised, in order to settle matters upon a fair footing, we will return to our *Fanatic*; whom the reader will find to be, in the end, an avowed espouser of the cause of rebels—a famous itinerant preacher, employed for the hellish project of disturbing the peace of his country.

The figure which now stood before the farmers, in the attitude of an orator, was that of a canting, fawning, hypocritical impostor: and a man of the least penetration, or the most trifling knowledge of human nature, could not mistake his character. Indeed the marks of a sly insinuating betrayer were so evident in the plausibility of his speech, in his affected piety, in his pretended concern for mankind, and especially in his shocking countenance, that you would instantaneously have taken him for a perfect representation of *Judas Iscariot*.

The farmers saw through his dark veil of imposition at once, and suffered the serpent to proceed, only for the sake of the novelty of the matter, and their own entertainment.

Our orator prefaced his discourse with an assurance to the farmers, that he was a great favourite of the people, for whose service he laboured day and night: but that the rulers of the land were so extremely absurd and unreasonable, as not to pay the

least regard to him, and another fellow or two of his acquaintance, who had proved beyond a doubt, that the people ought to do whatever they thought proper; and that the king, his ministers, and his parliament, were only a parcel of insignificant blockheads, hired for the purpose of transacting the affairs of the multitude; and who ought to be turned out of their offices, and put into them again, just as it should please the caprice of the people; and without any farther ceremony, than as though they were a parcel of journeymen *button-makers*.

He then talked a great deal about CIVIL LIBERTY.—He swore,—no, he did not swear—for he was too mild, too good, and too pious to utter an oath—but he declared that if the kings and princes of the world would be ruled by him, he would unite all Europe under one free government, and banish war and bloodshed from the face of the earth.—That is, he would send Delegates from every separate state, to meet, as we supposed, in a general Congress, and to form a senate, which should have the *sole* power to settle all grievances as soon as they were hatched.

Thus, in order to make Europe free, this miserable projector would set up a parcel of tyrants, to lord it over the world at their pleasure!

This is the highest fellow I ever saw in my life, said a jolly intelligent-looking farmer, that sat next me——why, he has settled the affairs of the whole world in five minutes!

Ay—ay—said *Philario*, if these fellows could alter human nature,—and mould it conformably to their plans, then we might listen to them to some purpose.—But, unfortunately, they consider *Men* in a community, as they do *wheels* in an engine—

fix

fix them in such and such a way, and they will operate accordingly.—No allowance is made for the human passions, from whence spring all the disorders and commotions in the world.—But, indeed, the human passions are circumstances never brought into the scale, nor, in the least, understood, by such miserable projectors as the object before us.

After having defined the nature of *civil liberty*, our orator proved, according to his own conclusions, and in plain terms, that England enjoyed but the shadow of liberty—nay, that it was in a state of absolute slavery.

What does this fellow (whispered *Philario*) talk of civil liberty for, as in any manner applicable to this country, or her colonies; when he pretends to prove, from the very nature of our constitution, that we are slaves?—

Contemptible, said I—but hush! let us hear him out.

The farmers smiled at each other—as much as to say the rascal is a liar, and we are free.—

Immediately upon our orator's asserting that we were in a state of slavery, he talked like a stammerer upon the blessings of liberty.—He grew bewildered, diffusive, and absurd—but closed this part of his speech with pointed allusions to *Charles the First*, and *James the Second*.—The sting of the viper brandished itself upon this occasion, and only seemed apprehensive it could not reach the bosom of his prince.

He next talked of one country governing another by its own agents—in which case the country governed, having no voice, must be in a state of slavery.—He hinted at the states that were under the absolute dominion of the Romans, and lamented their wretched situation; while the governing state was

was perfectly free.—But how this could, in any wise, be applicable to Great Britain, which he had before asserted was, in a state of slavery, and consequently, all countries under the same government, must partake of its grievances as compellable by the very nature of the constitution, we had yet to learn.—He took care, however, to assert, that no state could be bound by any compacts with another, however sacred they might be; but that liberty was such a blessing, it must be purchased at the price even of perjury and ingratitude.—He seemed to enforce this argument, not for the sake of his own country, which he had traduced; but for a foreign community, which he wished might shake off the shackles of dependency, and rise superior to the sun.—He did not forget to exult in the fate of the Romans after they had conquered the world; nor could you help perceiving, by the plainest inference imaginable, that it was his most ardent wish, that Great-Britain might be involved in the same calamity.

How wonderfully wise, said *Philario*, are these fellows; who pretend to give particular causes for the rise and fall of empires, when the very vulgar are well assured, that such revolutions are owing entirely to the natural vicissitudes of all human concerns.

Our orator introduced the second part of his observations with an application of all his former futile reasonings upon *civil liberty*.—Reasonings which were calculated for beings of a far different nature to men, prone with passions so strong and multifarious, as to require the curb of authority to restrain any number of them within the bounds of moderation.—He applied his preceding observations to the colonies of Great-Britain, and very

justly

justly remarked that he expected his audience had already drawn the same inference.—In this case, just as we expected, he paid many encomiums upon the colonies, and observed that they were likely soon to become superior to the parent state.

Then, damn them, said the jolly farmer who sat by me, let us prevent that, as long as we can, however!—

Hush! said his neighbour, let us see where the devil will drive him.—

In the next division of his argument, he attempted to draw the company from that natural love, which all good and virtuous men have ever borne their own country, in preference to any other.—He traduced his country in a most shocking manner, as the seat only of wickedness and corruption.—He let off some squibs at the church, for manifest reasons, which were perfectly understood—and declared that the Americans were more virtuous than us, and had done us more services (notwithstanding their very name and existence sprang from us) than they had received at our hands—nay, that they had converted a wilderness into fruitful and pleasant fields without our assistance.—He asserted that in fifty or sixty years longer they would be double our number, and form a mighty empire, consisting of a variety of states, all equal or superior to ourselves, in all the arts and accomplishments which give dignity and happiness to human life.—Can this vast continent, says he, with the most insolent exultation, hold all that is dear to it, at the discretion of a handful of people on the other side of the *Atlantic*!

Pray, sir, whom do you mean by this handful of people? said one of the farmers. He means
England,

was perfectly free.—But how this could, in any wise, be applicable to Great Britain, which he had before asserted was, in a state of slavery, and consequently, all countries under the same government, must partake of its grievances as compellable by the very nature of the constitution, we had yet to learn.—He took care, however, to assert, that no state could be bound by any compacts with another, however sacred they might be; but that liberty was such a blessing, it must be purchased at the price even of perjury and ingratitude.—He seemed to enforce this argument, not for the sake of his own country, which he had traduced; but for a foreign community, which he wished might shake off the shackles of dependency, and rise superior to the sun.—He did not forget to exult in the fate of the Romans after they had conquered the world; nor could you help perceiving, by the plainest inference imaginable, that it was his most ardent wish, that Great-Britain might be involved in the same calamity.

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Pray, sir, whom do you mean by this handful of people? said one of the farmers. He means England,

England, said another.—England! exclaimed a third—What is Old England come to, that she is so poor in the estimation of this fellow?—d—n my blood!—I don't understand such treatment!—Have we not coped with all the powers in Europe, ere now?—ay, and beaten them into the bargain.

Yes, gentlemen, continued the *Fanatic*, so we have—but we are altering apace—corruption is debasing us—we are no better than abject slaves—and must soon fall a prey to the most unheard of tyranny!—

He then made a great fuss about the unreasonableness of our taxing the colonies—arguments, that have been detailed out over and over again, until they are grown utterly insipid.

Damn them, said the farmer, if they are growing so great as you say, and we are getting so little, what signifies talking about the unreasonableness of taxing them?---We must keep them under as long as we can---self-preservation demands it of us, or they will soon swallow us up.

“O! no---said the *Fanatic*---let them grow as great as they will, they are so good and virtuous, that they will foster us in their bosoms, and protect us.

Foster us! protect us! exclaimed the farmer—
—don't their protection! we don't want it!—
—and never shall, I hope—If we do, it will go
plaguily hard with us.—But, pray, Mr. Devil,
said the farmer drily, if you are so fond of them
—why don't you go and live there yourself?—

Hush! said the jolly farmer, who sat by me,
we shall have him on the hip presently—let him
go on.

—A handful of people, and one of the lanterns. The night is dark.

—A handful of people!—Atlantic!—Slaves!
—damme! said the farmer, muttering to himself.—

I began to think of the horsepond, as the incendiary proceeded—for a cloud seemed to gather upon the brows of the whole company.

I'll be hanged, said *Philaris*, if I interpose again—or would save this fower of sedition from the gallows.—Is it not astonishing, continued *Philaris*, that a paltry fellow, like this, should have the insolence to revile, at his pleasure, the government which protects him; and, at the same time, pretend to direct the state in what manner it ought to have acted respecting the revolt of America!—Observe him—from premises as childish as he is detestable, he is drawing conclusions as absurd as he is wicked—and then fancies to himself, that every person must be convinced by his arguments.—I love to see a fellow, in his writings, begin a paragraph with—“This being proved beyond the possibility of a doubt, we will now proceed—and so on”—when he has proved nothing, but that he is a *fool*—or, what is worse, perhaps a *designing knave*.

Our *Fanatic* laboured to decry the policy of our war with America.—He treated the government as composed of the most blundering and contemptible scoundrels upon the face of the earth—and indeed in this abominable practice of the most unheard of abuse, though he has no rivals; he has innumerable abettors.

The main point, which he endeavoured to prove, was, that we should have discovered a *fear* of the Americans, in order to keep them in *awe* of us.—To this very extraordinary point he added a strange medley of canting morality, which

would

would serve well enough to fall asleep over in his conyenticle, but for the entertainment of a parcel of stanch politicians, men that loved their prince and their country, it was intolerable—and much I apprehended it would draw him into a most abominable scrape with the farmers.

In every thing which our orator advanced, the dimmest eye might discover a settled rancour in his heart, against the government—a preposterous predilection for the Americans, and a secret wish that that country might be suffered, by immunities, to increase in the rapid manner he had foretold, and that by these means, it might soon hold the rod to us.—An unnatural spirit of revenge and rancour appeared through the thick gloom that overspread his countenance, and preyed upon his vitals.—A rancour which belongs to his whole tribe, in consequence of their having lost the superintendency of our affairs at home, and for which loss most of them act as if they would sacrifice their king, their country, their friends, their wives, and children; and bury old England in one general and inevitable ruin.

And it is to this loss then, said *Philario*, that we are indebted for the present war.—But how they start at the idea, whenever it is thrown in their teeth!

That is the greatest token of the truth of the charge, said I—Severe truths will always sting, and make the “galled jade wince,” you know—and well may they start at such a monstrous idea—when nature must shudder at it.—But what will not disappointment, revenge, and malice attempt!—I pity the poor devils from the bottom of my soul—said I.

The *Fanatic* concluded the foregoing part of his speech with a wicked attempt to lessen the credit

credit of the kingdom, as a commercial state—and left no stone unturned to make us believe we were on the brink of inevitable ruin—and the most contemptible, abandoned, devoted, undone, sorry rogues upon the face of the earth.

I have always looked upon commerce, said the jolly farmer that sat next me (for we began to pay but little attention to our orator, who was got into an inextricable labyrinth of calculations) to be as a large and mighty river.—This kingdom I have ever been taught to view as the source of that river—and though in its course it may meet with many interruptions, and cannot always break down the mounds which are raised, in a direct line, to oppose it; yet it must find a passage some way or other, so as to reach its parent the sea in all the triumph of victory.

What then does this fellow so much lament the interruption of our trade with America for, when it is evident that so long as we can rival the world in our commodities for traffick, the stream, if it be stopped in one place, will find another, and come to the same thing in the end?

This fellow, said I, wants the Americans to be encouraged by us, to be fostered by us, to be raised by us, to be defended by us, *to pay nothing to us*, until they get at the summit of commerce themselves, rival us in all the branches of trade; and, at last, annihilate us, or make us a tributary, solitary island at their disposal.

But would it not be extremely bad policy in our government, as a commercial state, not to prevent this as long as possible? cried the farmer.

Certainly, said I.

Then what makes the fellow talk so much like a fool—a madman—nay, a betrayer of his country? said the farmer.—

Because

Because the heads of his party were turned out of the ministry, said I, and have lost their influence in the state.

—The *Fanatic*, not content to throw every vile sarcasm upon this country, which the imagination of a rancorous enemy could suggest, proved himself, in very plain language, to be a four *Republican*, and a contemptible *Fanatic*—one of those vindictive monsters that hate the name of kings and peers—and always bring in the sacred name of God, for an engine to their accursed purposes of *levelling* all distinctions with the dust.

The Lord will fight for the Americans, said our *Fanatic*.

In short, he grew so very intemperate in his zeal for the Americans, and so very palpable in his wresting every political argument to their favour and to our disadvantage, that every Englishman must take fire at such an insolent and dogmatical traitor to his country.—But towards the close of his harangue he became intolerable—for what *Briton* could hear a fellow sink his country into the very jaws of ruin and despair, and hold up her disobedient colonies as already crowned with laurels and victory, and, with a pretended piety, wishing that the Americans might not deal hardly with us, but forgive us our trespasses.

Why, such a dog as this, said *Philario*, angrily, who can so readily give up his country to destruction, ought to be hanged.—A fellow that can do every thing in his power to shew us our weakness, in pernicious colouring, means only to make cowards of us, and must certainly do it for some accursed end.

But did you observe, said I, the wishes of the *Fanatic*, that every friend of liberty might find, in

in America, a safe retreat from *spiritual*, as well as civil, tyranny?

Ay, "there's the rub," said *Philario*—were we all *Fanatics*—were there no churches, no king, no lords, nor any gentlemen, in the land, all would be well at once—and this would be the most flourishing country in the world; and the Americans the vilest set of thieves that ever existed—rascals who ought to be crushed into myriads of atoms—that is to say, if they were *churchmen*.

The farmers began to be very sick of the orator.—They were, every now and then, ready to rise and seize him by the throat for his intolerable impudence; but, with much ado, they waited his concluding observation.—And, as in most businesses, where the main point is a sinister one, and must be concealed, the devil, as the saying is, peeps out at last; so in the affair before us, it happened accordingly—but not much to the comfort and repose of the orator—as will be seen immediately.

It is well known that disaffected persons in a state, are ever wishing and striving to bring on a revolution; and will make use of every species of sophistry to persuade the unwary into their measures. But no sooner did our *Fanatic* speak, in plain terms, his wishes for, and expectations of, a revolution in the affairs of this kingdom, than the whole company saw at once through the drift of the *Republican*; and rose, as one man, to defend their beloved king from the stroke which was aimed at his generous breast.

Philario caught immediate fire at the wicked insinuation; and got up with such uncommon dignity of countenance, and expressive ardour of attitude, as to command, from men in the highest perturbation

turbation of spirits, an immediate and profound silence; while he uttered, in a voice and manner which shook the *Fanatic* to his very centre, the following words:

“ Friends and fellow countrymen, exclaimed *Philario*, you perceive the drift of that viper, who, under the plausible pretext of siding with the Americans as an injured people, means nothing more, than to raise upon that continent, a bulwark against this country, by which the faction to which he is a tool, may be enabled to subvert the government.

“ His eye, throughout this long harangue, has been continually darting malignant flashes of the most corroding rancour in the very face of monarchy—He has a dagger in his heart, which he would plunge into the breast of his Prince—and though he has talked so pathetically of the horrors of bloodshed, yet nothing has been predominant in his guilty mind, but gibbets, racks, and tortures, levelled at the faithful servants of his King.

“ He is a *Fanatic*, who, by the peculiar indulgence of this government, is suffered to dissent from the forms of the established worship; and, in consequence of that indulgence, he is become an inveterate foe to his country; which, in his diabolical reveries, he hopes to see a scene of anarchy and confusion.

“ He has dissented from the established religion, until he is of no religion at all—and, in consequence of that defection, he is an enemy to every species of subordination, both with respect to the state as well as the church; and most ardently wishes to level every distinction with the dust; in order to rise, like a fiend of darkness, upon the fall and destruction of the realm.

“ He

"He is a monster, that, for the repose of our country, ought to be extirpated from the human race.—He should be trod upon as a noxious reptile, which, with your foot, you scrape into atoms as it crawls before you, making your blood run cold, your flesh creep, and your nerves writhe your miserable frame into the most irksome and shuddering sensations.

"The restless *sect* to which he belongs, will never be quiet until, like the *Jesuits*, they are expelled from every community, as the common disturbers of mankind."

Philario had scarcely uttered the last word of this passionate speech, before the farmers foused the woe-stricken *Fanatic* plump into the horsepond—to which place they led him with the utmost precipitation. And notwithstanding we were all extremely enraged at the wickedness of the wretch, and *Philario* had spoken so furiously upon his crimes: yet the sight of the poor devil, sprawling in the water like a wounded rat, beset by numerous enemies, disarmed us of our resentment, obliged us to commiserate his hapless state, and to order the servants to get him out, and take such care of him as they might think proper.

Philario, and the farmers, returned immediately into the house—not thinking it worth their while to attend any farther upon the matter---but I continued with the servants, to see that they waited upon the *Fanatic* to his apartment, and to desire they would put him immediately to bed.

In his passage to his room, seeing me look at him with some concern, he cried, is this treatment for a man who labours so much for the benefit of his country?—How monstrous! how cruel is this!—

this!--but you are inexorable! incorrigible! abandoned!

Stop, said I—no more abuse—behold the horse-pond—your fate is in my power.—But, go—said I—and learn, by this example, to bear with patience a correction which will cool your courage, and do you a great deal of good.—And, do you hear!—tell the leaders of your turbulent faction, that while they charge the government so roundly, and so indecently, with aiming at absolute dominion, they must expect, from the nature of the case, and the very purport of their arguments, to be accused of principles as incompatible with the constitution as tyranny.—Tell them that the people in general, see through their machinations, and look upon them as *republicans*, who wish to throw the kingdom into convulsions, subvert the constitution, and reduce it to a commonwealth.—Tell your own miserable coadjutors, those scribbling tools of faction, those buzzing, filthy insects, that flyblow every manœuvre of administration, that if they will continue to traduce the state, they must not be *angry* at this RETORT, nor at receiving a farther chastisement in return.

C H A P. LXVI.

AS soon as the servants had waited upon the *Fanatic* to his chamber, I left the disappointed incendiary to the mercy of his own meditations, and joined the farmers in the kitchen; who were telling fifty stories of fellows of the same kind with the *Fanatic*, that within their knowledge, and the bounds of their different parishes, had been endeavouring to make the inhabitants believe, that the

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the king, his ministers, and the parliament;—men who possessed the greatest property in the land, were combined together to ruin the nation—which had given great uneasiness to a vast number of *Patriots*, who, not being worth a groat in the world, were resolved to stop the current of destruction, provided, nevertheless, they could get nothing by the catastrophe.

The farmers assured me they had given many an impudent coxcomb a ducking before this evening—and that they were so well convinced the present cause against the government, was a contemptible one, produced by a malignant faction of miserable *Fanatics*, that they would seldom listen to the subject, or suffer any man to open his lips upon the matter—except only for diversion.—They declared that they loved their prince, as much as they loved their country; and would never admit of either the one or the other to be reviled in their presence with impunity—but that they would stand by their sovereign to the last drop of their blood.

The idea of the wrongs of an injured monarch, creates a most pleasing elevation of soul.—The conception has something of enchantment in it.—It lifts the man into an *Hercules*, defending his prince from the base attempts of regicides.—And I must own that I never joined in the chorus of “God save the King,” with half so much delight and vigour of heart, as with the farmers, who suddenly struck off with that noble song, in all the lively and pleasing harmony which the occasion inspired.

As soon as this intoxicating song was over, it being near twelve o’clock, *Philaris* begged leave to retire; for that the exercise of the day, and

the

the pleasures of the night, had fatigued him.—
—I began to think of the prudence of going to bed myself, and rose to follow *Philario*—but the jolly farmer, before mentioned, insisted on my having *nine corns* more with him before we parted—so we lighted fresh pipes with as good an appetite as if we had not had one the whole day.—So much pleasure is there in the company we like—which, as the possession of beauty, can never cloy.

The farmers grew exceedingly merry—a song and a toast was the theme—and both were pursued with great vivacity.

The extreme cordiality which wine inspires, among a set of honest fellows, gives me a good opinion of human nature. I delight in it extremely, be it ever so extravagant or absurd—and always curse the wisdom of such fellows, who cannot bear any amusement that will not stand the test of decorum.—Men who affect to sneer at the diversions of a merry evening, as too ridiculous for the sublimity of their intellects, I consider as the greatest blockheads upon earth.

Men who are always philosophers, are generally fools, said I—knocking the ashes out of my pipe, in order to prepare for bed, it being then half past twelve o'clock:—and the farmers, seeing me determined to leave them, ordered their horses out immediately.—They shook my hand almost out of joint, as they mounted in the yard; and rode off to their different habitations with the greatest joy and sincerity of heart—saying, it was rather late to be sure, but it was *Whitsuntide*, it was holiday time, and their good wives would forgive them.

In passing with *Fanny* across the yard, with intent to go to bed, I observed a light in the parlour where

where we had supped—and on asking the girl what was the meaning of it, she told me that the gentleman (meaning *Philario*,) and her mistress, were in deep conversation about philosophy—and that her mistress was a very wise woman, and knew every thing.

This was like beating the alarm to the curiosity of a maiden, on the first day of her entering into the holy bands of matrimony.—I must confess I did not wish to interrupt a gentleman in the thread of his argument—but I had a mighty mind to go in and see what these philosophers were about.

Why, ma'am, said *Philario*, as I entered the room, *Locke* in his definition of the *association of ideas*, says—no—I have forgot, madam, what he says upon the matter, but, if you please, I will explain the thing my own way.

Do so, said the lady, *we* shall like it the better for that—looking at me and *Fanny*.

Thus, through the *association of ideas*, I was admitted a party instantaneously, without the necessity of making an apology for breaking in upon this extraordinary *tête à tête*.

Fanny placed her candle upon the side-table, and fixed her back against the wall—while I leaned with my elbows upon the back of a chair.

For instance, madam, said *Philario*, what did you think of it when that gentleman and *Fanny* entered the room?

That they had entered the room, said the lady.

Were there no concomitant ideas rushed into your mind, at the same time? said *Philario*.

Yes, sir, said the lady—I immediately conceived that the gentleman was going to bed—that *Fanny* was lighting him to his room—but that, hearing us engaged in dispute, he came in to learn what was the subject of our discourse.

Very well, ma'am, said *Philario*, and all these ideas rushed into your mind at the same time?

They did, said the lady.

Now this, said *Philario*, is what we call the *association of ideas*.—But, if you please, I will explain it farther—and bring to your memory, a circumstance that will prove to you, beyond the possibility of a demur, how extremely extensive is the power which enables us to form, at once, the *association of our ideas*.

Do, said the lady, for I like the subject vastly.

Pray, said *Philario*, what did you think of when you went to be married? what were the ideas which rushed into your mind, altogether, upon that occasion?

O heavens! cried the lady, they were so numerous, it is impossible now, as it was then, to distinguish half of them.—But this I remember perfectly—that the main idea, which was predominant in my breast at that time, is to this day uppermost.

For what reason, my dear lady? said *Philario*.

Because, said the lady, it was then, as it is now, nothing in this world but an idea.

I don't understand you, madam, said *Philario*.

I am sorry for that, with all my heart, said I—though I knew no more than the moon what she meant.—but finding the lady and *Philario* were getting upon knotty points, I very civilly wished them both a good night.—

You'll not lie long in the morning, *Philario*, said I—remember we are to proceed on our expedition.

Light the gentleman to bed, *Fanny*, said the lady, and I'll take care of *Philario*.

As *Fanny* was tripping up the stairs before me, discovering

discovering as pretty a pair of legs, as ever nymph possessed, I could not help feeling the effects of the *association of ideas*, in a most bewitching and extensive manner.—And pray, messieurs pedants, preachers, and philologists, said I—you who understand the nature of the case so well, can there be a better instance produced, than *Fanny's* legs, to elucidate *Locke's* definition?—I expect your thanks, said I, for the clear light, in which I make manifest to the meanest capacity, this most important discovery of the first of logicians and philosophers.

While *Fanny* placed the candle upon the table, and, was altering the pins upon the bottom of her stays, and every now and then, casting an approving glance at her pretty face in the glass; I was meditating upon her legs, in order to turn them to some account, in favour of the whole fraternity of the logicians.—The effect of which was the production of the above remarks.

And now, my dear *Fanny*, said I, as she was turning down the coverlet of the bed, and placing my cap and pillow in proper order, what think you of the dispute between your mistress and *Philario*?

—From the adventures of the night, in which *Fanny* had been so much concerned, it must be supposed that by this time we were on the score of a friendly intimacy.—I have observed before, that sudden strokes of fortune, will make people more closely connected, in a moment, than a year of frequent intercourse; will do for the sage and chaste visitants among the sexes—and though *Fanny* was but a chambermaid, and every booby will imagine that any body might be intimate with her; yet the confidence and esteem of a chambermaid, such as *Fanny* was, is as difficult to be obtained

as the respect of a lady—and worth as much too, said I—for nature is the same in both cases.

—But this, ladies, is logic, and you must not be offended at it.

Lord! sir, said *Fanny*, I never knew such a thing in my life as the *sociation* of ideas.—Why, if my mistress had talked to me about it for a fortnight, I should never have understood her—though she be a very great philosopher, and a very learned woman—and yet I think I know something of the matter, from what the gentleman said; though not enough to satisfy my curiosity.

I was seated upon a chair, in a nook, at the top of the bed, taking off my garters—and *Fanny*, having put the bed in order, was standing at the bottom of it, with the fore-fingers of her right hand upon her forehead, in a very inquisitive position.

Fanny, said I, you seem to have a very great taste for the sciences.—It certainly is a little extraordinary in a chambermaid, and one so young and handsome too.—Pray how did you acquire that taste?

My mistress taught it me—for she is a great reader—and when we sit in the bar together in long winter evenings, she will talk so learnedly—never was the like before!

And do you always understand her?

Never, hardly, sir—but I like to hear her vastly, for all that.—

Why that's droll enough, *Fanny*—and so you think you have caught a little of the *sociation* of ideas, as you call it?—Yes, sir.—

And you would like to understand it perfectly?

Of all things in the world, sir.

Then I certainly shall instruct you in a very little time.—So, I shut the chamber door—took

Fanny

Fanny by the hand, and led her round the room in search of a place to sit upon—but there not being two chairs together, or convenient for the purpose, we were obliged to make a shift with the bed—and we seated ourselves upon the bottom of it.

Every body must know that when a great point in philosophy is to be discussed, the difference of sex, the privacy of a room, the sitting upon a bed, the beauty of a *Fanny*, and the close engagement of a mistress, so happily employed as our *Hostess*, are circumstances no more to be regarded by the parties, than an eclipse of the sun, by a warm and expecting lover, when he leads his blushing nymph to the roseate bowers, which he had prepared for the consummation of his bliss.

I repeated to *Fanny*, as she sat very attentively by my side, every familiar instance, by which I could convey into her mind the nature of the subject, which she wished so ardently to be acquainted with.—But still she demurred—she hesitated—and could not rightly conceive the nature of the case.—She had her doubts—She was not convinced.—Though *Philario's* stating of the question seemed to her to convey a gleam of elucidation, and her mistress's observation concerning the predominant idea, which had prevailed in her mind, ever since she was married, had raised her curiosity prodigiously—but yet she was not satisfied, she said.—

Now, what, in the name of grace and patience, could a poor devil of a preceptor do, under these circumstances? particularly when he had a pupil so ignorant, and so dull of apprehension; and especially when it was so late, and passed the meridian of philosophical investigation?

But

But *Fanny* waited with impatience to hear what I had farther to say upon the matter. She frequently sighed through the force of expectation.—She was restless in her deportment. Her passions seemed to be set upon the business. And her actions plainly discovered that she was resolved to be convinced before she left me; that she might be a match for her mistress, the next evening in a controversy, which she meditated, upon the *association of ideas*.

She wanted, I perceived, to rival her mistress; and to prove to her that she had met with as good a natural philosopher as *Philario* was.

It would have pleased a spectator, to observe the master and his fair scholar in an embarrassment, and a situation so interesting and so big with some mighty event.—To have seen this delicious girl, with her face covered with the blushes of erudition, her bosom struggling with concomitant desires, and the frame of her mind and her body, so fairly displayed to receive a scientific impression, must certainly compose the finest philosophic scene imaginable, and afford the most exquisite delight and rapture to all lovers of true learning.

After having dived, as far as it was possible for me to do, towards the bottom of the subject which I had undertaken to explain to *Fanny*, and repeated my arguments over and over again till she was perfectly satisfied——(for I was determined, since the girl was set upon it, to carry my point, and make her as great a logician as the mighty *Locke* himself) I fell fast asleep; and found, to my surprise, that *Fanny* had been overtaken likewise—for she did not leave me until four o'clock in the morning—when she awaked in a fright—slipped away from me with precipitation—and left me to creep into bed in the best manner I was able.

Thus,

Thus, gentle reader, ended the first day's ramble of *Philario* and the *Trifler*.—And should there be any thing, which you may think exceptionable; in the adventures which have been described; I would advise you to be very careful that you draw no wrong conclusions from doubtful appearances, nor make a bad use of the ASSOCIATION OF YOUR IDEAS.

C H A P. LXVII.

O LORD! said I, when I awaked in the morning—what have I been doing?—'tis cruel that such exquisite pleasures should be succeeded by feelings so horrible as these!

—My head ached—my senses were confused—my frame was heavy and enfeebled.—

Though I was not drunk last night, said I, yet the exercise of the day, together with the hurry and confusion of the night, and late sitting up, have done the business.—No re-animation from sound sleep!—It is strange, said I.—But come, let me rouse myself.

I, with difficulty, reached my watch.

Why, it is eight o'clock! and O! shocking! miserable, detestable thing! cried I, raising myself—what a charming figure art thou to be laid upon the soft downy bosom of a *Phillis* or a *Fanny*!—monstrous! said, I, intemperance is the devil!—So I jumped out of bed in a passion—and dressed myself as you would do, madam, a filthy, domineering, drunken husband, who forced you to assist him in all his wants and caprices—hating him all the while for his folly—scolding and twitting him for his imprudences—and mighty glad when

when you had got him fairly out of your hands.—So was I, madam, when I had washed, and cleaned, and dressed the miserable *Trifler*, and sent him out of his bed-chamber in search of fresh adventures.

This is always the case with us, said *Philario*, as he entered the breakfasting room, with his hair all about his ears, his waistcoat unbuttoned, his stockings scarce half way up his legs, and his garters in his hands.

It seems to be a deplorable case, indeed! said I, if one may judge by your figure—pray, what is the matter?

Only drunk, drunk, drunk, master, as usual—that's all.—We never can get over the first day, in any of our rambles, without being overtaken in this way,—but hang it, said *Philario*, it does not signify.—When pleasures tempt—and such rational pleasures, too, hurry the mind into excesses, and the body cannot support them—why, it's a rascally body, and must recover itself at it's leisure.—

But, *Philario*, said I—we must be careful to-day.—This must be a day of reflection.—We shall then bring both our minds and our bodies into an equilibrium.

Philario groaned—looked rueful—and put on his garters—while I made the tea, and *Fanny* tittered at the disastrous figure of our hero.

What's the matter with you, miss? said *Philario*—you seem to be devilish merry.

Nothing, sir—I beg your pardon, said *Fanny*—drawing the muscles of her pretty face into the affected gravity of a lady, when she listens to the wicked and whimsical inuendo's of a bawdy comedy, or when a Double Entendre, in a sprightly conversation,

conversation, presses upon the extreme delicacy of her feelings.

Lord bless us ! exclaimed *Philario*, there's a saint for you !—How prim, how chaste, how demure she looks !—and yet, I'll warrant you, she is as wicked and as full of tricks as any monkey.—

Fanny blushed up to the eyes—looked into the tea-pot—made a pretence to take it out to fill it—but before she reached the door she was in a titter again ; which *Philario* observing, he brought her back, and obliged her to stand the blunt of his miserable raillery.

Philario talked to *Fanny* of a thousand things, but said nothing—while he endeavoured to place his hair and his clothes in proper order, without effect.—So dizzy were both our heads, and so much affected were our nerves ; and our faculties of perception and recollection so totally obliterated ; that it was no wonder the good-natured lively *Fanny* should be greatly diverted with the many blunders we made, in our words and actions, during breakfast.

Philario, after having committed twenty ridiculous mistakes, with his tea, his toast, and so on—at which both *Fanny* and I laughed exceedingly ; happened to catch me, very gravely, pouring the tea out of the pot into the sugar bason, instead of the cup ; thereby wasting half a pound of sugar.—This was a victory so complete, that it put a stop to my exultation, and sent *Fanny* out of the room in convulsions.

For God's sake, said I, do let us make our escape out of this house, before we grow intirely ridiculous. Produce our bank, and pay the reckoning, said I.—How much have we got left ?

Enough, said *Philario*, for many days to come—shaking his purse, and smiling at the sugar bason.

son.—I don't think I shall call upon you for any more during our expedition.—What is here will complete our tour, said *Philario*—ringing the bell for a bill.

Our *Hostess* entering the room with *Fanny*, a great many compliments passed between *Philario* and the lady—while *Fanny* was dispatched for the bill; which, it seemed, had been already drawn out.

I had my revenge in *Philario*'s confusion in great settling his accounts—which being finished at last to the satisfaction of all parties; we left the lady and her servants, with strong marks of regret upon their countenances at the loss of us; and proceeded on our expedition.

C H A P. LXVIII.

HUZZA! exclaimed *Philario*, as we advanced upon the brow of a fine green field, from whence the prospect of our journey burst upon us with a thousand variegated charms.—Huzza! cried I, like a frantic being as I was, we are going! we are going! said I—stepping forward in the most furious and ridiculous attitude imaginable—Huzza! cried *Philario*, imitating my gait, and catching fire at the warmth of my sensations.—We are off! we are off! exclaimed *Philario*.—My little *Phillis*, for ever!—*Lavinia* and *Palemon* for ever! cried I. Huzza! exclaimed *Philario*.—We are going to the wedding of *Palemon* and *Lavinia*! cried *Philario*.—*Phillis*, for ever! said I.—*Lavinia*, *Palemon* and *Phillis* for ever! said I.—Huzza! roared *Philario*.

By this time we had hurried ourselves out of breath—so we turned back upon the country we were

were leaving, and made our obeisance to it in a most preposterous manner—bowing our heads down to the ground—and exclaiming all the while, in the most civil tone of voice imaginable—farewel, ye country bumpkins, and your festival! farewel, *Almira* and old *Clericus*! and to you, ye miserable *Philosophers*, and much more miserable *Fanatic*, adieu!—farewel, ye jolly loyal farmers! and to you, ye fair Hostess, and our delightful *Fanny*, adieu! adieu! adieu!

Let the grave, and the sedate, condemn such frantic joys, and look upon them as the rage and folly of madmen.—Alas! poor souls, how I pity the mind that is never moved beyond a settled evenness of temper—which feels every thing alike, or, more properly speaking, which feels nothing in the world.—Shocking steadfastness of deportment, and of temper, said I—the lot of drones who are formed for the drudgery of life—and designed for nothing in the universe but to exist—not to *live*.

Exquisite frame of mind! exclaimed *Philario*, as we walked down the hill, that like an instrument perfectly in tune, will play most delightful music to every touch of the passions.—What are these fields, those hills, those vallies, and yonder woods, but the springs which set our feelings in motion, and urge us to raptures more musical than the songs of seraphs!

And what were the shouts of *Philario* and the *Trifler*, gentle reader, but an exultation of heart, which was derived from the harmony of their feelings, with the glorious objects that the country presented to their view?—and what must you be, gentle reader, if you, unhappily, cannot bear witness to these sensations, when such intoxicating charms burst upon you, of a sudden, and before
you

you are sufficiently apprized of their bewitching powers?

Air and exercise, is the finest thing in the world, said *Philario*, getting over a stile—how soon it has recovered us!—I find myself perfectly re-animated—and you seem to be absolutely revived.

Quite so, *Philario*, said I—and now my mind runs upon nothing but the joys of this jaunt—and in particular, the wedding of *Palemon* promises such a field for my whimsical imagination to display itself in, that I am fired with impatience to get to the mansion-house.—I long to see my little *Phillis* again with an ardour bordering upon phrensy.

You are growing very fond of the ladies, said *Philario*, since yesterday morning.—Pray how many weeping damsels do you intend to leave in the country, bemoaning the loss of you, and plaguing you to death with their solicitations?—But, first of all, tell me how many nymphs do now bewail your absence, and wait with impatience for your return?

Not one, by Jupiter! said I—for amongst half a dozen young women that I am acquainted with, I have not advanced, in the course of five years, any farther than to such exchange of civilities, when I pass them in the street as, “How do you do, fir?” and, “How do you do, ma’am?” and so forth.

Why, that’s as I thought, said *Philario*, for I never observed you much in company with the women.

No—*Philario*—said I—and yet, to tell you the truth, I am exceedingly enamoured of about four out of the half-dozen I mentioned—and the progress of my various amours is too interesting to be passed over in silence.—But as we have no time for

for prolixity, I will give you only one instance, and leave you to judge of the rest.

I remember, about four years ago, I was in company with a very fine young lady, whose person, and whose manner, struck me prodigiously—and, for three years, I always bow'd to her as she passed me in the street.—But, the beginning of this year, I advanced so far as to accompany my obeisance with, “How do you do, ma'am?”—and have ever since received in return, upon these occasions, “Very well, thank you, sir—I hope you are very well.”—Now what I would wish to learn of you, as you are excellent at calculations, is, how long, at this rate, it will be before I shall grow, in any tolerable degree, familiar with her?—

In about two years more, said *Philario*, you, perhaps, may adventure to stop at her window—tell her it is a very fine day—be suddenly deprived of the faculty of speech—go away from her like a fool—lose more ground in five minutes, than you had gained in as many years—and have all the work to do over again.—In five years more, continued *Philario*, a lucky chance may bring you into her company; and, by great good fortune, you may, possibly, take her by the hand.—In five more you may turn *dangler*, and parade with her about the town.—In five more you may turn *dotard*, and profess your passion for her.—And, in five more, just when you are so far advanced in this amour, as to run the risk of attacking her lips, you may be blest with one *kiss* of the charmer, as you are tumbling into eternity!

This is glorious! said I—and worthy all the tedious length of years, which you prognosticate it will take me in getting the possession of her lips!

—to have one *kiss*, before I die, will compensate for an age of the most assiduous courtship!—I am content, said I—I am content—and I flew over a stile, which stood in my way, like a victorious gallant as I was!

C H A P. LXIX.

THUS were we talking of a thousand ridiculous things, and walking gently along the sweetest lanes in the world, happy and delighted with every thing about us; when, of a sudden, a storm arose, and obliged us to take shelter under a tree.

It happened that we were in the neighbourhood of a set of the country gentry—and whether they had a general *rout* amongst them, or what was the cause, I cannot tell, but their coaches passed us frequently; and we had the mortification to perceive that these sons and daughters of ease and affluence took not the least notice of us.

Philario was exceedingly angry at a coachful of ladies, so extremely lofty, that they had buried their feelings in their pride—otherwise, such ludicrous objects as we were, exposed to the cruelty of a pelting storm, and fixed under the feeble shelter of a tree, must have affected them.—But—no—they passed us without deigning to stir a muscle.—And I dare say they would not have sunk themselves into the condescension of a smile for the universe!

Philario consoled himself exceedingly in their being *damned ugly*, as he called them—and was extremely happy with being laughed at by three beautiful girls in a hired post-chaise, who behaved upon the occasion as nature dictated.

The

The storm increasing with excessive violence, we could not maintain our post any longer.—The rain battered through a venerable oak, that strove with his spreading arms to defend us, in such large drops, that our necks were wet, and we were thrown into confusion.—We became desperate—and, in a fit of despair, we left our situation with imprecations, and flew along the lane like men pursued by furies.

As good luck would have it, we soon found a friendly old barn, which received us under an ancient shed that stood at the front of it, with much benignity.—And here we were in a terrible fuss—we were out of breath—we were wet and uncomfortable—we wiped our arms with our handkerchiefs—and cursed the want of hospitality in a gentleman, whose house directly fronted us.—*Philario* grew exceedingly splenetic—and swore that his country contained the most inhospitable scoundrels in the world—and that in France before this time, we should have had twenty coaches after us, and a thousand offers of civility:—and I'll lay any man five guineas, continued *Philario*, wiping his breeches with his handkerchief, that, if the owner of the house before us was to perceive us, he would turn his face another way, and walk into the stables, to avoid any occasion that might oblige him to shelter us.

In this temper, *Philario*, for there was no stopping him, threw out many severe sarcasms at the pride and meanness of the rich.

The lord help the man, said *Philario*, putting his hand within his coat to feel if his shirt sleeve was wet, that depends upon the favours of the great.—For they have gotten, now-a-days, the finest method in the world to secure their possessions from the

the attacks of humble suitors.—They make it now, said *Philario*, a general and indispensable rule amongst them, to give a flat denial to every solicitation.—

“No—we never do—these things, sir, we cannot break in upon our predeterminations, never to grant things of this sort—otherwise we should be glad to serve you, sir”—and so on—when, at the same time, this lofty language, continued *Philario*, is nothing in the world, but a pitiful plea to keep their Money, and cover their meanness.

The weather clearing up, together with our tempers, we proceeded on our march—and found the country delightful after the rain—which had shed a delicious fragrance over the fields, and had given a brilliancy to every object.—We hugged ourselves in having the power of enjoying the blessings before us, and treated with ineffable disdain the slavish rites and ceremonies of the great.

My *Lord*, said *Philario*, durst no more take such a walk as this—though his natural inclinations led him to it, as much as ours do, than he durst hang himself.—It would be out of all rule!—It would be out of all order!—He would be condemned, to all intents and purposes, as a preposterous animal!

Then I will do much worse for him, said I—for I will condemn him to his prison-house of parade and of folly—while we enjoy Liberty in the highest and most delightful sense of the word.

By this time we had walked upwards of five miles, and were not a mile from a Country Town where we intended to dine.—We were inveigled, by a Master of Iron, into a Forge—the dreadful enginery of which shocked us.—We left it in disgust—and pitied the violence offered to human nature, that her sons should be made such dirty, laborious,

laborious, disagreeable slaves of.—We shuddered at the very sight of these Furnaces afterwards—and considered them as the regions of the infernals.

Philario happening to be got at some distance before me, looking at some women, who were diverting themselves with the rustic amusements of the season, was suddenly surrounded by these hoidens, who had joined their hands for the purpose, and were dancing about him, with loud and discordant plaudits at their own sagacity, and the distress into which they had thrown our hero.—But *Philario* kept his temper much better than I expected he would do, until the women insisted upon having a kiss a-piece before they parted with him.—This, no man could have an objection to—but then *Philario*, I perceived, did not like to be ravished—and, to be sure, the ladies, themselves, were none of the most tempting objects, otherwise they probably would not have been so lavish of their favours.—*Philario* was obliged, however, to undergo the painful operation, which he did with a very evil grace; and the women let him pass, with many awkward courtesies and grimaces at the rueful figure he made in the adventure.

I began to tremble for myself, as soon as the women had dismissed my companion; but I found that I was not an object for the ladies—and that I did not suit their taste at all—so I got clear off the ground unmolested.

And now it was that we entered the Country Town before mentioned, and joined a fellow with a barrel-organ upon his back—who, by turning a windlass, caused it to play most delightful music before us as we walked along the streets—We were accompanied, in this extraordinary parade, by a joyful crowd of happy school-boys; who, if possible, were more diverted than ourselves.

In

In this order, and with such attendance, and in the highest spirits, did we march up the town to our inn——on the entrance of which we waved our hats, as the lads gave us a parting shout ; and called, with much dignity in our deportment, for the waiters of the house to shew us a room, and prepare such refreshment as we should think proper.

C H A P. LXX.

I DON'T think there can be a more ludicrous object in nature than a Country Town—by which I mean a small town, rather remote from any connections with society, free from any considerable manufactory, and in which the inhabitants are obliged to draw all their amusements from amongst one another.

To give such a place as this some consequence, you must have a set of *small gentry*; whom you will find so excessively proud, that there will be no reaching the hem of their garments with a *pole*.

The amusements of these lofty creatures consist in visiting—in the management of which the strictest ceremony is preserved—and the misplacing of a pin upon a tucker, or a lady at the table, respecting the nicest precedence, for which there is an everlasting struggle ; would create dissensions among them for half a century.

In these visits, the absent are the objects of much pernicious scandal, and are sure to receive inconsiderable strokes of the most malicious censure, which, however, are amply repaid, by the abused, as the circle of these visits goes round.

Their *balls* and *card-assemblies*, serve only to keep alive that unnatural spirit of disgust and aversion,

aversion, which they have for each other; and which is excited by the folly of precedency, and supported by the vices of pride and envy.

It is laughable enough to see, upon these occasions, an elderly lady of the first consequence in the place, stalk, with a magnificent air, to the top of the room—courtseying to all, as she passes, with a condescension most astonishingly significant—and her whole family following her steps, aping her importance, and erecting themselves into figures of absolute command, as they take their stand at the summit of pre-eminence; while the envious, surrounding fair-ones, are glancing such wicked flashes of spite and resentment at one another, from their killing eyes, that you would swear a good match of *cap-pulling* would go down with them much better than any thing in this world, were it not for the sad effect such an affair would have upon their reputations.

The idle curiosity, and the vain pursuits of the inhabitants of a Country Town, whose notions and knowledge are concentrated within themselves, are truly ridiculous.—Having no communication with the world, nor any enlarged conceptions respecting the universal assemblage of various characters; they know nothing but what concerns the actions of each other—which to them is of the highest importance, and the sole business of their lives. And as, in this limited and inactive state, the mind is too apt to contract the worst of prejudices, you will always find these creatures, the most obstinate, calumnious, and illiberal wretches upon the face of the earth.

Human nature seems to be in fetters, and ashamed of herself, in such a situation as this; for
the

she exhibits nothing but her posteriors—which are most abominably besmeared.

It is extremely pleasant to observe the simple pursuits of the inhabitants of a Country Town.—Their silly curiosity—their reflections upon one another—their exact knowledge of the general deportment, or actions, of each individual.—Their surprize at any effort, of any person among them, out of the common track—such as their astonishment at any motions but to the ale-house, the bowling-green, the morning ride, or walk—and so on—Any thing not in the common detail of manœuvres, raises the greatest consternation—and draws the neighbourhood from their windows of observation, to consult, in parties, upon the matter.—They know, to a minute, when such-a-one goes to his field, his shop, or the mug-house—but if he happen to deceive his brother observers, in something out of the common way—such as being mounted upon a horse, when he was expected to walk—or in going to his garden, when he was expected at the pot-house; they cannot think what the devil is the matter; and puzzle their brains, most unmercifully, to find out the cause of such an astonishing change of conduct.

When they get over their ale, which they drink in small quantities, but repeatedly, and at stated times; you would expect that they loved one another—being so anxious, as I said before, in their enquiries concerning each individual.—But, indeed, it is no such thing.—For, when any misfortune befalls an old friend and companion, though they may shake their heads, yet they console themselves in the idea of their own prosperity; and throw all the blame upon the Man, not upon his Misfortune: because it would, you know, be a great pity they should, by commiserating the Man,
draw

draw themselves into the least danger of being solicited to help him out of his Distress.

A society of particular friends, of this stamp, who meet at the ale-house every day together, hate one another most cordially---and are ever abusing one another behind their backs---and will snap each other's noses off, upon every occasion, when any little pique arises amongst them.---They generally form the centre of ill fame---where every character, and particularly every worthy one, is sure to be traduced.---Falsehood and calumny ever meet with a cordial reception among these mug-house gentry, who are, in general, the most idle and pernicious reptiles in the world.

They decide upon every matter in life, either of a public or private nature, in the same manner as if the whole world was under their guidance:---When, alas!--they are known no farther than the trifling circle of their own fire sides, and an adjoining ale-house.---What little knowledge of the world, and its affairs, these people acquire, is from the news-papers; which they cuff over with great sagacity, and always make it out that every body is wrong but themselves---and, more especially, that the Prime Minister is the greatest fool in the kingdom.

The sentiments and opinions of these people being contemptible, their approbation is a disgrace, and their dislike a token of merit in the person whom they would condemn.

I have often been diverted, in my speculative rambles among these savages, with the behaviour of a pert shop-keeper, when he so completely dashes, armed *Cap-à-pé*, into the company of strangers; particularly, when two or three of them are together.---How they strut and talk!--
and

and what witticisms they ape at!—what fondness do they discover for their own dear selves, as well their persons as their remarks!—how they laugh at their own conceits!—how gay, lively, clever, and sensible they are!—with what quickness of apprehension do they decide upon the merits of all public diversions, public performers, and publications; while you are puzzled to death to distinguish their various merits and imperfections!—how shocking do these creatures appear to a man of knowledge! intolerable!

Men of sense never attempt to *shew* it in general company; but appear humble, pacific, and indifferent.—Men of no sense always affect to appear wise—for this reason—because they have nothing but appearances to support them in their fruitless attempts to impose upon mankind.

Men of consequence appear without the affectation of importance—the genuine tokens naturally accompany them, without any fuss about the matter.—Men of no consequence, if they would appear such, which most men attempt to do; discover, by their impertinence, that they are the dregs of society.

Forwardness and malapertness, indicate the upstart and the fool—modesty and diffidence, the man of worth and sentiment.

—Quaint expressions, indefinite terms, and circumlocution, indicate the man of few ideas—conciseness, vigorous expressions, and forcible representation, the man of a comprehensive and discerning mind.

The first talks a great deal—but says nothing—while the latter carries conviction in every word.—In the first you know not where you are—in the latter all is right, and you are satisfied.

C H A P.

C H A P. LXXI.

BEFORE we set out upon our ramble, we had sent to the principal places in our intended route, clean linen, and such necessaries as would conduce to make us comfortable:—so that as soon as we had entered the present inn, we were supplied with every thing we wanted.

On finding that there would be an ordinary, in about an hour after our arrival, and making it a rule, in this expedition, to get as much among the people as we could, we agreed to join the company at dinner—and employed ourselves, in the mean time, with the delightful task, particularly after exercise, of dressing.

In this refreshing business, I had got the start of *Philario*, and was amusing myself in taking down the minutes of our morning walk, in a memorandum-book which I carried for the purpose, at the time that *Philario* was under the hands of his barber—and just as I had committed to paper the last of the incoherent observations, which immediately precede this chapter, I cast my eyes upon the scraper of chins; who, to my astonishment, and the eternal disgrace of *Philario*, had gotten him fast by the nose.

The ridiculous figure our hero cut, with a cloth tucked under his shirt collar, a clout upon his shoulder, and a fellow with his thumb and finger pinching the end of his nose; pressed so closely, and so suddenly, upon my imagination, that I burst into a loud laugh, instantaneously, and gave the table, at the same time, a violent rap with my hand.

This

This sudden clamour frightened the barber out of his wits—who, thinking the devil was come, lost the even flow of his razor, and, with a sudden jerk, whipt a piece of flesh off the chin of *Philario*.

Our hero, feeling himself wounded, started up in a dreadful passion, seized the poor fellow by the collar, and shook him most unmercifully—but finding no resistance in the man, his temper cooled of itself; and he suffered the barber to finish his business, and to put upon the wound a bit of sticking-plaster, which our kind Hostess did prepare, and which we all judged, with much sorrow in our countenances, was quite sufficient for the purpose.

In good truth, a barber is terrible! you are under the hands of the executioner.—He considers your head as a block—and makes as free with it, and your hair, as he does with his own wooden one, and a periwig.—It is a miserable operation; and always puts one in mind of having one's throat cut.

Philario being fitted out at last, and the time being arrived, when we had been made to expect some refreshment, we began to grow impatient for our dinner; and went into the dining-room to take a view of the company, and hasten the waiters in their operations.

We found, in that room, a set of melancholy, gaping, restless countenances—all representing impatience, and longing appetites; with ardent wishes that the devil might take the people for not bringing in the dinner.—The company stared, with a kind of heedless vacancy, at each other—scarcely administering the least civility or comfort, but all joining most cordially in imprecations against the house

house for delaying the dinner.—At last the sight of a rump of beef brightened up the countenance of every man in the room—and we blessed the waiters most heartily, as they placed the rest of the dishes upon the table.

We now became very serious—business you know must be minded.—Nothing passed but unwelcome solicitations to be helped from the different dishes upon the table ; which were received by those who had enough to do to mind their own affairs—and executed with much dispatch and carelessness.—We grew, however, as our appetites became cloyed, more civil—and when we had partaken of every thing we liked, we were extremely complaisant ; and very ready, there being *no* occasion, to assist one another.—We had now time to drink the health of each individual ; and much clamour and confusion ensued.—In short we grew very jolly, and very friendly—and although half an hour ago, we might be wishing one another in purgatory, I do believe we felt in our hearts at this time, and through the workings of a good dinner, all the urbanity and good will which could be expected from a race of mortals, whose dispositions depend so much upon the temperature of their bodies.

This company consisted of some independent gentlemen of the town and its neighbourhood, who liked a tavern way of life—and a few travellers, for orders among the mercers and haberdashers in the country.—The latter of whom, after drinking their glasses, and paying their share of the reckoning, and giving us a specimen of the different dialects of the Scotch, Welch, and so on, clapped their parcels of patterns under their arms, and issued forth into the streets to solicit, with great humility, their haughty customers for business.

Our conversation after dinner, consisted, as usual in these cases, of various matters ; and, at last, centred in the prevailing topic of political disputation.

A very intelligent gentleman told us many anecdotes of the town—and, in particular, those which related to the dissensions among the people, in consequence of our war with America.—He assured us the opposition to government had sunk itself totally into that dark abyss from whence it originated ; and that none of his countrymen, except the *Fanatics*, were in the least dissatisfied with administration.—But he observed that the *Fanatics* were numerous, and indefatigable in their endeavours to poison the loyalty of the people, and to clog every wheel which administered to the regular subordination in the state—He said that they attempted to get every petty office of the parish into their possession—and when they failed, they would not leave one stone unturned to render the regular course of law contemptible, and of no effect.—Thus were their disappointments in trivial matters, attended with the same splenetic obstinacy, as was their opposition to the government at large—He told us that in affairs of less consequence, if possible, than the above, they were ever at variance with the public :—for that nothing could be attempted by the friends of government, but they would oppose.—Nay, that they had gone to such a ridiculous extremity, as to charge the parish officers, who were men of sound minds and friends to the king, with a breach of the constitution for building a new Pinfold, in a more convenient situation than the last—that the *Fanatics* had contumaciously repaired the old one, and were continually pounding all the Sheep, Calves, and Asses in the country—and that these troublesome
animals

animals kept up such a constant *bleating, blattering,* and *braying*, as to throw the neighbourhood into the utmost confusion and distress.

Where these things will end, the Lord knows ! said the gentleman—and he rang the bell for a bill—which being adjusted, we took our leave of him and his companions, and departed.

In sallying forth from the gateway of the inn, in the highest spirits, we observed a gentleman get out of his chaise, in a melancholy condition ; which that method of travelling, for any distance, always throws the mind into.—He was gaping, yawning, low-spirited, flat, and nervous.—Lassitude, uneasiness, and dulness, overwhelmed him.—We cursed the chaise, and blessed our limbs and our vivacity.

C H A P. LXXII.

AS we are now advancing to the consummation of the delights of our walk, it will not be amiss to usher it in, with such observations upon the Nightingale as she would permit me to make, during our stay with *Palemon*, and the remaining part of our ramble ; as well as a few remarks upon the country where that gentleman resided.

The Nightingale is a very shy bird.—It depends much upon the softness of the weather to hear her—so that when you go for that purpose only, into a country where she is to be found, the least change of the air from genial to cold will probably prevent the pleasure.—If you chance in bad weather to hear her, which will be perhaps in the day time, or on the close of the evening, she will only twitter ; she will not vent her soul in her rapturous melody.

Her

Her notes are short touches, with intervals, somewhat in the way of the thrush—but so masterly, that they always put me in mind, when I think of other birds, of the execution of a Giardini, or a Gabrielli, in contradistinction to a teaser of catgut, or a psalm-singer.—So rapid! so thrilling! such velocity! such sudden changes from the slow—the soft—the mellow—to the rapid and shuddering trill!—so inexplicable! so fascinating! that once taken notice of, you never forget any of her notes—but a single touch of her is sufficient to make her known, and to distinguish her from all other birds.

You catch her tones now and then—she throws you into extacy—but always disappoints you—because you can never have enough of her—and she is so apt to fly your solicitations, as to be disturbed by even a breath of wind.—But in the night, when every thing is quiet, and nature is in a perfect repose, you may draw near to her, and she will indulge you with all her charms.

What a contrast between the delicate nightly amusement of this bird, that charms all hearers; and the rude nocturnal revels of man!

The Nightingale seems to delight in elegant gardens, upon a declivity, rather inclining to low grounds—where the reed sparrow is found—but not so much in the bogs.—She likes woods upon a declivity, not upon mountainous scenes, nor in marshes, but between both.—Where she is heard, it is generally a delightful spot; and she seems to shew her taste as much in the situation she fixes upon for her residence, as she does in the inimitable superiority of her song.

And well might she bless the domains of *Palemon* with her presence, and with the sweetest of her notes---for on our entering the country where he resided,

resided, which we soon arrived at after our departure from dinner, we found it superior in beauty to our most sanguine expectations---notwithstanding they had been exceedingly raised by the accounts we had heard of it.

Though you had been just perusing the best poetical descriptions of Paradise, and of Elysium; all the lively traces of their charms would fall before the domains of *Palemon*:---for they presented us with scenes the most luxuriant imaginable;---enchantment and illusion all!---the finest parks contemptible in comparison to these scenes!---humble, very humble imitations of them! you might live a life of extacy in exploring their beauties; and never feel a relaxation in your joys!—hills intermingled—vallies inexhaustible---variety everlasting---would distract you with pleasure and astonishment; and keep you eternally on the rack of raptures ineffable!

While I was standing with *Philario*, gazing at these delightful scenes, and listening to the warblers of the woods; he suddenly started from my side—and, with a violent asseveration, declared that he heard the Nightingale.

By heavens! it is the Nightingale, said *Philario*.

I flew after him, and placing my elbow upon his shoulder, while my pulse bounced against my breast, and upon the back of my head, with a redoubled violence and velocity; I endeavoured with all my might to catch the notes of the charmer.

We waited some time upon the rack of expectation; while the groves re-echoed with the songs of the blackbird, of the thrush, and all the inferior warblers.—At last, a sudden and quick strain, which was over in an instant, proclaimed the presence

sence of the Nightingale ;—and though I had never heard one in my life, yet was her note so different from all other birds, and so rapid withal, that I started and swore it was the Nightingale.—

By heavens ! it is the Nightingale, said I— and my heart exulted in the acquisition so violently, that I danced Lady Coventry's Minuet upon the turf, tuning it all the while, in the most ridiculous manner imaginable.

It was about six o'clock in the evening when we first heard her—and as it was at that time when the woods generally ring with the wild music of the feathered choristers, it was impossible to listen to the Nightingale with advantage :— for as she is very shy, and does not give a full scope to her song until a later hour, but only seems to promise, by a few intermitting touches, what she intends to exhibit during the course of the night ; we could not, for the lives of us, perfectly distinguish the soft, delicate, melancholy music of her tones, together with the astonishing variety and velocity of her cadences, for the uproar, as it appeared to us then, with which the troublesome blackbirds and thrushes made the woods resound.

Philario desired that we might get nearer to her—for she still, at intervals, gave us such bewitching strokes as threw us into much agitation :—so that I consented, and followed him by the side of a hedge, stooping and proceeding very cautiously, that we might not disturb her, until we got close under the grove where she sat.

After every tone that she gave us, *Philario* wanted to get nearer and nearer, while I pressed hard upon his heels, creeping under the bushes, and

and chiding him, softly, for the danger we ran of driving her away:—but she was so shy, and so demure, and the rest of the birds were so clamorous, that although every touch of her was inexpressibly captivating, yet it was imperfect—and we lamented our hard fate, that she would not gratify the curiosity of a couple of admirers, who had come so far, and through such mighty perils, to hear her.

While we were expostulating in this ridiculous way—blessing her when she sung, and cursing her when she was silent—and standing upon a bank by the side of the grove; *Philario*, heedless of his ground, slipped into an adjoining ditch—and catching hold of me to save himself, I very naturally, but compulsively, followed his example—so we both suddenly found ourselves over the shoes in water, and very soon after perceived that the Nightingale had left us to shift for ourselves.

But as the minds of those who are ready at expedients, are soon reconciled to every disappointment, we consoled ourselves in the hopes of hearing her to more advantage in the night; and set off with great haste towards the King's-arms; which lay about a mile or two from this scene of action—and to which place the reader will recollect, that *Phillis* had promised to send us an invitation to the wedding of *Palemon* and *Lavinia*.

We took occasion, as we walked to the inn, to go near to the Mansion-house—and found it a venerable ancient pile, exactly adapted to the genius of the country:—but as we did not chuse to be seen by the family, we slunk away with much circumspection and sagacity.—We were highly delighted with the country

country people, who seemed of a different stamp to the rest of mankind; and to bear a resemblance to that simplicity of manners, so much admired in the pastoral descriptions of the poets.

There was a polish in the behaviour of these people that surprized us—and which we attributed to the influence and example of *Palemon*—who, though a young man, was the father of the country.

Indeed, the preparation which every family was making for the celebration of the nuptials of *Palemon* and *Lavinia*, on the morrow, had, at this time, a vast effect upon the appearance of the people—for there sat smiling upon every countenance, the greatest joy and exultation of heart.

The nymphs and swains, were braiding their locks, and admiring the dresses in which they were to attend the procession to the church—the old people seemed to bless themselves, and to be particularly thankful to the Deity, that he would permit them to live to see the happy day—while the “harmony of the steeple” announced the approaching festival.

The consideration of the promised joys of the next day, made us hasten our steps towards the King’s-arms, in order to find if we were to be of the party—which was very true—for on our arrival at the inn, we received a polite command, from *Palemon* and *Phillis*, to join the rural assembly, early in the morning;—and to consider ourselves as bound, by the congeniality of our pursuits, with those of *Palemon* and his votaries, to take up our residence at the Mansion-house, until we were tired of their company, or that they could not furnish us with such kind of pleasures to which we were mostly inclined.

If

If this be the case, said *Philario*, we shall stay at the Mansion-house until doomsday.

We found the King's-arms to be a very good inn, by the side of a considerable eminence.

—There was a large bowling-green behind the house—which commanded an extensive prospect.

—A fine hanging wood ran up the hill, from the back of the bowling green---and an elegant summer-house was situated so pleasantly at one corner of the green, that we determined to spend the evening in it.

The twilight had scarce given place to the moon, before the nightingales began to ravish us with their melodious strains—and as it was a most delightful night, they made the woods echo with their notes.

After we had listened to them for an hour, wrapt in that silence which denotes the greatest enjoyment, or the most intense cogitation; *Philario* espied a French-horn hanging upon a cloak-pin in the room---and being an excellent player upon that instrument, he took it to the farther end of the bowling-green, and began to breathe out of it some slow and mellow tones exactly in concord with the stillness of the night, and the occasion.

The Nightingales, so far from being offended at the soft touches of the horn, seemed to listen for a few minutes, and then strained their little throats in the accompaniment: while a lady, who had been enjoying the evening at her chamber window, sent forth such melting tones from her tuneful voice, as quite intoxicated me with rapture. They were tones that came directly to the heart, and set the affections in motion.—If we may compare singing to speaking, they were like the pathetic

thetic touches of Younge, when she ravishes the heart with the tremulous accents of distress:—when the music of her voice accords so exactly with our affections, that we dissolve into the tears of delight.

The melancholy music of the Nightingales—of the horn—of the lady—and of some tinkling bells at a distance—together with the sight of the lunar orb, spreading her mild influence over the earth, and the starry firmament—as well as the thoughts of *Phillis's* invitation, and the promised joys of the next day, which suddenly pressed upon my imagination—overwhelmed me in unspeakable transports; and I sunk down, with my head upon the table before me, entirely overpowered with the violence of my feelings.



F I N I S.